MAZZINI'S LETTERS

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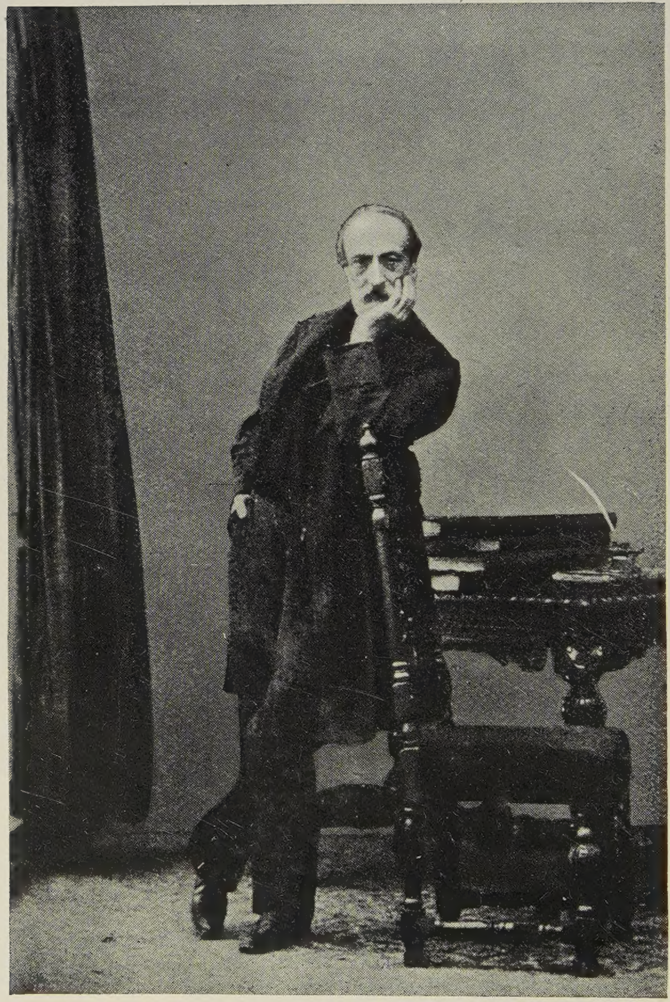

MAZZINI
From a photograph lent by Mrs. Anthony

MAZZINI'S LETTERS

TO AN ENGLISH FAMILY 1861–1872 EDITED
AND WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. F.
RICHARDS ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS
AND MAP. IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL III

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FOREWORD

WRITERS have tended to minimize the value of the last years of Mazzini's life. It has been suggested that, as regards the world, or rather his mission to it, his life came to a close with the end of the Roman Republic. Perhaps his story as told in his own intimate letters between the years 1849 and 1860 may help to readjust opinion; and in presenting to the public the closest view of his subsequent years the writer hopes to show that, though less fruitful of practical issues initiated or determined by himself, they prepared a legacy for the world which later generations may prize even more thankfully than the classic example of immortal Rome in 1849 or the unification of Italy in 1860. They brought us the considered expression of his Gospel, so far as he could embody it in words.

It is as a religious thinker, as pioneer and pilot into the further way of truth, that Mazzini has earned an undying name. Hampered as he was in every way, he never found himself able to write the desired philosophic-religious volume, the groundwork of which was indeed the groundwork of his own mind; but, after Emilie had struggled out of the ethico-economic materialism of her earlier education and had made Mazzini's belief her own, she searched his writings and formed a rosary of gems which goes far to compensate us for the absence of his own projected book. This "rosary" is obtainable to-day,* and it does not stand alone. Supplementary to it comes the beautiful article published in 1867, *The Religious Side of the Italian Question*, which is again supplemented by the grand declaration of reasoned belief embodied in *From the Council to God.* This was the work—swiftly done, but scintillating with power—of his sinking years, and in it we see the climax of his thought, the high-tide mark of his insight and faith.

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* *Foreshadowings of the Coming Faith*, T.P.S., 9 St. Martin's St. W.C.2.

In 1850 there was reprinted his *From the Pope to the Council** in which he gives, perhaps more clearly and concisely than elsewhere, his convictions about the Papacy, and the foundation of his certainty that from *Italy* would come the Word of the Future, that Pass-Word into the New Age for which the world is groping. A high destiny indeed! Italy once more the Lighthouse among nations! And who, not belonging to her by race or birth, harbours for one instant any thought of envy? The world will follow Italy with a glad heart when she can fit herself to articulate in *action* that healing word. When will she, abandoning superstition and repudiating materialism, unveil within her heart the new vision of the Trinity: Humanity ONE BODY; Progress; Association; and pronounce it to the nations?

A fatal separation has, for hundreds of years, been worked between political and religious belief, but "it is necessary to reunite earth to heaven, politics to the eternal principle which should direct them," and till that is done we shall struggle in a vicious circle of clashing interests instead of advancing out of our difficulties. But so long as men's minds are not clear as to the problem which is distracting life, so long will they be unable to see the solution. Mazzini states the problem: The great Principle of Authority, he says, embodied pre-eminently in the Pope but embodied also in princes—with whom, after ages of antagonism the Vatican allied itself—says, "Rest where thou art; I alone strike the hour of advance; when I am silent everything should rest, for all progress which is accomplished without me and beyond me is impious." But the human mind finds the germ of progress *within itself*, apart from any outside authority, and in spite of Authority, science and knowledge are marching swiftly forward. Men have grown shy of the word GOD, because rejecting the presentation of the Idea it stands for (as furnished by Authority), they have turned from it to what has seemed practical and useful—though without ultimate purpose or any aim beyond present and immediate future. They have turned from a confused and puzzling abstraction to the more acceptable ideas in ethics.

The *unifying*, if paralysing, power of Authority, is expiring, and no fresh conception of Unity has replaced it. Mankind is sick for a transformed world, a new conception of, and hope of, heaven: "What is certain is that transformation implies death and that the new Authority can never be founded until after the complete overthrow of that which now exists." Authority founded upon immobility, upon the declaration that *final* truth is contained in the doctrine of the Church—using that word to signify the oldest exponent of orthodox Christianity—is doomed and dying but not dead, because the *un*orthodox have divorced their thought from their action. "Protestantism has given to the world a striking demonstration of want of power, of decay. . . Faith begets faith. You cannot expect that men should believe in yours," declares Mazzini, "when they see that it does not furnish you with the consciousness of a duty to fulfil. You have looked on with indifference whilst the liberty of the human soul was being crushed beyond your gates: you will be thought little worthy of defending it within.

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* In the volume of Mazzini's Essays in the "Walter Scott Library." *From the Pope to the Council* appears in a slightly imperfect form in the *Everyman* volume of Mazzini' Essays.

"Faith is also wanting to the Pope; but he has something which replaces it: he has the audacity, the obstinacy, and the unscrupulous logic of his false principles. He attacks; you fortify yourselves for defence: he advances ever, with the continuous motion of the serpent; you move by fits and starts under the impulse of fear: he says, *Servitude for all;* you say, *Liberty for us alone.* You will not have it. . . . You are slaves, in the slavery of your brethren. Hence it is that your contracted inspiration no longer fecundates the souls of men. *There is no religion without faith in the solidarity of the human race.**

"Man is one: Thought, Action, and that which causes him to translate his Thought in action, Love: behold his Trinity, the reflection of that mysterious Trinity which lives in God. He who has not the conception or feeling of this Unity—he who would destroy it by dividing faith from works, *thought* from *action*, the moral from the political man, would break the chain which attaches earth to heaven.

"Earth and heaven are for me the lowest and the highest steps of the ladder of human progress. Man is placed upon earth not to vegetate, not to expiate, not to contemplate; but to progress; to walk in the path of life according to the *Law* of which God has placed the germ in his heart; to accomplish his own education and that of others, to manifest, to practise his belief. Thought completes itself in action; faith in works. I can conceive religion in no other manner. It teaches us to do the will of God on earth as it is done in heaven. It is supreme. It gives the law, the principles which political action ought to realize.

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* The italics are the Editor's.

"The Protestantism of to-day denies human unity. It pretends to emancipate thought, while leaving action submissive and enslaved. It would join conscience and servitude, slavery and liberty. I have read the writings of men who protest against the encroachments of Catholic Rome; I have hearkened to the speeches uttered by them in their meetings.* I have not met with a single expression of sympathy for the Rome of the People and for Liberty; not a single prayer for the emancipation of Italy from the chains which forbid her all movement, all spiritual education. We have nothing to do, they say, with political questions. Is it then by leaving man in the hands of his oppressors that you would elevate and emancipate his soul? Is it by leaving erect the Idol of blind Force, in the service of Imposture, that you think to raise an altar to the God of a free conscience? Moses broke the idols to pieces; he knew well that so long as the idols existed there would always be idolaters.

"While the Pope possesses Italy, he will have a footing in every part of Europe. Papacy excluded from Italy is Papacy excluded from Europe. Place the Pope at Lyons or Seville—he will no longer be Pope, he will only be a dethroned king. Italy, setting aside the spectacle of a people aspiring to regain unity, independence, liberty, presents a phenomenon—the development of a moral revolution. Papacy was formerly a power, a visible centre of association. It waged war against feudalism; war against princely power. Therefore the people in Italy were principally Guelph . . . when the Popes perceived that the people were beginning to feel powerful, they leagued themselves with the kings. At the present time the people is neither Guelph nor Ghibelline, but stands aloof, distrustful of both, abhorring the one and despising the other. . . . In Italy is the solution of the European question. A Word once went forth from Italy which substituted a European spiritual unity for the triumph of material force. The second time she diffused over the world the example of civilization in arts and literature. The third time her hand will destroy the symbol of the Middle Ages and will substitute *social* unity for the old *spiritual* unity. From *Rome alone can the Word of modern unity go forth, because from Rome alone can come the absolute destruction of the ancient unity* [symbolized in the Papacy]. But because catholic unity is extinct, because Papacy has done its work, we must not conclude that religion is extinct and that henceforth political theories only are to rule humanity.

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* At the time this was written there was considerable excitement and discussion in England over the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill which affected the status of Roman Catholics.

"The general will is a fitting foundation for governments; but where the general principles that regulate the modern world are not evidenced in acts—reduced to recognized laws—there will never be a general will. The discovery of these principles and the deduction of their inviolability, by proving them of origin superior to the power of the individual, is precisely the task of present civilization. Religion is eternal—is the bond that unites men in the communion of a recognized generating Principle, and in the consciousness of a common tendency and mission; Religion and politics are inseparable. For us, life is an educational problem, society the medium of developing it and of reducing it to action. Religion is the highest educational principle; *politics are the application of that principle to the various manifestations of human existence*." * There is now indifference in the masses and classes, which derives from materialism. Materialism has no faith, no consciousness of something higher, no mission, it lives in itself, by itself, to itself. With such a doctrine great peoples are not created, says Mazzini, because great peoples are those who represent and develop an *idea* in humanity; and materialism excludes every *general* idea, making *self-interest* a law for everything.

Papacy is a *form*, worn out by the *idea* that has undergone a development which seeks now to manifest itself. "Christianity is a revelation and statement of *principles*, of certain relations of man with that which is beyond himself, which were unknown to Paganism. Remember that religions are not changed by men, but by time, progress, and the manifestation of some new principle. The discovery of a new relation—that of the individual to humanity—may lay the foundation of a new religious bond; as the relation of the individual with nature was the soul of paganism; as the relation of the individual with God has been the soul of Christianity. But whatever may be in store for the future it behoves us not to forget that Christianity was the first to put forward the word *equality*—parent of liberty—that it was the first to deduce the rights of man from the inviolability of his human nature: the first to open a path to the relationship of the *individual* with *humanity*, for it contained in its doctrine of human *brotherhood* the germ of a *principle*, of a law of *association*. Life is One. You cannot say to the people, *Thou art half free and half enslaved; social life is thine but religious life belongs to others.* You cannot dismember the soul."

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* The italics are the Editor's.

The Oneness, then, of the Soul—the irrefragable link binding past, present and future into a Whole, was, with Mazzini, a key-idea, leading him to the apprehension of Humanity as a Collective Being, a glorious, progressive Life, a Son who "lives and learns for ever." He saw that this Being has developed Its innate idea of the Transcendent Father-God through a series of Symbols, of which the Papacy is the latest. And he perceived that owing to the growth of spiritual sight acquired by that portion of Humanity—perhaps to be typified as the head—which has come under the Christian revelation, "the age of the Symbol is passing away." The Symbol has always stood for Authority. In the New Age, stimulated by the realization of the Oneness of Humanity, the individuals of which that Spiritual Body is composed will discover each within himself, the Immanent God, whose life within will henceforth rule through the glad dedication of individual interests to the interest of the One Collective and transcendent Being. Hence Mazzini deduces Unity, Association, Progress, as the truth, the way, and the life for the future. In place of an Authority upheld by force there will be the constraining idea of Duty sustained by Love, Understanding, Sacrifice (a hallowing of action). In place of coercion to enjoin obedience there will be the effort to instil true ideas, to promote sound knowledge, to aid understanding; for false ideas and ignorance—the cause of all the ills of the world—can only be fought effectively by true ideas, by valid knowledge, proffered and accepted in word and action.

Those who will study the last writings of the great Italian—written when the pen was almost falling from his hand yet breathing all the logic and fire of his prime*—will see how absolutely he knew what social science is now telling us, that the laws which govern physical matters are correlative with those which rule in the moral and spiritual planes of life, and that the way to bring about social and industrial health is to lay before the minds of the working people as well as before the more lettered classes, and to help the general mind to grasp, the great religious yet practical truths which are destined to light the future.

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* *Mazzini e L'Internazionale.* Published in 1871 in Rome by the Amministrazione della *Roma del Popolo.* Partly translated for the *Contemporary Review* of July, 1872.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

Mazzini . . . . *Frontispiece*
(*From a photograph lent by Mrs. Anthony.*)

Emilie (afterwards Signora Venturi), circa 1860 . . 10

Matilda Biggs and her Eldest Daughter, Elizabeth Ashurst 104

Giulia Modena 194

Gaeta 246

L'Aberga d'Italia 252

Montagna Spaccata, near Gaeta 254

MAP

Italy at the Time of Garibaldi's Campaign of 1860 . . 308
(*Reproduced from Trevelyan's "Garibaldi and the Making of Italy," by permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.*)

MAZZINI'S LETTERS

MAZZINI'S LETTERS TO AN ENGLISH FAMILY

1861

AS already notified in the second volume of Mazzini's Letters, the plebiscite in Naples—which does not seem to have been carried out with secrecy of voting—was decreed for October 21st, 1860, and the result, declared a fortnight later, entitled Victor Emmanuel to the throne of the Neapolitan Kingdom. This plebiscite having been immediately followed by a similar vote in Umbria and the Marches, the King of Piedmont became monarch of an Italy complete except for Venice and Rome—her left hand, so to speak, and her heart. It has also been noted that the withdrawal of Garibaldi from the South lent a disastrous impetus to divers forces that made for distraction and dishonour. Cavour hoped that a strong Government in Sicily, and an equal display of authority in the Neapolitan provinces, would consolidate a dominion made up of elements that differed from each other as much as did the dialects of the several populations. But the finest unifying factors had both been relegated to distant backgrounds, the one to Caprera, the other to England, and without them constructive work not only lagged but went amiss. Never was it more necessary to consolidate and turn to fine issues the force of popular devotion that centred upon Garibaldi. Never had there been a moment when the altruistic spirit of Mazzini's teaching was more vitally needed to arrest an inevitable ebb tide of enthusiasm for Unity. For while the problems confronting Victor Emmanuel's Government were calculated to embarrass any Ministers, to those who laboured under the yoke of the French Emperor's will they were likely to prove almost insoluble.

The siege of Gaeta, prolonged from October, 1860, into the February of the next year, could not have thus lasted had Garibaldi remained as King's representative in the two Sicilies, exercising unfettered though subordinate powers. England—where Garibaldi's achievements had been not untruly assessed—would have prevented an interference by the French fleet which forbade any naval operation on the part of the Italians against the besieged Bourbons. And, even as things stood, England did not cease to protest until interference stopped; only unfortunately by that time a deep mischief had been wrought. For the effect of Francis II.'s almost heroic resistance in Gaeta threw a cold shadow upon Piedmont's every effort to establish security and order in the unstable South. Sympathy with the besieged acted like a lingering sore that fostered many noxious germs in the young body politic. Bourbonist and Papal intrigues flourished alarmingly throughout a large area in the provinces, and, incredible as it may seem to-day, brigandage came under the immediate patronage of the French representative in Rome and of His Holiness the Pope, who scrupled not to use that unclean tool both in the Bourbon interest and his own. "All through the winter it [brigandage] had overrun the hill country round Tagliacozzo in the Abruzzi, fed by Papalists across the frontier, who made depots of arms in neighbouring monasteries, and busily recruited for the brigand bands at Rome, indifferent if the men, whom they egged on, pillaged and massacred in the name of Pope and Bourbon." * After his surrender Francis II. went to Rome where he busily organized the conspiracy "which took ex-convicts for its leaders, and made robbery and murder its weapons. He had committees in correspondence with him all through the South; the clergy . . . were eager to harass or upset the Italian Government; disbanded soldiers enlisted with the banditti. . . ." †

It is safe to say that the difficulties which bristled like a native hedge of cactus between the Northern and Neapolitan ideas would not have assumed such proportions had the man who captured both the heart and the imagination of the people been allowed to control them. The islanders clamoured for him, the Neapolitans besought him to become at least one of their Deputies and would

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* *History of Italian Unity.* Bolton King.

† *Ibid.*

not accept his "No" for a lasting answer. The people of the South neither understood nor were ready for Constitutional Government as carried out under the Piedmontese code now imposed upon them. It is probable that they would have accomplished the transition to it through the leading strings of a loyal Dictatorship, served by an army of Volunteers, the pivot of whose discipline was quasi-adoration of its Chief. Cavour, however, would have none of Garibaldi or his Red Shirts, and there is good reason for believing that, in spite of apparent friendliness, the King shared his feelings, with less wisdom to temper them.

To the initial mistake of setting aside the popular idol, Cavour added that of choosing unsuitable Ministers. For Sicily he selected La Farina, whom Garibaldi had been compelled in the summer to deport; Montezemolo, known to have been a party to the sale of Nice; and Cordova. Detested by the islanders, who nurtured a veritable cult of Garibaldi, these nominees had to fly at the close of the year (1860). To Naples Cavour sent Farini, whose record in regard to the Volunteers had inflamed every Garibaldian against him. For three days after reaching the city Farini made no reference to the ex-Dictator, nor did he mention him in the announcement of his own appointment. He was in almost every way unsuited to his important post and found himself compelled to relinquish it at the beginning of the new year, to be succeeded by the Prince of Carignano.

In a country needing roads even more than railways, where the peasantry remained plunged in an ignorance that kept them practically serfs—the habit of selling their daughters to their landlord still survived—and where the vitals of the people were preyed upon by a mass of idle church-folk,* it is no wonder that brigandage, apart from its support in high quarters, came to offer more attractions to the labourer than ill-paid toil. These people had been won by the glamour of Garibaldi and by the work among them of Unitarians like Libertini, but the good instincts in them called for careful cherishing; the moral ideas sown by means of Mazzini's politics needed diligent fostering, and no man remained who seemed capable of doing this. The Government, compelled to rely more on force than on goodwill, suffered consequent ills, and found itself obliged to confide its fullest authority and most onerous tasks to General Cialdini, in command of a considerable army.

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* Some 21,000 monks and nuns, 9000 of whom were mendicants.

January, 1861, saw parliamentary elections held throughout Italy, and though "the order of the day was the exclusion of all Garibaldians and, of course, Mazzinians," * many were returned —Garibaldi being chosen by some half-dozen places, but refusing to serve.

Mazzini, whose arrangement with Garibaldi on the eve of their parting in November had left him charged with the practical work to be put through for Rome and Venice, had settled temporarily in London. Writing to Emilie on January 3rd, 1861, he tells her that his letters do not reach Naples, that he has written three times to Nicotera who has not received the missives, and that in writing certain instructions to Venturi he has taken the precaution of sending them through a man in a convent, in the faint hope of his ultimately getting them. "The only thing I am trying now here," he adds, "is an agitation for the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome. If you can help in any way, do so."

To this end he printed a finely worded Protest, from which a few sentences may be condensed as illustrating his attitude.

He protests because all Europe recognizes Rome as the natural capital of Italy and knows that while the French troops are in occupation there the status of Italy is not absolutely recognized, because the question of her nationality remains a mere half-fact. Moreover, other foreign aggressions cannot logically be objected to if this flagrant aggression remains condoned. Rome is converted by it into a centre for reactionary conspiracy, a nucleus for civil war, and a basis for disunion instead of Unity. No valid pretext exists for this dishonouring state of things—dishonouring to France as to Italy, because it is an open violation of the principle of non-interference proclaimed by France as well as by England. No one seeks to assail religion; no one dreams of menacing the Pope, for whom all Italy is ready to stand surety. But an armed occupation which has lasted for twelve years is now amounting to a positive conquest which other nations should not, by their silence, sanction. While, therefore, the signatories of the Protest address themselves more particularly to the two Powers chiefly concerned, they lay their appeal before the whole of

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* J. W. Mario.

that Europe who has already recognized and greeted nascent Italy.

Unfortunately the only date upon this interesting document is 1861, but it probably coincided with the efforts made by Cavour in the early part of the year to obtain Rome for the capital; efforts the more hopeful because Louis Napoleon was then undergoing another of his baffling changes of policy, and apparently wished to withdraw his troops. But he desired the Pope to maintain an army; and he gave it to be understood that if the Romans should uprise and declare for annexation to Italy he would raise no objection to Victor Emmanuel's making the city his seat of government. "It seemed," says Mr. Bolton King, "as if the Emperor had at last made up his mind to withdraw his troops from Rome. In spite of his official displeasure at the invasion or Umbria [September, 1860], he had let it be understood that he was more angry with the Pope than with Piedmont. . . . He would have rejoiced if the Pope had released him from his dilemma by flight. Failing such happy accident, he probably thought it the lesser danger to break altogether with the clericals. . . . He complained that Rome had become the refuge of his enemies. . . . About the middle of April he let Cavour know that he would evacuate, on the condition that the Italian Government would guarantee the Pope's present territory from attack." *

When Parliament assembled on February 18th, Cavour possessed a solid majority: his aspiration for Rome was widely known, but unfortunately he had not a faithful ally in the King, who leaned strongly to Rattazzi, an adroit but narrow-minded politician more capable of party than of national politics. Therefore Cavour's position, though strong, needed the exercise of his utmost wariness.

Although not among the Ashurst papers, it is necessary for the understanding of the state of things at the opening of this year, to quote a letter written by Mazzini on January 11th, given by Jessie White Mario in her *Supplement to the Autobiography of Garibaldi*: "Treaties are going on between Napoleon and Cavour for a war on the Rhine. Italy is to send an auxiliary force to assist Napoleon to conquer the Rhenish provinces. If Italy is to assume at her renascence the mission of a conqueror of the soil of other peoples for the benefit of despotism she had better remain enslaved and dismembered."

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* *History of Italian Unity.* Bolton King.

Cavour, shortly after the above words were penned, did entertain a project for liberating Venice in conjunction with Louis Napoleon, as soon as a revolution should be stirred up in Hungary, and towards this event things had been absolutely tending.

Mazzini's next letter to Emilie refers to a book in which he had previously expressed interest.

To Emilie. Probably from lodgings in Fulham. January 14th, 1861, "at night."

DEAREST EMILIE,

C'est grave; I remember nothing of Weill's book; and it might be suggestive. Still . . . [Mazzini had advised Emilie to translate Weill's *Peasant's War* for some popular magazine.]

The little preface ought to start with noticing how the historical episode is absolutely unknown to the English readers: almost unknown in France before Weill; known in Germany through ponderous, pedantically written and not popular books, as a sort of preamble or interesting *étude*, hoping that some more complete and *détaillée* work will one day or other appear.

The period is one of vital importance, and cannot remain neglected without leaving the tradition of the historical, European, social, development broken and in some measure unexplainable.

It is the dawning, or rather the first expression, of the democratic movement in Germany, which, quenched then in blood, has revived, and will have its way. It gives the precedence in social manifestations to Germany over France and the aspirations that came forth in the great French Revolution. It is the greatest, loudest protest—Italy's excepted—in Europe, sounding the doom of the Feudal organization.

It is more than that. It is a religious event. It is one of the most eloquent proofs that religion is at the head of the whole movement of mankind: a proof that, whatever fragmentary distinctions may be attempted by human weakness of intellect between heaven and earth, religion and politics, spiritual and temporal power, no great religious progress can take place without its superseding [obtaining precedence] and finally ruling the oneness [bringing about the oneness] of the movement throughout all its social, political, artistical manifestations.*

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* The correspondence between Mazzini's ideas and Emerson's is extremely interesting. "The moral law," says Emerson, in his Essay on Discipline, "lies at the centre of nature and radiates to the circumference. It is the pith and marrow of every substance, every relation, and every process. . . . Xenophanes complained in his old age, that, look where he would, all things hastened back to Unity."

"There will be," Luther himself said somewhere, "a new heaven and a new earth." With all due reverence for the powerful organization of the man, we cannot deny the fact—apparent throughout all his work, letters, conversations—that he did not aggress [attack] the whole problem, but contented himself with partially realizing the first part of the prophecy. The "peasants" attempted the second; they failed; but their bold and premature attempt left behind a seed and a warning. The seed will evolve, step by step, its vital energies in a more normal beneficial way, if the warning will not be despised by the already enlightened and prosperous middle classes.

Those peasants were, instinctively, powerful logicians. They felt the serious import of the words "Thy Kingdom come on earth," etc., of the Lord's prayer, more than all the scholars and high intellects of the Reform did. The "One God, one Law," is their starting point. Souls are free and equal: they must be free and equal on earth. Man has a right to revise the laws with which masters want to fetter his conscience: he has therefore the right to revise the laws with which masters want to fetter his external acts here down. If you are entitled to subject to examination the affirmations of the Pope and of his Church, you must certainly be entitled to examine the affirmations of the landlords. The earth is the place allotted to us for us to test our belief. The Kingdom of Heaven must be realized by civil societies as far as possible.

This is the lesson which the inexperienced, rough, blunt, sometimes ferocious voice of the German "peasants" teaches us. And the importance for future times of this teaching is the principal motive which suggested to the translator that some good might come even out of the translation of the present work.

This is the rough sketch of what you, fair, *avvilita* [downcast] translator, ought to write in your Preface. *Là dessus* do your best . . .

(Additional note enclosed.)

Now, dearest Emilie, I have a fancy for the birthday of Caroline,* and it is this. To have a small *libreria*, bookshelf or what you call it, for privileged books: a sort of what *I* would call *biblioteca del cuore*. Plenty of the books of this description have been given by me. It ought, according to my idea, to consist of three *rayons* at least, of different intervals, books being of different sizes: the largest, of course, say Ruskin's size, at the basis. It ought to be made expressly; I do not know that such thing is to be found ready; but ten or twelve days would be quite sufficient, I think . . . I would spare this trouble to you, but really you are the only artistical woman I know who can understand and feel my wish . . .

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* January 28th.

Even if it was not ready for the day it is not to be minded; it would perhaps be better even that I should announce something delayed for the new house and await the *déménagement;* still, if it can be made to time I rather should prefer it . . .

To Emilie, at Aubrey House, Campden Hill, then the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Taylor. Postmark January 19th, 1861.

I am very thankful for the little Interior [a photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle in their usual sitting-room, sent through Emilie by Mrs. Carlyle]. Mrs. Carlyle is herself. Carlyle, except for the pipe and dressing-gown, I would not have recognized. I have now been too long away from Carlyle for me to begin anew. Our paths are too widely apart, and the attempt would prove a fruitless one. But I do feel the same deep esteem and affection for Mrs. Carlyle, and any little thing I might do for her would be a pleasure to me. Have it in mind.

Whether Emilie did anything to bring about a renewal of intercourse between Mazzini and the Carlyles we do not know, but she records that after Mrs. Carlyle's death Mazzini went at various times to the Sage of Chelsea, though she says that neither found much satisfaction in the visits. Carlyle's attitude to the questions occupying Mazzini's mind always pained the latter; but that their conversations were not without some influence is evident from the fact that in 1869 Carlyle expressed to Emilie his amazement at the beauty and power of Mazzini's *Letter to the Œcumenical Council*, adding that it was true and, to his thinking, extremely pathetic. The old charm exercised over him by the writer of that *Letter*, and which could never entirely have faded, has been so well described by one who witnessed Mazzini's first visit to the Carlyles after the destruction of the Roman Republic, that it is worth reproducing here. It has been partially given by Jessie White Mario in *The Birth of Modern Italy:* "Mazzini was a man whom the hardest heart could not have repelled . . . thin, pale, and his complexion olive-tinted; of middle stature, well-knit, and dressed with extreme simplicity. Beautiful especially was his majestic forehead, and the form of his head . . . but when you saw his eyes a sense of pleasure mixed with veneration possessed you, and when he spoke the harmony of his voice conquered you. But then! Mazzini's eyes, his smile, his voice, no one can describe. When I saw him that first time I ceased to wonder at the religious enthusiasm that he excited everywhere. . . . I understood how he, for thousands of men and women, was an indisputable dogma, why all . . . believed in him and at his bidding hastened to confront danger and death. . . . There was nothing pathetic either in his expression or in his gestures, but a simple frankness, a virile grace emanated from him that stirred your every fibre like the chords of a harp touched by a master's hand."

The next letter shows that Emilie had gone from the Peter Taylors' to stay with her brother and his wife.

To Emilie, 28 Norfolk Crescent, W. February 5th, 1861.

DEAREST EMILIE,

You ought to read the preamble to the *Statuti* of the Leghorn Society, and to write a few original words about them for the *Morning Star*.* No Society of mutual relief would concern itself with more than the mere *economical* part.

Our working men start mainly from the *moral* aim; choose as their motto "God and Humanity": adopt the pre-eminence of duty on right, my own doctrine of Rights being merely the result of duty fulfilled, etc.

The tendency of our working men ought to be made known as a symptom. And as to the long article with which you were so frightened, the printed part might be cut short by more than half; but we shall talk again about it.

Bless you, dearest Emilie. Nothing of the *Bauern Krieg* (*Peasants' War*)? Did you find out an introduction for a publisher? Yours lovingly,

JOSEPH.

As the next letter touches upon Emilie's personal position, it seems appropriate here to show more clearly what that position was and to note the elements in her character that conspired to produce it.

The daring spirit of Emilie Ashurst, handicapped though it was by physical ill-health, could not fail to chequer her life with adventure and romance; and, as it is largely due to her that Mazzini's thoughts are known to the English-speaking world, certain incidents related by her to the present writer may not be unwelcome. The two which follow show a curious aspect of her temperament; others given later show the kind of astute audacity she possessed and to which the perils of the Italian struggle afforded scope. Unfortunately it is not possible now to put dates to the personal facts she recounted, for, little anticipating the task of chronicler, her listener failed to make precise notes of intimate though desultory conversations.

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* John Bright's property: John Morley editor.

One curious occurrence probably took place in the early days of Jessie White's visits to Italy, when she and Emilie happened to be staying in Genoa at the same time. Finding the heat in the city intolerable they decided to move to a hill-village at no great distance. Here, not being able to find sleeping accommodation in the same house, they were separated at bedtime by the length of the straggling street. One night Emilie was wakened by the insistent calling of her friend, who appeared to be summoning her from the road beneath her window. Startled, and fearing that news they awaited had come and was unfavourable, Emilie hastened to look out, only to perceive unbroken solitude flooded by moonlight. Convinced that her ears had not deceived her, she stole downstairs to the street along which, as she believed, Jessie must have hastened back to her lodging. Arrived there, and finding the tranquillity of the night still undisturbed, Emilie lifted the latch. Silence filled the place, her footfalls scarcely interrupting it as she mounted to her friend's room. Miss White raised herself as her visitor opened the door, exclaiming: "Oh, how strange! I dreamt that news had come and that I was calling you. In fact, I woke myself doing it."

The point about this occurrence is that it illustrates the curious receptiveness of impressions, unsensed by others, that was so marked a characteristic in Emilie. Without possessing what the Scotch call second-sight, she occasionally became aware of facts by means of some inner faculty which she could no more name than she could command. An instance of this had characterized her first meeting with Carlo Venturi.

In the autumn of 1859 she had gone to Italy with her brother, William Ashurst, and his wife Bessie, travelling in less comfort than usual on account of the recent war. After a tedious night journey their train reached a station where it halted long enough for the passengers to breakfast. Emilie and the Ashursts, having obtained some refreshment, returned to their compartment

EMILIE (AFTERWARDS SIGNORA VENTURI

Circa 1860

prepared for several more wearisome hours, and William, to prevent any one else entering, leaned across his sister to close the door.

"Don't shut it—he's coming!" Emilie exclaimed, with no consciousness at all of what she was saying. William looked at her in a surprise that scarcely surpassed her own, but he made no attempt to move the hand with which she had suddenly stopped his intention. The guard began shouting and doors were banging, when, just as the train started, a young man rushed along the platform, leapt into the Ashursts' compartment and almost collapsed upon the seat opposite to Emilie. She told the writer that the glance which passed between them at that moment seemed one of recognition, though she had not had the remotest idea that any one was likely to appear when she spoke those unconscious words to her brother.

Carlo Venturi journeyed in danger, for the Austrian military authorities had power to seize and shoot him, and at that moment a large Austrian force lay behind the Mincio. His family—Venetians loyal to Austria, whose subjects, of course, they were—had placed the lad while still very young in the army, where the tight clothing and the rigid discipline told upon his health. He always declared that the pressure necessary for the cultivation of the correct military figure started the malady that finally killed him. He deserted from the army in 1848, fought with the insurrectionaries, and escaped to South America after the hopes of 1849 were finally crushed. He returned to Italy to fight under Garibaldi in the war against Austria, and at the moment when he leapt into the Ashursts' compartment he was actually seeking to get out of Austria's reach.

The remarkable premonition that had forced an utterance through Emilie seemed to find its echo in the mind of the young Venetian. During the ensuing weeks he remained in the close neighbourhood of his new acquaintances, though Emilie at the time was not a free woman. Measures had been instituted that promised to liberate her, but it was not until the summer of 1861 that a decree of the court enabled her to enter upon the brief married life with Venturi which appears to have given great happiness to both.

At the date of the letter from Mazzini which here follows, Venturi's plans and means were so shadowy as to drive him to entertain some notion of returning to South America, where Emilie intended to join him as soon as circumstances should permit. Mazzini, however, felt so anxious to avoid this contingency that he sought to employ the ex-Major as fully as possible in a capacity where he excelled—observation and map-making; hence Venturi's journey to the Tyrol and the Trentino in furtherance of a plan for the emancipation of Venice.

To Emilie, at 28 Norfolk Crescent, W. February 21st, 1861.

Dearest Emilie,

I do not think that Venturi will make the attempt; but it may be that he is right and that it would be unsuccessful. Some new opportunity must at all events arise. I have no time to write; but thank him for the details, and tell him that whatever he decides about himself, the South American affair ought to be out of question both for yours and for Italy's sake. If you were not there [do not go there] I would not be entirely unfavourable to the plan of going back to Tyrol; but in the case only in which he would feel able to achieve some very bold and clever part. You know, I think, that Tyrol is actually one of my objects. A man belonging to the country and therefore knowing it, who would go, examine the enemy's position, study the possibilities of surprises, and establish some work there with the inhabitants, would be precious. The idea had passed already before me at Naples, that Venturi might go and come out after one month; but partly on account of you, partly on account of his not being perhaps capable of such a part, I did not speak about it. At a later period you seemed to be afraid of his being arrested through his own family. I mention it only now because he makes of his going back, one of the three contemplated cases in his letter.

I fear my letter to Karl Blind will draw forth a thunderbolt from learned Bucher.* Yesterday night you preferred Peter without wine to David and all Israel with plenty of champagne. *C'est la vertu même.* James is poorly. How are you?

Ever, ever your loving

Joseph.

To Emilie, 28 Norfolk Crescent, W. February 23rd, 1861.

Dearest Emilie,

Here is the little note for Venturi [then in Italy, staying at the house of Mrs. Sarina Nathan]. Do not put his name on the letter: it is easy to make Mrs. Nathan understand.

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* A man who was afterwards discovered to be an informer.

Tell him not to be rash through good will, in his answer. I would not like it. The risks inherent to the mission are not great; the dangers of going in [crossing the frontier], if there are any, ought not to be fronted * [? anticipated].

I am, precisely on account of the aim I pursue, bound to economy; but of course for all the little perambulations he should have to undertake for me, I would give all that is necessary. If he says yes, and you decide to meet somewhere, you shall be the bearer of written instructions, which will be perfectly sufficient.

Writing about meeting, you will speak about the wish of seeing him and not allude in letters to the true reason. . . .

To Emilie. In London. Dated by her 1861, and evidently February 26th.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Are you cross? Angry? Ferocious? on account of my wanting him [Venturi] to try the other way before? Really it would have been wrong in me not to say so. There is for him a danger which has nothing to do with the mission to be fulfilled and *pensando e ripensando* [thinking and thinking again], I felt that I was to take it in account, so be good and not unjust towards me. Remember that I would never have thought of it, had I not mistaken his first letter, and believed in the amnesty. [Venturi having deserted from the Austrian army and joined the Italian troops during the siege of Vincenza was excluded from the amnesty.] Besides, I am so uncertain, scarcely hopeful about mustering the money necessary, that it seems now silly to have a man running a serious risk for what may never, alas, take place.

Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

Tuesday evening.

During the month of March—marked by a break in his correspondence with the Ashursts, Mazzini must have felt some satisfaction in the official recognition by England of Italy as a nation.

To Emilie, at 28 Norfolk Crescent. April 4th, 1861.

DEAREST EMILIE,

As Caroline does not, evidently, want to write any more to me, will you tell me something of James, about whom you made me uneasy, should she write to you or Bessie?

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* The mission was in Venetian Lombardy—then, as now, in the hands of Austria. The risk was great, but was successfully faced and the mission accomplished.—E. A. V.

I am deciphering V. [a letter from Venturi concerning the expedition to the Tyrol, written in cipher] and am preparing to send the 1500 frs., to-morrow most likely. As you understand, I mean to insist upon his *not* going *in* except after a report—and as that report cannot possibly come before two or three weeks, you really need not, on my account, go. You may have an end of the *affair* [the arrangement of her private concerns] before. The position is such and the money question so uncertain, that either there is action of *another sort* before, or I shall not be in a hurry for the visit to the *very* spot.

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

To Emilie, at 28 Norfolk Crescent, Edgware Road. April 15th, 1861.

[Alluding to Alexander Munro, the sculptor, having informed Mazzini of Mr. Ruskin's desire to be introduced to him.]

DEAREST EMILIE,

. . . Munro ought to be told to lead Ruskin gently to the conviction that he is not—should we be pleased with one another—to expect me to rush into his arms at Denmark Place, etc. I have so much work, dear, that I feel afraid of any new acquaintance, even when its name is Ruskin.

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

To Emilie, staying with Mr. and Mrs. T. Taylor, Lavender Sweep, Wandsworth. Seems April, 1861.

Male ; not only for the actual evil, but for the weakness ensuing. I have, since two days, no news of Matilda, but I have written, and I suppose I shall get an answer. I have asked her, because if she was up and could talk, I would go and see.

You astonish me; I did not think you had carried on the scheme [the translation or compilation of a pamphlet]. Is it a literal translation? It is a decidedly useful book.

Nothing known about the *military* decision of "*la bell' anima*"? *

I suppose that we shall see each other some evening next week at Clementia's.

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* Venturi.

Our affairs are going on well in the South. But I fear Louis Napoleon prepares some annoying thing there.

Love to Bessie and William. I dined yesterday night at Ledru Rollin's.

Bless you, dearest Emilie. Love your loving brother

JOSEPH.

Two short notes to Emilie, in the first of which he tells her that Venturi has been to Milan, and in the second that she must use every precaution in writing to him or not write at all, indicate that the emissary had ventured into the dangerous zone. The comment about Garibaldi in Mazzini's next letter is sad enough, showing as it does that the Liberator of a people was unable to free himself from unworthy suspicions, and from a jealousy truly amazing in one so generous.

To Emilie, at Lavender Sweep, Wandsworth. May 1st, 1861.

"Mater dolorum" EMILIE,

What are you doing? Please tell me. I do not know how Venturi managed to get letters from the Ministerial Party without letting out something of our scheme, which I would regret very much. *Nous verrons.* To not multiply letters, if you do write, you may write that [here follow directions in cipher].

I understand completely your state of mind where you are. I feel the same in every place. The world has turned out just now so given up to a conventional, factitious, unfeeling, selfish life, that I am as if walking amongst phantoms: amidst them, "not of them."

Garibaldi's letter to the Urquartite* people against me is truly his own. Therefore, as there are limits to every effort, I shall break all intercourse. Only I love too well my country to change in the least my public conduct. He can be very useful still; and if I should succeed in getting my 500,000 frs. and act, I shall still yield the initiative action into his hands. . . .

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* David Urquhart (1805–1877), a great diplomatic authority on Eastern Europe, objected to the Crimean War on the ground that the Turks were quite capable of fighting their own battle. The members of the Committees which he founded were called "Urquhartites." In this interest he started the *Free Press*, which was afterwards called the *Diplomatic Review*.

To Emilie, at 28 Norfolk Crescent. May 8th, 1861.

DEAREST EMILIE,

"Cos' è dell' anima tua?"

Spread to Bessie, William, and any friend you see, my precise address:

Ernesti,
2 Onslow Terrace,
Brompton, S.W.

Ben inteso, [Of course] no Scandinavian song.

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

To Emilie, at 28 Norfolk Crescent. May 23rd, 1861.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Prima di tutto, will you ask William to send me the Genoese parcel? I ask you, seeing that writing [to him] is useless.

Secondly, here are my views concerning the pamphlet. Mr. E. Wilson ought to have a first edition at what price he thinks right: sixpence, or one shilling. But I should wish him to keep the forms for a little while, because I wish to have a popular edition after the first, at three pence. Supposing the paper of the first to be very good, the one of the popular edition might be rather inferior. At all events, I am disposed to lose as in a matter of propagandism. And I leave all powers to you, unless you want to receive some suggestions for the popular edition from Holyoake.

And I suppose that if you have no letters, Venturi is coming either to-morrow or at the latest on Saturday. Therefore I recommend these instructions *now*, doubting their execution *after*.

Bless you, dearest Emilie; ever your loving

JOSEPH.

Mazzini here probably refers to a pamphlet brought out in Milan on March 1st, entitled *The Italian Question and the Republicans*, in which he analyses the situation especially in regard to France, and lays bare the causes of the inertia obviously creeping over the Republican elements in Italy. Emilie almost certainly translated the pamphlet, but the following paragraph, being taken from the Italian version, may differ from the precise wording of the dispatch it cites—a dispatch sent by Lord Cowley to Lord John Russell, September 12th, 1860. Mazzini quotes it as bearing out his own warning upon the danger of a continuance of French authority in Rome, and Italian subservience to Louis Napoleon.

"To the man who, in the name of England, reminded the French Minister Thouvenal that the Emperor had assumed a solemn obligation to maintain Piedmont in the possession of Lombardy, Thouvenal replied: France recognizes no obligations in regard to Piedmont save those deriving from the treaty of Zurich [signed Nov. 11th, 1859]. By that treaty Austria ceded Lombardy to France, and France gave it to the Sardinian king. But, Austria having by treaty ceded Lombardy to France, the bad conduct of Piedmont cannot invalidate the obligations of Austria to France. If, therefore, the fortunes of war replace Lombardy in the temporary possession of Austria, the latter should render account to France, and would certainly do it loyally. *France and Austria would consider what to do with Lombardy, and I cannot say what decision they would arrive at.*"

Mazzini proceeds to point out that the question of Rome is assuming an aspect of barter, by which he partially refers to the great scheme initiated and enthusiastically pressed forward by Cavour, of a Free Church in a Free State. By that scheme Cavour intended to do away with a mass of concordats and restrictive legislation that, since the Middle Ages, had been from time to time enacted against the Pope, limiting his powers, although virtually "establishing" the Church. In return for complete freedom from State interference, Cavour conceived that the Holy Father would be brought to surrender Temporal Power, and renounce all claim to it. Although clergy and laity would alike exist then under the *civil* law, the Pope would still exercise *canonical* discipline and his Conclave would function quite unhampered.

For some time Cavour had been working steadily to convert the Vatican, the clergy and the laity to this conception, and success seemed to have come within reach when, at the end of February, Cardinal Antonelli, by an abrupt change of front, wrecked the whole scheme. Meantime the attitude of Louis Napoleon kept open another door for obtaining Rome, for he signified to Cavour that "he would evacuate, on the condition that the Italian Government would guarantee the Pope's present territory from attack. . . . Cavour, perhaps, did not stop to consider how small were the chances of a successful rising at Rome; perhaps he hoped that some subterfuge might evade the clear meaning of the treaty. . . . But at all events he recognized how unpopular any adhesion to the scheme would be; parliament and public opinion would be quick to condemn a pact which seemed to make Italy the guardian of the Temporal Power, and the Garibaldians would make every effort to break through it." *

What course events would have run under Cavour's pilotage is not easy to say, but before Mazzini's next letter was written, death had taken his hand from the helm. Undoubtedly the cares of office, and the fact of his being unable to feel that the King was entirely at one with him, told seriously upon a physique which he had never spared, but it has been thought that a painful scene in the Chamber did something to hasten his end.

Garibaldi, who had been beset by petitions to return to the mainland and take part in the country's affairs, at length conceded to a deputation of working men and telegraphed to the College of St. Ferdinando that he accepted their election of him as Deputy. His blood had begun to boil over what he felt to be the betrayal, by the Government, of his beloved Volunteers; and certainly the records seem to justify his indignation. Even Sirtori, who fully sympathized with Cavour, felt compelled to state in the House that General Fanti's behaviour to the Volunteers had been consistently hostile—that the General had purposely established a dualism between the Volunteers and the regular army. Fanti, who possessed the ear of the King, was at the moment bringing forward a military scheme which would actually do away with the Southern Army. Moreover, Bertani, whose services to Volunteers and country were highly valued by every Italian-hearted patriot, had been vilely traduced by the opponents of the men—now suffering materially as well as mentally—who had won Victor Emmanuel his crown. Garibaldi's wrath against the Moderates blazed. He landed at Genoa, made a speech which caused the King to summon him to Turin to be soothed, then on April 18th, attired in the famous red shirt, he took his place in the Chamber and poured out an impassioned harangue that brought ministers and members to their feet in angry protest. Garibaldi thrice repeated his indictment in face of the storm, and as soon as he could gain a hearing he sketched out his own idea of national armament and how to prepare it: a plan which afterwards virtually formed the basis of Italian National Service.

Fanti replied in a vein that provoked further ebullitions; then Cavour, literally convulsed with emotion, rose and sought to

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* *History of Italian Unity.* Bolton King.

placate his irate opponent. For a time it seemed as though he would succeed, but many factors arose to destroy the hope. "Indeed, a military *chauvin* epidemic was raging. The laurels of Castelfidardo, the final surrender of the King of Naples, seemed to have determined the royal generals to separate their cause entirely from that of a 'fortunate and audacious adventurer'" [Fanti's term for Garibaldi in 1860].* Cavour finally accepted a scheme which excluded the Southern Army as a factor in the national forces, and upon the heels of this Cialdini published a letter so grossly slandering Garibaldi as to evoke a challenge from him. The King intervened; traduced and traducer were persuaded to forgive each other, and Garibaldi was even induced to meet Cavour in ostensible reconciliation. But the incidents had their effect upon both these sons of Italy. One retired to his island *perfettamente insoddisfatto*, the other felt shaken and debilitated by the struggle. Had Cavour been able to reduce to orderly co-operation the two great military elements, the voluntary and the regular, the chariot of state might have been drawn by them to a triumph at once grander and more rapid than the consummation which bears the inglorious dates of 1866 and 1872.

To Emilie, at 10 Caroline Place, Hastings. June 9th, 1861.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Bless you for the thought of writing *tout en nageant*. [Emilie and Carlo Venturi were married on June 6]. I have no doubt about your affection nor about your keeping it faithful to the noble aspirations of your soul. You will not make of love *de l'égoism à deux personnes*.

Cavour is dead, as you know.† It will not affect much the immediate position of things. Only neither Ratazzi nor Ricasoli will ever enjoy his popularity. They *may* be frightened into a somewhat better course; and it *may* be there is a little less servility to Bonaparte. For the rest, no motion towards Venice will take place unless we take the initiative. I do not believe we shall this year. Funds will not come.

The *Morning Chronicle* of yesterday was kindly lamenting my not having been smitten by death instead of Cavour. This day the *Times* calls the Mazzini Party the curse of Italy. I have a letter from Bertani, very friendly. The King did say to somebody who was speaking of me: "I have no feeling against Mazzini, but my Ministers have, and I am only a constitutional King. But if he writes to me wishing to come to Italy, he shall have my full consent."

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* Supplement to *Autobiography of Garibaldi*. J. W. Mario.

† June 6th, 1861.

Thank you.

Love to Carlo. Sincere and loving blessings on you, now and ever, from your devoted brother

JOSEPH.

Saturday.

To Emilie, at 28 Norfolk Crescent. June, 1861.

DEAREST EMILIE,

C'est grave; still, it is clear that the article *Concordia* ought to be translated, just to give our ideas about the subject. I would then try to have it inserted somewhere.

Bless you. Ever your loving brother

JOSEPH.

What is the condition of your shilling list? There! I have got you!

The article *Concordia*, written by Mazzini, sets forth the position of the Republicans in giving their adhesion to Monarchy as the means chosen by the people for achieving Unity. They do not, he says, renounce their banner; they fold it aside for just so long as Monarchy continues to lead the Nation towards the completion of herself. Their adhesion will be loyal; but if at any time they perceive betrayal of the principle of Unity they will openly say so and retire. Mazzini calls upon Monarchy for its best, dwelling on the fact that in Parliament *Italy* is not represented because electoral conditions have been entirely defective. He reminds Ministers that revolutions are always the work or minorities; that Italy is not in a normal condition, but in a state when progress will be achieved by spasmodic efforts rather than by steady advances, and that when a country is in this state the *initiative* resides in the people. Truly speaking, there is no concord in Italy, for national concord is founded, not between individuals—even when their names are Garibaldi and Cavour—but between programmes with identity of aim and method. He entreats the attention of the Minister called to succeed Cavour to the grave symptoms already manifesting themselves everywhere.

Italy wills to be Italy, and not merely an enlarged Piedmont. Italy wills to be free from Austria in Venice and from France in Rome, without making shameful concessions. Both Rome and Venice have become centres of anti-Italian propaganda and the nesting-places of enemies who menace the security and independence of the entire country. The nation is a new Fact, revealing new tendencies, hopes, ideas, while, for their expression, new men, new laws are requisite. Italy has emerged, not by the deeds of the Piedmontese army but through the collective will of her people, guided by Garibaldi; and Italy cannot resign herself to be governed by a set of laws suited only to Piedmont and the House of Savoy. The new Minister should institute a truly national policy founded in the consciousness of Right and of Italy's own strength, and issue a Manifesto to the Governments of Europe demanding the withdrawal of French forces from Rome. Moreover, the country should be armed on the model of Switzerland.

Under no other method can discontent fail to increase. Concessions to the people made under any other *régime* will either be made through fear or withheld: and if withheld the result must be revolution. "All Europe will be for us," Mazzini declares, "when it ceases to believe that we are bound to Bonaparte."

To Emilie. Probably July, 1861.

Dearest Emilie,

I am very sorry for poor Venturi's boyish illness [nettle rash], but as learned Garnett says, every skin eruption saves one from a more serious illness. He will be better than ever now. I hope that nervousness and want of rest will not make you ill in your turn.

They say that Ricasoli is at the head of the Cabinet. . . . I had an extremely good, crochety letter yesterday from Belcredi. There is, Thursday evening, a foolish interpellation—no, Friday evening—of Cochrane about the Rome and Venice Committee. James will speak.

Peter Stuart came to me the other day with his wife, on their way to Brussels. To my utter astonishment and delight he handed over to me £100—promising £50 more on his return; the remnant of the Liverpool collect: which he undertook during Garibaldi's campaign. It is true that the sum, regularly, ought to go to the English Committee here; true that Mr. P. S. wishes for a receipt from the Central Committee in Genoa. Still, I shall defend this unexpected sum as a lioness her cubs.

Bless you, dearest Emilie; *Saluti affectuosi* to Carlo.

Ever your loving brother
JOSEPH.

In the debate in the House of Commons of Friday, July 19th, 1861, Mr. Kinglake brought forward the fact that the French Minister, M. Thouvenal, had addressed a note to the Italian Premier complaining that the latter had repudiated all idea of further concession of territory to France. The spirit in which the French Government was disposed to act had been made clear by the following passage in the *Revue Contemporaine* of July 15th—a journal founded and subsidized by the French Government—the gist of the article being that France had hoped some day to possess the island of Sardinia (as a half-way resting-place to Algeria), which offered good harbours and excellent timber. The island, it stated, is "a continuation of Corsica, more French than Italian, where the people love France and feel that their happiness lies bound up with her." Annexation would be voted enthusiastically, but Mr. Ricasoli crushes for France a hope identical with the hope he himself entertains regarding Austria and Venice. No doubt, added Mr. Kinglake, if the annexation were carried out, M. Pietri (of the French Police) would obtain another unanimous vote, recollecting the duty he had performed at Nice with such zeal that, according to one authority, the number of votes considerably exceeded the number of voters. . . .

After the letter of July there occurs a long gap in the Ashurst correspondence. Mazzini remained in London, absorbed in work and in his foreign correspondence, which became heavier through the deepening desire in Italy to possess Rome. This desire, moreover, found increasing popular expression in spite of the efforts of a few men like Minghetti to stop the signing of petitions in furtherance of it. An appeal bearing 22,000 signatures was sent to Garibaldi in Caprera and, on the anniversary of his entry into Naples, vast orderly crowds—estimated by Nicotera at more than 100,000—paraded the city, bearing the Liberator's portrait with the inscription, "Italy and Victor Emmanuel: To Rome." Enthusiasm mounted high, feeding the hope which appeared certain sooner or later to crystallize into intention.

During the autumn Mazzini felt unusually ailing, and winter brought on a serious attack of the malady that eventually killed him. Mario, who had been doing good work in Italy, came over at the time, commissioned by the chiefs of the Emancipation Committees (which had been sanctioned by Ricasoli) to consult Mazzini; and fortunately, as soon as the latter could resume work, he was able to act as temporary secretary. Mario therefore happened to be in London when Gallenga "with his usual malignity, used the *Times* for a vehicle to convince the English public that Garibaldi, faithful to the programme Italy and Victor Emmanuel, was entirely separated from Mazzini, who was working to establish a republic." *

Mario burned to send a challenge to Gallenga, whose persistent misrepresentations did not a little active harm, but presently, bowing to the judgment of friends, he contented himself with a reply in the *Times*, showing Mazzini's relations with Garibaldi in the true light. The fresh calumnies emanating from Gallenga had been called forth by pro-Italian debates in the House of Commons, by well-received pro-Italian speeches in the provinces, by Jessie White Mario's successful lectures in England and Scotland, and by the large number of signatures collected on the petition forms for Rome and for the recall of the Exile.

Jessie Mario records that she and her husband were privileged that winter to share the New Year's Eve vigil at the Stansfelds' house, when Mazzini was, as usual, the inspiration of the gathering.

To William Ashurst, 28 Norfolk Crescent, Edgware Road, W. December 20th, 1861.

DEAR WILLIAM,

You may have received £72 for me. Will you be so kind as to cash them—£20 in gold and the rest in £5 notes, and let me have them Monday week?

I am slowly improving. The weather is very unfavourable.

Love to Bessie.

Yours very affectionately
JOSEPH.

Friday.

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* J. W. Mario, MS.

1862–1863

Nothing belonging to 1862 has been preserved by the Ashursts, save the copy of an undated scrap addressed to Bessie, a letter to Caroline of September 11th, and a lithographed appeal on behalf of Garibaldi, dated November. The Ashurst documents, therefore, give no clue to Mazzini's movements in this momentous year, but other manuscripts in the possession of the writer show that at one time he was prostrated by an attack of his old illness, and that he left England on August 25th, returning in November.

The death of Cavour, while altering much, did not arrest the Turin Government's diplomatic efforts to win Rome, for the matter lay very close to the heart of Ricasoli, whose character and reputation had marked him out, against the King's real desire, as Cavour's successor. And, though Ricasoli still looked to Paris for the key of the question, Mazzini's hope that his accession to leadership would signify less subserviency to France was by no means groundless, for the distinguished Tuscan's incorruptible character recoiled from the sinuosities of Louis Napoleon. He had given his adhesion to Cavour's plan of a Free Church in a Free State and, as a truly religious man, had deplored the conduct of the Papacy in flouting it, no less than he loathed the Pope's patronage of the villainies in the South. He placed the winning of Rome before any effort to win Venetia, because he believed that Italy could not afford to wait for Rome while she could afford to wait for Venice ; and, though without anticipating success, he himself laid Free Church proposals similar to Cavour's before the Vatican.

On the problem of action, therefore, his policy showed itself at variance with the profounder calculations of Mazzini—profounder because based on principles that would evoke Italy's own latent powers instead of resting her actual, restricted powers on those of France. Mazzini held that as matters stood in Europe, the risks to Italy in a Venetian enterprise would prove surmountable, whereas the complications in an *Italian* struggle for Rome were likely to prove the reverse. In respect of Rome he desired, by strictly logical and constitutional means, to rouse the opinion of all Europe, and so to render the position of France there as untenable as it was already irksome to the vacillating Emperor. Moreover, about the time of Ricasoli's accession to the premiership many things conduced to favour a well-prepared Venetian scheme.

In the January of the previous year Prussia had lost her irresolute King and had installed the "cartridge Prince" William, who was little likely to cede his plans at the beck either of the German Confederation or of his rival for preponderance in Germany, Austria. The latter had begun to suspect that her astute Prussian neighbour might outmanœuvre her, and turn into a leader instead of a follower, or an equal ally, for whispered echoes were reaching Vienna of ominous words spoken in Berlin. Bismarck, whose influence abroad as well as in his own country was already great, had stated his conviction that the accomplishment of his King's German task would be impossible until Vienna realized that Prussia would shrink from "neither rupture nor war." Austria, he said, held an exaggerated idea of her own importance and needed to be convinced that Prussia was seriously prepared to take up this firm attitude. Roon, who had been called to reorganize the Prussian army, had declared that that important "organism" would become plague-stricken unless it got to action.

Count Vitzthum, Saxon Minister to England at this period, records that when Bismarck came to London to visit the Great Exhibition, opened in the summer, he had a long conversation with Disraeli, in which he said, in effect, that he expected to be called to the head of the Prussian Government, and his first care would be to bring the army into a condition to inspire respect. This done, he would seize the first pretext to declare war against Austria, dissolve the German Diet, subdue the minor States, unify Germany under Prussia: and that he had come to London to say this to Her Majesty's Government. Disraeli's comment was, "Take care of that man. He means what he says." *

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* *St. Petersburgh and London in the Years* 1852–1864. Count Vitzthum von Eckstadt.

The Polish trouble, certain to affect Austria both directly and indirectly, had, so to speak, started incubating under the Tsar's Ukase of February, 1861, which freed the serfs of Russia but left those of Poland in a worse plight by contrast. The Polish Agricultural Society, founded four years previously for economic purposes, but soon deviated to patriotic ends, had been forcibly dissolved, and the Russian garrisons in Poland heavily increased, charging the atmosphere with storm-clouds destined soon to burst.

The thorny question of Schleswig-Holstein, implicating Russia, England and Sweden, as well as Germany, Prussia and Austria, had long been above the horizon, although the stealthy designs of Bismarck were still unsuspected.

Austria stood, at this juncture, practically without allies, while her relations to the German States were growing more and more strained. Among other matters exerting tension stood the question of Customs, for the commercial treaty between Austria and the Prussian Customs Union had expired in 1860, and nothing seemed likely to ease the clash of *Zollverein* ideas with those of Vienna. Vienna, clinging hard to protection, complained bitterly that her interests were being sacrificed in order that Prussia might carry through a commercial treaty with France [signed March 29th, 1862], in addition to which Prussian Army Bills pointed indubitably to an intended dominance in Germany through military weight. Fears, therefore, rendered every attitude of Italy's greatest enemy uncertain. She had also, in an attempt to coquette with "liberal" principles, been scorching her fingers; for after the Italian war of 1859 her whole administrative system was seen to be in disorder and, endeavouring to reorganize, Francis Joseph suddenly turned to the idea of a greater *popular* responsibility. In March, 1860, he initiated a Central Council for the whole Empire, and this at once afforded an opening through which the pent-up spirit of nationality rushed fiercely from Hungary and from his Slav populations. In October, 1860, Francis Joseph gave her old Constitution to the former, and local legislatures to the various Slav peoples, making, however, all dependent upon One Supreme Central Council. But the Magyars would have none of this and rose for the status and Constitution of 1848. The Emperor reverted to martial law and recentralization. Naturally the subject peoples felt aggrieved and would, in the opinion of many, prove useful allies to Italy in the gaining of Venice.

The advent of Ricasoli to the premiership caused yet another change in the uncertain mind of Louis Napoleon who, in deference to French clerical opinion which was adverse to the Free Church in a Free State idea, now signified to Italy that his soldiers must remain in Rome so long as the Pope's territory was "threatened." This, of course, was a mere excuse, and hinged upon the rebellious conduct of one small locality within the Papal dominions—reduced since October, 1860, to a section of the coast reaching from the border of Tuscany to within some twenty miles of Gaeta and only stretching inland between twenty and thirty miles. Although Italian troops had not entered this Papal territory, the inhabitants of Viterbo, which lay within its boundary, had declared for Victor Emmanuel, and as they were only forced back under the Pope at the instance of Louis Napoleon they remained obstinately restive; so much so that Ricasoli continually dreaded their precipitating some immature movement. The Emperor dared not risk any sort of storm in France unless he could placate the French Catholics and also enlist popular enthusiasm by adding to the assets of the Empire. It is difficult not to believe that he hoped to persuade Italy to barter Sardinia for Rome. Ricasoli, who vowed he would never cede one inch of Italian soil, desired time for settling several difficulties before he would entertain the thought of Italy's fighting for any purpose whatever; but he believed that in 1863 a European war might be precipitated, which, in the event of revolution in Hungary, would give him Venice if he furnished help to France to obtain the Rhine provinces.

But Ricasoli's immediate aim was Rome. As Mr. Bolton King has well pointed out, the nation could not settle into orderly progress while "the enemy in their midst sowed strife and passion. The shameless encouragement of brigandage at Rome, the readiness of the Pope and his Government to throw honesty and morality to the winds if only they could raise up trouble for the new kingdom, made the possession of Rome an important need. Had the French Government compelled the Pope to observe the barest rules of political morality Italy might have been content to wait. But she could not sit patient while she had within her borders an enemy who knew no scruples, who patronized outrage and arson and murder, who was stirring the clergy to revolt throughout the Kingdom, and striving to reduce it to anarchy." [*]

August of the previous year had seen, as it was hoped, the stamping out of brigandage in the Neapolitan provinces, but it manifested a brief recrudescence that terminated in December. Its suppression had, however, aroused so much sentiment that even Ricasoli was infected by it and decided upon abolishing the system of Lieutenancies under which General Cialdini had been empowered to act in the South. Certain passages descriptive of the struggle between lawless insurgents and soldiery read to-day almost like current news in the *Times*: "Sometimes the soldiers, maddened by the nameless atrocities of the banditti, had in spite of their officers got out of hand and made savage reprisals. The victims deserved small pity, for brigandage had been a criminal and anarchist movement, whose political mask was too transparent to deceive. . . . The troops, ill-backed, often thwarted by the civil authorities, deserved more sympathy than censure in their task of protecting life and property from gangs of miscreants. But the outcry against their reprisals was a welcome weapon to the enemies of the new kingdom. . . . The Bourbonists dinned the severities into the ears of Europe. . . ." [†]

The year opened upon another of the many shifting phases of Louis Napoleon's conduct, and one which offered fresh hope for the evacuation of Rome, but it also saw a network of intrigue closing around the "austere Puritan" minister who lived in a moral world so different from Victor Emmanuel's, and treated "King and subject with the same unbending dignity." [‡]

Victor Emmanuel felt so eager to obtain Venice that he secretly encouraged the Hungarians, and privately approached Louis Napoleon on the subject. For this purpose he made use of Rattazzi, a man who loved the atmosphere of cabal and who, having married a Bonaparte, was naturally not unfriendly to France; a man, moreover, who coveted Ricasoli's position. The Emperor's views on the Venetian problem seem to have been as unsettled as his views on Rome, but he made a willing third in a thoroughly disreputable move. Two of the Balkan provinces might, he thought, be acceptable to Austria in lieu of Venice; but the condition of his own finances and his uncertainty about Prussia did not encourage the idea of war. Still, an intrigue spun out over the Venetian question would give him time to discover some new loophole through which to wriggle out of the Roman difficulty, and Rattazzi, as Piedmontese premier, would suit him better than the high-minded Tuscan. Rattazzi, in spite of his former behaviour to Garibaldi (1859), had by now managed to obtain great influence with that emotional patriot, and was clever enough to conceal the position of cat's-paw into which he intended luring him. Therefore, although Rattazzi knew that Garibaldi's inclinations pointed to Rome rather than to Venice, it was decided to use him in a Venice plan.

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[*] *History of Italian Unity.* Bolton King.

[†] *Ibid.*

[‡] *Ibid.*

Two well-marked sections existed at this moment in the democratic party, one republican at heart though acceding to monarchy, the other monarchical at heart while democratic in policy, and these two divergent bodies had held a joint conference in December, 1861, which resulted in the formation of a Liberation Society: a vast federation of Emancipation Committees already existing, or which were to be brought into existence, in every part of the country. Garibaldi accepted the presidency of this Liberation Society * conjointly with Mazzini, giving at the same time his sanction to an attack upon Venetia. Another conference was to be held in March, and the announcement of it so much alarmed the Moderates that they demanded from Government the extirpation of these "extremists." Ricasoli refused to embark upon so dangerous a course, knowing well the evil of driving legitimate agitation underground; in addition to which he sincerely desired to repeal the sentences of death passed upon Mazzini, and realized to the full the importance of conciliating Garibaldi. With the latter, however, he found himself entirely forestalled by Rattazzi, who had made the Liberator believe that every project of his heart might actualize if he, Rattazzi, became premier.

But it was not until Parliament met that the network of machinations could be efficiently tightened around the reigning Prime Minister. Then nothing was left undone by Rattazzi to

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* It was Federico Campanella, the ever-faithful adjutant of Mazzini, who actually founded the *Società Democratica Emancipatrice*; and in the following year he started a paper to promote its principles, called *Il Dovere* (Duty).

undermine Ricasoli's position, and though the Chamber abstained from open hostility by vote an important debate revealed to him that his majority had melted. He could not withstand what has been well termed the disreputable intrigue, especially as the King hastened to seize the chance of getting rid of one who might be broken but could never be bent towards dishonour.* By March Ricasoli felt resignation to be the only course open to him, and with his fall the hope of Mazzini's recall vanished.

Campanella, who cannot be suspected of loving the great Tuscan, has left on record his conviction that had Ricasoli remained but one week longer in power an everlasting disgrace would have been wiped from Italy: "with his exquisite tact, for which Italian democracy will be grateful, he [Ricasoli] felt the necessity of wording a formula which could maintain the rights of the crown while at the same time avoiding the slightest offence to the great exile." And this he had succeeded in doing just as the reins slipped from his hand.

For the time being Garibaldi seemed content to make Venetia his objective in spite of the fact—unfortunately a deterrent to him—of its being also Mazzini's. What actual agreement, if any, had been arrived at between him, Rattazzi and the King, it is impossible to decide. The King had certainly determined to attack Venetia in this year, but the scene for Garibaldi's projected activities appears to have alternated in the royal mind between Dalmatia, Greece, and the Tyrol.

The condition of Roumania, who had received arms secretly from Piedmont, of Montenegro, and of Dalmatia, can best be described as more or less inflammable, while at any moment Hungary, where insurgence had been actually encouraged by Cavour, might burst into revolution.

On February 12th Mazzini wrote to Jessie White Mario, then in Manchester:

"I shall know next week the result of the interview between Miceli, Mordini, Crispi, and Garibaldi. He is bent on Dalmatia. Enlistments are going on. The scheme is between the King, Garibaldi and Rattazzi. Ricasoli is kept out of it. Of course he knows everything and is against, and declares he will try and prevent the realization of the scheme. Rattazzi went to Paris—

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* Ricasoli had deeply offended Victor Emmanuel over a matter in the King's private life.

I know it positively now—with an autograph letter of the King, to propose the cession of Rome and moral co-operation for Venice, and have in exchange an offensive and defensive alliance with Italy, and our co-operation on the Rhine. Should Louis Napoleon have accepted, Ricasoli was doomed, and Rattazzi was to replace him; but Louis Napoleon did conclude nothing. Rattazzi still believes that action would lead him to accept. Hence the Garibaldian-Dalmatian scheme. . . . If Garibaldi does not succeed, the attempt, being out of Italy, would not compromise the King. . . ."

At the time of Ricasoli's resignation Garibaldi was already on the mainland. He at once hurried to Turin to see the King and the new Premier. He came back encouraged by promises and believing in a scheme for attacking Austria through Dalmatia while the Hungarians on their side would fall upon her. His position seemed to be strong in regard to the Government, for on June 6th Rattazzi said in Parliament that he had promised Garibaldi Unity, Independence and National armament. Garibaldi, riding on the high tide of popularity and president of the rifle clubs, was now sent at the Government's expense upon a tour through Lombardy—ostensibly to improve their organization. Wherever he went the populace acclaimed him as the future Liberator of Rome and Venice, crowds shouting themselves hoarse in their demand for his intervention.

Admirably as this suited Rattazzi, to whom it appeared to attach democratic elements, it was, as Mr. Bolton King remarks, a little too successful from the point of view of royalty. Arrangements were therefore undertaken towards the end of April, for the King, as a sort of counterblast, to go to Naples, where Prince Jerome Bonaparte and the French fleet came to salute him and the people manifested all the desired enthusiasm.

It is about this time that uncertainty covers every hypothesis concerning Garibaldi's instructions and intentions. He suddenly journeyed to a health resort east of Bergamo, to take the baths; but arms, munitions, clothes, and ambulances had already been deposited in the neighbouring Trentino; young men had collected round Lake Iseo, and enrolments in rifle corps went on apace. This is not the place to examine evidence as to Garibaldi's plans, the only direct link with the letters of Mazzini being the fact of the latter having already started certain preparations in that region.

Mario evidently believed that Venice was Garibaldi's aim; and an adventure of Emilie's seems so likely to have befallen at this period that it is justifiable to give it here.

A considerable sum of money had been collected through Mazzini in Great Britain, and difficulty arose about its swift and secret transmission to the seat of enterprise. Finally, Emilie volunteered to take it. She introduced into her travelling cloak an interlining which matched the wrong side of the outer material, and within this she stitched the sum in Bank notes, hoping that any searcher, ripping up the fur lining, would fail to perceive the second one. Her journey proved easy and straightforward until Austrian authorities boarded the lake steamer she had been bound to take. Then she knew she was in the expected "tight place." The young officer in charge of the boarding party informed the captain that his orders were to make absolutely strict search, it being known that somewhere *en route* for Italy money was being conveyed in aid of a projected insurrection. The captain reluctantly announced the position to the passengers, most of whom protested hotly when ordered to the cabin to undress. Emilie, without avail, took her stand as a British subject, demanding to be allowed to explain herself to the officer in charge, and she kept the young man in play as long as she dared, while she racked her brains for some device to evade the hands of the stewardess who was ordered to "go through" the women passengers. Having, in remonstrance with him, exhausted the limited range of topics including a hint of his admiration for the British Court, she at length, "out of consideration for him in the discharge of an odious duty," gracefully gave way. Absent-mindedly she handed him her cloak, then, realizing what she had done, betrayed an embarrassment which the Austrian dissipated with a gallant smile. Thus encouraged, she asked him to take care of the garment during her absence, and went to the searcher with a comparatively easy heart. On her return the unsuspecting officer handed her back her property with every expression of goodwill, and with all the *sang-froid* she could manage she allowed him to adjust it round her shoulders, almost unable to believe that her ruse had actually succeeded.

But the plan for Venetia, if indeed Garibaldi intended one, was doomed to frustration. "Suddenly the Government showed its teeth. The official theory was that the police on the track of a common robbery found for the first time proofs of the intended raid on the Tyrol. The plea deceived nobody; it was no knowledge of new facts, but a change of policy, that decided the ministry to open its official eyes." *

A large number of Volunteers were arrested at Sarnico and sent to Brescia, where trouble ensued and some blood was shed. Passions ran high in the big cities; Garibaldi blustered, then obtained interviews with Rattazzi, his secretary and the King, and withdrew silently to his island.

A written scrap of Mazzini to Bessie Ashurst probably falls to this time and indicates that Emilie's husband was among the arrested: "Carlo is free. Let me be the first to give you the news."

A few weeks later all Italy felt startled by a fiery speech of Garibaldi's delivered at Palermo (July), whither he had suddenly, almost secretly, gone, and where he had been welcomed with all the old enthusiasm. "Rome or Death" called some one in the crowd. "Rome or Death," responded Garibaldi. Men, women, and children threw themselves into the work of preparation, and presently there started the expedition which was destined to arouse inveterate bitterness and to besmirch the kingly banner beyond the power of cleansing.

Garibaldi crossed the Straits of Messina to the mainland of Italy with two thousand of his men on the night of August 24th, in the belief that the King's will supported him; although a royal proclamation of August 3rd had declared it to be "painful to the royal heart that inexperienced and deluded youths should forget their duty and gratitude to their best allies and seek to make war in the name of Rome"; and in spite of the fact—possibly still unknown to Garibaldi—that the King, on August 17th, had branded him as a rebel. Royal troops, under the immediate orders of Colonel Pallavicini, were sent to pursue the Volunteers, who, starving and footsore as well as disappointed of all popular help, were, after only a few days in Calabria, wandering miserably upon the Bitter Mount. Garibaldi, unable to believe that the rifles of his trusty King would indeed be levelled against him, forbade his men to fire when they saw an attacking party approach;

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* *History of Italian Unity.* Bolton King. Saffi and Vecchi both thought that the change of policy at Turin was due to the Hungarian, Deák, having come to some sort of understanding with Vienna.

and himself received a disillusionment in thigh and ankle that brought him to the ground (August 29th).

Mazzini had not approved an active attempt upon Rome, and Jessie Mario says that he was still working hard for Venice when the startling news from Palermo reached him. Her statement is endorsed by another contemporary, Karl Blind, who says in his memorial article, *Life and Labours of Mazzini*, that "he had not even been made acquainted with the project of the expedition which, though disastrously ending at Aspromonte, yet saved Italy from an infamous alliance at that time projected, as is little known, between Napoleon and Rattazzi." But learning how high feeling ran in Sicily and knowing that Garibaldi must need all possible support, he left London for Lugano on August 25th.

The following undated fragment from a letter to Caroline was probably written soon after his arrival, when, with Cattaneo, he had begun to concert means to aid Garibaldi, whose successful crossing of the Straits had filled them with anxiety as well as with a desperate hope. As yet no bad news had reached them; nothing but the rumour of a brush with the royal troops.

. . . was speaking of the *clemenza sovrana*, etc. Did Joe regret his going [to school? *] much? About your feeling I know, without being told. Will he spend the Sundays with you? The weather which has been cloudy and rainy during nearly one week, is shining beautifully again. Gr: † has been threateningly ill and is evidently giving way: he looks weak, worn out, and unhappily unable to look at death composedly. I have tried in vain to see Belcredi: I wanted to see him before leaving merely on account of friendship; but, I do not know why, he seems bent on avoiding a meeting. I think I shall see Giulia Modena within two days. Jessie has contented herself with acknowledging my note.

Bless you, dear, do you think of me often? I hope so and feel inclined to believe so: still, I wish a letter came. Give my love to James—and of course to dear Matilda, to Bessie and William, to Maria, Ellen, Polly [sisters of James], and to Mr. Stansfeld, when you write. Take care of your dear self—and believe with a smile in the love of your

JOSEPH.

I have just now seen a Genoese Volunteer, a working man who has distinguished himself and who declared to Mosto, his chief, that he never would go back without seeing me. He wandered two days hereabout without finding the way; at last he succeeded in finding the house; went straightforward to the cook and asked to see me. He was answered that nobody knew me, etc. He left in despair, then fell in somewhere with Quadrio, made himself known, was severely rebuked, and cried like a child at the thought that he might have endangered me: he said that as Switzerland is a Republic, he thought that I was free, respected, and loved. I heard of the case and I sent for him. I thought he would grow mad when he found himself before me. He cried, laughed, kissed my hand, declared that now he was ready to die happily; all this perfectly sincerely, without any blustering or exaggeration. A fine young man, with beautiful, shining large black eyes, breathing strength through every muscle, the true type of a whole race known to me in Genoa and elsewhere. Ah, if I had only 15,000 of those men instead of the cautious, reasoning, pondering, *educated* young men forming our Party! Would I not give immediately the signal of action with a bold *Viva la Repubblica!*

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* Mr. Case's school at Hampstead.

† Probably Grillenzoni, the third of the trio of Giuseppes.

It was Jessie White Mario who burst in upon the two absorbed patriots—absorbed in the problem of how best to renew the miracle of 1860—bringing the amazing news of Garibaldi's wounds and arrest. In her *Birth of Modern Italy* she has left a moving picture of Mazzini's anguish and of Cattaneo's overwhelming grief. It was with difficulty that she dissuaded the former from going at once to Milan, for much support, she says, had been given there to Garibaldi's plan, and Mazzini felt no shadow of doubt that the whole country would rise as one man to demand the liberation of the betrayed hero. "There is grief that excites energy and spurs men on to action and there is grief that stuns, that seems to stifle every faculty of body and mind. The news of Garibaldi wounded and a prisoner in the fortress of Varignano [near Spezia] seemed to have stricken the Italians with paralysis. In Naples and the provinces deputies were arrested. General La Marmora thought of shooting them. Garibaldi had recommended his wounded and his followers to Pallavicini's good offices, but Cialdini swept them all into one net and lodged them in the filthy dungeons of Naples. In Sicily deserters and non-deserters were shot alike without even the farce of a trial, while the populations, till then radiant with enthusiasm, made no protest; the fortress and the prisons were crowded—none sought to liberate the patriots as at Sarnico [in the spring]. One question only was put with bated breath: 'Will he live?'" *

Mazzini's state became terrible. He could neither eat nor sleep, and the horrors he had lived through during his "tempest of doubt" seemed once again to possess him. The Marios' room in the house of that ever-faithful friend, Madame Maria Gnerri, opened from his, and they could hear his half-stifled cries: "Christ! Spare him to Italy. . . . Would to God I had died instead!" One night the old terrible paroxysm of 1836 returned. Again and again he moaned "Jacopo! Jacopo! I did not betray! . . ." † When some measure of control returned to him he called upon Mario to bear solemn witness that this blood of Garibaldi did not rest upon his head.

On September 11th, apparently after his mental storm was over, he wrote to Caroline; and though the letter betrays no excitement, it reveals to those accustomed to interpret his reticences, the anxiety and soul-hunger that ceaselessly tormented him.

To Caroline. September 11th, 1862.

DEAR,

I feel inclined to number, like Quadrio, the hours from my departure. No letter. The lines of the 27th are the only sign of life and love I had from you. Do not accuse me of *exigeance*. I am naturally unquiet about your health. Write, then, dearest Caroline; or if you will not write, send a paper with the address in your handwriting. I shall be, not content, but silent.

Quadrio is here with S[affi]. Others will come in a few days. I am trying to reorganize as well as I can. But I wish I could be without seeing people. I had, yesterday night, a walk, and went to see Catt, who lives in the country.

I am trying to have an address signed for Garibaldi: it is as follows:

"To the Ministers.

"SIGNORI,

"Giuseppe Garibaldi è gravamente ferito ed è prigioniero.

"Noi non intendiamo or discutere sulle cagioni che lo condussero a tale. Diciamo che sono nella vita delle Nazioni fatti e uomini da non potersi sensa disonore e colpa di tutti, sottoporsi alle norme comuni.

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* J. W. Mario. MS.

† See Introduction, p. 10.

"Tale è Garibaldi : tale il fatto pel quale ei giace prigioniero e ferito.

"Garibaldi ha combattuto tutte le battaglie dell' Unità Italiana. Garibaldi ha dato a quella Unità dieci millioni di cittadini. Garibaldi è il simbolo vivente del voto dell intera Nazione.

"La sua ferita fu colta mentr'ei moveva, non contro voi, ma verso terre sulle quale vive proclamato da voi e negato dallo straniero, il Diritto Italiano :—non per mutare gli ordini dello Stato o combattere il vostro programma, ma per compia l'uno e l'altro.

"Voi potete, Signori, giudicar prematuro, non colpevole, quel fatto invocato da tutta Italia : potete *impedire*, non *punire* chi lo tentava. L'Italia intera è ferita e prigioniera con lui.

"Noi chiediamo, Signori, la libertà di Garibaldi. In nome del voto d'Italia, in nome della riconoscenza che voi, con noi, gli dovete, noi chiediamo ch'ei possa curare la propria ferita circondato dall' amore de' suoi e fuori d'un carcere che ricorda all' Europa il cacero di Colombo." *

Do not, by your silence, desert me !

Your loving
JOSEPH.

September 11th—no letter !

Fragment. Evidently to Caroline. No date ; probably from Lugano in September, 1862.

. . . For the first time yesterday night I took up the guitar and *hummed* the Russian tune and the "non ti scordar di me" of

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* SIRS,

Garibaldi is seriously wounded, and a prisoner. We do not intend, now, to discuss the causes that have brought him to this. We say that in the life of Nations there are facts and men that cannot, without sin and dishonour in all, be subject to the usual standards.

Such a man is Garibaldi : such a fact is that which has cast him, wounded, into prison.

Garibaldi has fought all the battles of Italian Unity. Garibaldi has given to that Unity ten millions of citizens. Garibaldi is the living symbol of the Desire of the entire Nation. His wound was inflicted whilst he was moving, not against you, but towards regions where lives Italian Right, proclaimed by yourselves, but denied by the foreigner ;—inflicted whilst he was seeking, not to change your accepted ordering of the State, or fighting against your programme, but in order to fulfil both.

You may, sirs, consider this fact—invoked by the whole of Italy—as premature, but not as culpable. You can hinder, but it is not for you to punish him who made the attempt. Italy herself is wounded and a prisoner with him.

We demand, sirs, the liberty of Garibaldi. In the name of Italy, in the name of the gratitude that you, with ourselves, owe to him, we demand that he may recover from his wound encircled by the love of those belonging to him, and not within a prison which reminds Europe of the incarceration of Columbus.

Campana. The result was a quarter of an hour of pains. There is an end of *that* too.

Some friend writes to me from Turin that Giulia Modena is very ill and not expected to recover, "a meno d'un miracolo."

An attempt of evasion has taken place amongst the prisoners at San Michele in Rome : unsuccessful, and leading to ill treatings, etc. Petroni is there. His name is not mentioned in the accounts I have ; but I fear for him. Poor Petroni ! I would die more satisfied if I could, before dying, open myself the gates of his prison. Should we act and succeed, it would be done : ten days after the establishment of a Provisional Government, I certainly would order thirty thousand men to march as quick as possible to Rome, facing all possible consequences. But these are dreams.

You never tell me anything about your health. Is your headache more or less frequent now ? How do you sleep ? Is your cough gone ? How does Joe look ? How is the daily work affecting James ? Is your new maid satisfactory ? Do you play on the piano ?

Love me, and trust the constant love of

Your
JOSEPH.

Fortunately William and Bessie Ashurst arrived at Lugano with James Stansfeld, who was determined to enter Varignano even though he himself might be detained prisoner there ; and the report they brought of the general indignation in England did something to comfort the stricken exile. William Ashurst "could always win a laugh from Mazzini even in his saddest moods, and succeeded even now in raising his spirits, telling him that the official news reaching England precluded the idea of danger [for Garibaldi], that the hatred felt towards Louis Napoleon was increased tenfold, he being held responsible for the crime committed. 'Decamp from Rome he must, he will,' cried William," * executing such a ridiculous dance upon the doormat that even Mazzini laughed heartily.

The Ashursts persuaded James Stansfeld to let them precede him to Varignano while he remained near Mazzini to keep his mind occupied, if possible, with less painful topics. The news they sent back was not reassuring. The English surgeon, Dr. Parker, dispatched by English lovers of Garibaldi, who had rapidly subscribed £1000 for the purpose, came and departed without alleviating the sufferings of the invalid. James started for the fortress a week later than William and Bessie, but found that the General had been moved to Spezia, and that he was in better health than had been hoped.

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* J. W. Mario.

To his father, Judge Stansfeld, he wrote on September 21:

Croce di Malta, Spezia.

DEAR FATHER,

We have seen Garibaldi this morning—the most exquisite and touching sight I ever saw. Thin, feeble, with a smiling, grateful, almost prayerful look as he looked up from his bed and took our hands in his; half child, half martyr was what he seemed. We might not stay more than five minutes. I could not have talked if I might, so I turned away to his son to give him the letters to be laid before him when well enough. Mazzini's note I gave him myself. I took him about £50 subscription for the wounded. It was well to come, if only for him; it helps to make him happy. There will soon be £600 to pay for his doctor, besides travelling expenses, and there must be money for the prisoners. This is what would please Garibaldi, and what, moreover, can be done without approving the wisdom of the expedition. But as it has ended—and it is now clear that he never meant to fight, and would not fight, the King's troops—it has done good. It is a step towards Rome. There ought to be £2000 from England. It would do immense good here and be true balm to him. I should like to be able to give £100 towards it from Halifax. Would you name it to the Crossleys. I will also write to F. Crossley and the Hutchinsons and to Morton from Genoa. We return to Genoa to-morrow.

The ride here from Genoa was magnificent. Here and at Genoa orange trees are the favourite garden shrub. Along the road are cacti and hedges of aloes, and occasionally in a garden, a palm tree . . .

In a subsequent letter he says:

"I shall return to Lugano to take Mazzini home. There is literally nothing to be done or attempted in Italy or Switzerland; he will only wear out his heart and health by remaining there in inaction."

On October 16th, he wrote to Jessie Mario, this time from White Rock, Hastings:

Dearest Jessie,

We got to Dover at two o'clock yesterday after a very rough passage. Mazzini and I alone remained throughout on deck, preferring to be drenched through and through by the sea to being ill in the cabin. He was recognized several times *en route*, but it did not matter. . . . Mazzini is now here for two or three days to see Caroline and Matilda. He and I go to town to-morrow.

It is to be regretted that Garibaldi never gave to the world the whole story of the Aspromonte summer, which Mr. George Smith consented beforehand to publish. Stansfeld and the Ashursts were anxious on every account that it should see the light, but at the last moment Garibaldi recoiled from the task of writing it, and nothing that has come to hand so far has lifted from its puzzles the veil of secrecy. He feared that if he divulged the King's plan to foment insurrection in Hungary, and if he referred to other defined or implied arrangements, his own future usefulness to Italy might be impaired.

In November Mazzini started another collection for the wounded hero, addressing himself more particularly to the women of Italy in a brief, dignified circular; with what result the Ashurst letters do not say.

The year closed upon a thickening of troubles for Italy. Aspromonte proved anew to the young kingdom how acute was the mischief through which the Papacy and France were able to infect her, and how she stood faced by the alternatives of a terrible war with France or a smouldering agitation that might at any moment become revolution. Garibaldi's wound, felt as a national disgrace, lost Rattazzi his position, while it inflamed popular sentiment in England to a point that brought a penny subscription, started for the Liberator, up to more than £1000. It raised for him sympathy, combined with indignation, in many other parts of Europe, and the severities visited upon his unhappy Volunteers evoked general anger.

The Turin Government were finding that in their zigzag attempts to make a cat's-paw of Garibaldi the claws had involuntarily lacerated themselves. But they continued blundering. Instead of finding a way to "pardon" the rebel with as little delay as possible, they allowed a feeling of resentment continually to increase until it forced them to accord that belated grace. December saw Rattazzi resign in face of the storm, and the series of inefficient premiers who succeeded him seemed only guided by an ever more short-sighted expediency, the nett result being a considerable accession of strength to Mazzini's revolutionary party.

It is clear from the letters to Matilda, kindly furnished to the writer by her daughter, Miss Maud Biggs, that Mazzini believed the struggle for Venetia to be the sole way in which his countrymen could help Poland, then entering on what was to prove her death-struggle. For Poland as well as for Denmark, a good deal of popular sympathy existed in England, although both Grey and Palmerston inclined markedly to Russia. For this and other reasons the Poles cherished no delusive hopes of English intervention, despite the hospitality shown to individual Polish refugees, and the fact that the Russian revolutionary, Herzen, openly published his *Kolokol* (*Alarm Bell*), in London. Herzen, who on escaping from Russia had saved his large fortune by mortgaging it to the Rothschilds,* represented, in England, the secret society of *Young Russians.* This Society held careful intercourse with the vast association of patriotic Poles in Warsaw which has been already mentioned,† and it is stated that the Central Committee in London had arranged for a great uprising in Poland to take place in 1863. It is also believed that the reason for the Russian Government enacting their new recruiting law of October, 1862, was just in order to meet this perhaps half-discovered possibility.‡

In January (1863) a serious attempt to enforce the new law precipitated a crisis. Jessie Mario, who doubtless had first-hand information, has left a graphic description of the horrors of the first few weeks of the Polish rebellion. On the night of January 19th, a force of 100,000 Russians, with cannon, etc., encamped in the streets of Warsaw. Every house was visited; every young man demanded. If any failed to answer to his name, a younger brother, an old father or a grandfather, was seized in revenge and hurried off to imprisonment. Of course, the secret committee at once circulated the order, "No resistance: escape if you can"; acting upon which numbers of hapless fugitives took to the mountains and woods. Count Zamoyski, spurred by indignation into befriending the rebels, presented a respectful petition to the Russian Minister, who replied by banishing him. This act rallied the nobles to side with the middle class, and even brought in the Jews—who had kept studiously aloof during the events of 1830–1. For a while some of the fugitives found they could pass over the Austrian frontiers unmolested, but to counterbalance this small advantage Prussia hastened, on February 8th, to sign a military convention with Russia which facilitated pursuit, by the latter Power, of the rebels reaching Prussian soil. Prussia also posted three army corps to a position that heavily menaced Poland.

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* J. W. Mario. MS.

† See *ante*, p. 26.

‡ *St. Petersburgh and London*, 1852–1864. Count Vitzthum.

In England, news of the brutalities enacted by Russia called forth an unwonted spirit of unanimity, all sections of the public, and both parties in the House of Commons, venting their indignation and voicing the uneasiness inspired by the Russo-Prussian agreement. An almost heated debate took place in the House of Lords on February 21st, followed on the 27th by an even more vehement discussion in the Commons.

Statements were made by Mr. Pope Hennesey—who moved an address to the Crown—that inflamed feeling almost to the point of action. In one fortress alone, he declared, 14,833 men and women had been incarcerated since the beginning of the year and, out of a population of 184,000, all the adult males had been forcibly conscripted into the Russian army save 683, who alone were left to carry on the business of everyday life. Speaking after many other members had poured out impassioned eloquence, James Stansfeld contributed notably to the debate. Better informed than most on the history of Polish oppression, for he had learned it from Worcell, he knew that the stake for which the Poles were playing was not reform but a national existence; and he realized that they had no chance whatever of England's assisting them to that. He believed, nevertheless, and urged, that England might serve them indirectly by encouraging Austria to remain quiescent and by reprimanding Prussia with sufficient earnestness for her violation on February 8th of the principle of non-intervention. That principle had been enforced upon Austria after the war of 1859, and enjoined upon France during the Italian revolution of 1860. Was Prussia to be allowed to set it aside?

Although Stansfeld's speech inspired others, and the debate reached a high level, it ended inconclusively by a decision to leave matters in the hands of the Government. Pro-Polish meetings, however, were held in many parts, among them a great gathering in the Guildhall. It may have been in response to an invitation to this that Mazzini wrote a beautiful letter, of which it is useful here to give the substance :

To the Chairman of the Polish Meeting.

DEAR SIR,

I feel I shall not be able to get rid of a previous engagement, but I trust that none of my Polish friends will take it as indication of lukewarm feelings towards a cause to which I am now and ever bound as a man, as a Democrat, and as an Italian.

As a man, for your cause is that of Right against brute force, of Liberty against tryranny, of God's progressive life against inertness—and the times are fast approaching when, for the immoral formula "each for himself" now ruling, will be substituted "each for all and God for each."

As a Democrat, for your cause is that of Democracy, and when Poland will rise from her bed of torture to the new life that God, for the benefit of the Sclavonian Race has ordered for her, it will be the Poland, not of the nobles only but of the People.

As an Italian, because besides our common aim, Nationality, Poland and Italy have a common foe—Austria.

We have been associates, fellow-workers, in our exile : we shall stand by one another in the events of the forthcoming struggle.

I believe the year will not elapse without both our banners being unfurled for God and Liberty against Evil-Doers ; perhaps intertwined on the road to Vienna. . . . It will be a sacred war, for it will tend to enthrone Peace on the sole ground on which peace *can* be enthroned : Justice. Let this hope * strengthen you as it strengthens me, and believe me, till the moment of realizing arrives,

Ever yours
JOSEPH MAZZINI.

In view of the quietly menacing attitude of Prussia, England, with France and Austria, agreed presently to intervene ; but that was as far as their agreement got. Russia refused even to discuss any question involved until the rebels surrendered.

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* This hope had but a very partial fulfilment. A sprinkling of ardent young Italians did plunge into the struggle and leave their bones on the blood-stained soil of Poland.

It is conceivable that some definite steps might have been taken to help the distracted Poles had Napoleon not been involved in the Mexican imbroglio, and had England not been embarrassed by the American war; for not only were English sympathies divided between North and South, but the transatlantic struggle seriously affected our industries.

Bismarck's defence of Prussia's action in signing the agreement ot February 8th with Russia, proved to be in every way tenable, for the Poles had been making a recruiting ground of certain Prussian territory (which they regarded as rightfully their own), and Prussia declared that for her it became a vital necessity to suppress the insurrection. The situation furnished Bismarck with exactly the chance he wanted in order to work a rupture between France and the Tsar, and to make of the latter his own ally.

But, so far as could be judged, the outlook for the Poles, though bad was not hopeless. To use a word of Mazzini's it was "chanceful." European conditions justified that term, for English and Irish Catholics evinced hot sympathy for their co-religionists, while Louis Napoleon, as the prop and mainstay of the Pope in Rome, could hardly ignore the cry of the Pope's flock in Poland. In spite, however, of meetings, protests, and attempts at mediation, the pious sentiments and fluid sympathy of the pro-Poles steadily evaporated in the adverse atmosphere created by Russia's firmness and Bismarck's long-headed diplomacy. As the year advanced the darkness of failure enwrapped the begirt and blood-stained country for whose dismemberment all Europe was to suffer expiation—an expiation undreamed of, perhaps, save by Mazzini, whose heart and intellect accepted the truth that nations, like individuals, reap as they sow.

To Matilda, February 14th, 1863.

. . . The rumour of my having crossed Austrian soil is to be traced to a traveller of mine whom I sent to Servia and Greece, where he is safely now. Besides all there is against a rising, which has taken place three months at least before the time, besides their being always unarmed, as muskets bought for them are still here and at Genoa—a still worse thing has happened. A portion of the Russian troops in contact with us had entered a compact and would have deserted to the Poles; but owing to mismanagement of the National Polish Committee, or to sad mistakes, some of those who were in the plot have been murdered by the insurgents. The Russian soldiers call themselves betrayed and are decided not to listen to any proposal. It is a fatal occurrence. A Russian regiment passing on the side of the Poles would have had an immense moral effect. There is now scarcely any hope for the insurrection except from the *imprévu.* Langiewicz, an acquaintance of mine, is at the head of the strongest corps. On the hypothesis of their holding firm to the end of March, I am doing what I can to prepare other movements which would generalize action and help them; but what can I do with the homeopathic means which are at my disposal, and with Garibaldi taking 29,000 [francs ?] from them to pay Aspromonte debts ?

To Matilda, February, 1863.

. . . I am thirsting, and will end frantic for money. I am frantic to help Poland, and Poland can only be helped by her movement being more a European one; embracing Hungary above all: opening the channels for money and men. Now Hungary can be had through a general Anti-Turkish insurrection; and the Servian insurrection can only be had through an attack on Austria; and the Venetian movement requires arms and money for the mobilizations of the volunteers; of these I know plenty. Therefore I would give blood for £4000. I was offered yesterday beautiful splendid Enfields at the rate of 52 shillings each, and with six months for the payment. But how on earth shall I be more able to pay £2000 six months hence than I am now? . . . Yesterday I had a little sensation. I had in my hands a small bundle of Russian bonds, conquered by the insurgents, and sent here to their agent for some purpose.

On his own request I sent yesterday to Poland—if it can be reached—a young Sicilian, 19 years old, fresh from Aspromonte. At 17 he ran away from his college to join Garibaldi; and as he saw Poles fighting in our ranks in Sicily, he wanted to go and fight for them. He speaks nothing but Italian; I gave him a few words for Langiewicz, who understands Italian. He left me shouting "Viva L'Italia!"

General Langiewicz, appointed dictator and commander as soon as the revolution began, was obliged, after only five days, to meet the Russians at Growkowiska, where, on March 16th, there began a desperate three days' battle. On the 19th, the rebels being utterly routed, Langiewicz fled into Austria, leaving the struggle to be carried on by a secret Committee in Warsaw which, apeing the powers it sought to defeat, used terrorism as its instrument. Like an unseen iron hand—the insurgents themselves did not know whose—this tribunal quickly became as blood-stained as its opponents. It shrank from no barbarity and knew no mercy.

Before the defeat at Growkowiska and the truly deplorable development which ensued, Mazzini received a visit of which the visitor himself has left an interesting account.

To Matilda, March 13th, 1863.

DEAR MATILDA,

I was coming. I wrote yesterday to *my* Polish delegates to not come to me to-day, except after four o'clock: I had arranged everything with everybody. When I was preparing [to go out], two persons enter my room: Mickiewicz, son of the poet I have known and loved; and Armand Lévy, an active influential Frenchman; both for the first time here, both leaving for Paris this evening; both on rather important business. I really could not send them away, and here I am at half-past two writing this wretched note, and deploring. . . .

From M. Ladislas Mickiewicz to Miss Maud Biggs, 7 Rue Guenegaud, Paris. November 3rd, 1898.

En 1863, je me suis trouvé à Londres, pendant les préparatifs d'une expédition polonaise, qui se proposait de débarquer en Lithuanie. Je passais alternativement mes soirées chez Herzen et chez Mazzini. Mazzini m'accueillit à bras ouverts. Il me dit que personne ne lui avait donné au même degré que mon père le sentiment de ce que c'est qu'un grandhomme. Il me raconta beaucoup d'anecdotes sur les rapports avec les emigrés polonais et sur ses efforts en 1848 pour forcer les membres timorés du gouvernement provisoire de Milan à permettre l'entrée en campagne de la légion polonaise. Je voulais prendre des notes. Il m'en empêcha en m'assurant qu'il rédigerait à mon intention et m'enverrait le récit de ses relations avec mon père. Je m'embarquai à Londres pour Stockholm et je n'ai plus revu Mazzini. Je lui ai plus tard rappelé de (tenir ?) sa promesse; il me répondit qu'il la tiendrait lorsque sa santé lui laisserait un peu de répit, et les choses en restaient là. Il avait maigreur d'ascète, beaucoup de simplicité de manière, et de chaleur d'âme. Il décrivait avec éloquence la croisade prochaine de l'Europe nouvelle contre la vieille Europe despotique. Mais il trahissait beaucoup d'illusions généreuses. Il s'exagérait enormément l'influence en Pologne et les moyens d'action de la société démocratique polonaise,

vouée en réalite à l'élaboration des programmes très creux et à une conspiraillerie (?) impuissante. Il s'exagérait d'avantage encore l'appui immédiat que la Révolution pouvait trouver parmi les populations slaves, et son imagination italienne lui représentait des légions tcheques, serbes, montenégrins, en marche contre l'Autriche et la Russie. Il n'était que trop évident qu'aucun secours ne viendrait de ce côté à la Pologne, en 1863, et mon scepticisme a cet égard sembla étonner et affliger Mazzini. "Vous ne savez pas ce que je sais," me répéta-t-il, "vous ne savez pas quelles assurances me viennent des bords du Danube." En m'embrassant le jour de mon départ, il me dit : "Vous ne serez peut-être pas encore à Stockholm, que vous apprendrez que toute l'Europe est en feu." En 1859 à Bologne Garibaldi me demanda un soir si je connaissait Mazzini. Je lui répondais que je ne l'avait jamais rencontré, "Un tas de gens s'imaginent," me dit-t-il, "que Mazzini est un croque-mitaine. Je souriais souvent à Rome de la perpetuelle appréhension que quelques antiquités ne fut détériorées. Quand il annonça qu'il n'y avait plus qu'à abandonner la ville Eternelle, je lui répliqua : 'Pourquoi ne pas dresser de barricades derrière lesquelles nous fusillerions encore les envahisseurs ?' 'Des barricades !' s'écria avec horreur Mazzini ; 'comment oserions nous toucher aux pierres de Rome ?' je haussait les épaules, et lui dit : 'Il ne serait pas même besoin d'exposer au canon ces vieilles pierres dont vous vous souciez tant. Il suffirait pour barricader toutes les rues de Rome de confessionaux des Eglises.'"

Il ne me reste, Madame, qu'à vous remercier du volume que vous avez bien voulu m'offrir, et des journeaux que vous y avez joints.

Je vous prie de vouloir bien agréer l'expression de mes sentiments les plus respectueux.

LADISLAS MICKIEWICZ.

Les Feuilles anglaises ont-elles rendu compte de vos traductions ?

A second letter dated a few days later runs as follows :—

Je vous remercie, Mademoiselle, des extraits de journaux anglais que vous avez bien voulu me communiquer, et que je vous retourne aujourd'hui. Il serait excellent de publier les lettres de Mazzini qui prouvent sa foi en l'avenir de la Pologne. Les hommes tels que lui, qui ne vivent pas pour eux mais pour leur patrie et pour l'humanité, peuvent se tromper sur les voies et moyens, mais non sur le but. Ils croient souvent proche un resultât, hélas ! éloigné. L'avenir leur donne raison, car une

longue suite de désastres et de calamités aiguilleront les peuples et les arracheront à un repos égoiste, jusqu'à ce que les grandes iniquités internationales soient réparées.

Croyez, Mademoiselle, à l'expression de mes sentiments les plus respectueux.

LADISLAS MICKIEWICZ.

To Matilda. Seems April, 1863.

. . . My head is distracted between Poland, Servia, Italy, Turkey, and God knows what. Besides an indefinitely growing Italian correspondence, committees, associations, ladies for the bazaar [a bazaar to be held for the Venice and Rome Emancipation Society], working men and Bolognese butchers, and besides my nearly impossible *Scritti*, I have now meetings with James, Peter, and others concerning Poland, and [arrangements for] travelling, and the Crawfurds and thundering Herzen. People find me worn out, no wonder! All this is subaltern to my chief thought; an attack against Austria on Venetian ground, which would really help Poland, and which on account of some wretched £4000 wanting, will never take place! . . .

To William Ashurst, 6 Old Jewry. Seems April 1st, 1863.

DEAR WILLIAM,

The bearer is my friend. Will you be so good as to listen to his case and give him a friendly advice?

Have my thanks; and, *sans rancune*,

Yours
JOS. MAZZINI.

Enclosed in the above was the following:

DEAREST WILLIAM,

Will you be so kind as to hear the case of our friend and advise him? I know your interest for the Polish cause and your affection for me, and I do not add a single word.

Ever yours affly.
JOSEPH MAZZINI.

April 1.

On the fly-sheet of the above there is a rough little pencilled map showing the position of the Old Jewry relatively to St. Paul's Cathedral, Snow Hill, the Old Bailey, Cheapside, and Giltspur Street.

To Emilie, apparently at her brother's. Seems 1863.

DEAREST EMILIE,

No, I do not blame Venturi, although I regret the solution very much. If I ever shall act, of course I shall look for him; but shall I? *That* is the question. I am very sorry at the persistence of your neuralgic toothache. If to-day or to-morrow I go to Matilda, I shall call on you. But then—if you are in bed—unless B. takes me up, I shall never go, although wishing for it.

I sent the young man to Bennett, trusting that William would have seen him. Has he?

Bless you; am ever your loving JOSEPH.

Friday morning.

To Caroline. Seems from Lugano, April 1st, 1863. End missing.

Bless you, dear, I received your letter, your double long letter without a date—please to put it always, dear—and I feel very grateful, very good, and comparatively very happy. I wanted a long letter for the sake of the letter itself, then for the sake of knowing that you had been a long time busy about me—and for plenty of other reasons. I am very glad of what you say about Knight.* I am always, whenever I give something to Joe, dreadfully afraid of your not liking it; and although I had been looking at the Library, I was this time fearing that perhaps you had already the book.

Emilie *must* have had the shawl long ago. I spoke to Müller myself. [Perhaps Diamilla Müller who presently acted as intermediary between Mazzini and the King. He was an engineer.] She did not write lately to me, but to Mrs. Nathan. Carlo was better, not perfectly well.

The daily attacks against me from the *Moderate* Press are really beyond expectation. Now they have sent from Turin to an Austrian paper at Verona a supposed circular of mine, signed with my name, to my agents, in which I [am made to] state that the true object of the intended movement is to compel Monarchy to repress it, that then barricades must be risen—an embryo of barricades—just to compel Monarchy to spill blood, for that will create enemies to her, etc. They, the Moderates, take up this supposed circular from the Austrian paper and comment on it! Of course I send a short *démenti*. But the very same papers which have inserted the false circular will not insert it; their readers will not read it and will go on believing everything. This method of war is really too bad; and it sickens one.

On the other side, Mario has succeeded in inserting in the *Dovere* an article about J. S. Mill, in which he alludes to me and attacks me as a mystical, and the Duty-doctrine as a doctrine of bondage; according to him there is nothing [good] but liberty; *we* are dangerous blunderers, etc. All that with a professorial tone which would be comic if it was not sad. All this, dear, is to keep you *au courant*. As for what is really important, yes, all you say is true: the difficulties are almost overwhelming; nevertheless, I *must* go on exhausting all possibilities. You are very wrong in saying that your opinion is nothing for me; your opinion is of weight first because it is yours, then because I believe in your instinct, lastly because it attacks me in the weak point.

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* This may mean Knight's *History of England*, and was probably a birthday present to Caroline's son, whose birthday was April 9th.

I long to be near you. I have not any more the energy of my old young days; I feel worn out and annoyed and disgusted and strongly wishing to altogether withdraw from the stage. Still, dear, it is the thing which *ought* to be done; the real duty of Italy, the real chance of effectually helping Poland, the real way to educate the Italian people—just as action has been the way to educate them to unity. Why should I, because the Italians are not up to the mark, turn back and leave them where they are, if I can try to awaken them to the sense of their duty? I too have an instinct, which has guided me through life and has produced something. This instinct of the thing to be done or attempted, must have spoken strongly indeed within me if it has snatched me from you all—the only dear things I have in life. I must go on for a little while. On one side difficulties are increasing, on the other I have some hopes of money. As for men, the young men belonging to the middle class too, who are really thirsting for action, are many more than you do believe. Only somebody must pave the way. I shall receive within the week communications from Caprera. Those, too, will in fluence me.

Try to enquire within the week whether Mrs. F. receives the *Dovere* or not; if she does, as she ought, have it and glance through it. I have written, and will write, in it; and *you* ought to see what I write. I am glad of the additional days spent at Hastings, and glad that you sent the invitation to A. and M. It will please Matilda very much and I like her to be pleased with you. In fact I like everybody to be pleased with you. . . .

I share and always shared your sympathy with [King] Harold. I have historical explanations reconciling me with the invasion, but they do not affect my individual leanings. Three or four of the Vendée chiefs have been always favourite types with me, although I would have enlisted in the republican army against them.

In the above letter Mazzini alludes to a forgery perpetrated, among other reasons, to separate him from Garibaldi, who was still suffering in Caprera from the royal bullet in his ankle. In connection with this incident a long paragraph in the unpublished

MS. of Jessie White Mario is of such interest as to demand quotation.

"In 1863 the official organ of the Moderates, the *Opinione*, published a pretended letter from Mazzini which was evidently a forgery, first, because it contained a paragraph recommending an attempt to separate Menotti Garibaldi from his father; secondly, because he referred one of the supposed conspirators to Mario for instructions and money, whereas it was well known that for differences of opinion on the Roman and Venetian question * and owing to a certain emissary who was politically untrustworthy (as had been proved to Mario), all correspondence between them had ceased. Bertani and Mario brought an action against the *Opinione*, yet when the letter was submitted to experts it was pronounced to be genuine and the *Opinione* was acquitted. Crispi, who saw the original, said, 'It is the most marvellous forgery yet produced. I should not hesitate to accept it as genuine but for Pippo's formal denial and the intrinsic evidence of its falseness.'"

Much later Nicotera discovered the ingenious facsimiles, saw all the copies made, and the stone with which the forgery was lithographed.

"At the time feeling ran strong against the editor of the *Opinione*, but the high character of Signor Dina inclines one to believe that, as in the case of Mr. Walter anent the pretended letters of Mr. Parnell forged by Pigott and published in the *Times*, both editors were deceived and not deceivers. . . .

"It should be premised that whenever the French or Italian Government desired to carry a measure to put an enemy *hors de combat*, the story of a plot for the assassination of some ruler providentially transpired, implicating the obnoxious party or parties. Cavour once invented such a plot for the assassination of Victor Emmanuel, in which Mazzini was supposed to be concerned. Not only did Mazzini answer on that occasion that Victor Emmanuel was far better than his ministers and the last man whom patriots would desire to see removed from the scene of action, but he challenged Cavour to produce proof or evidence that any such plot existed. This Cavour entirely failed to do. A similar attempt had been made in 1857 over a supposed plot to kill the French Emperor; and again an outcry against Mazzini was raised through Orsini's crime, but such endeavours all failed. In Italy, forgeries of Mazzini's handwriting had been perpetrated by an individual 'possessed of all the talent of John Harris—the Incomparable Harris,'* as Panizzi styled him, whose reproductions were so wonderful that no one could detect the imitations from the original.† So perfect was the execution that Harris himself, after some years, found difficulty in distinguishing his own work. . . ."

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* Mario and Mazzini also differed fundamentally on the question of Unity *versus* Federation, and on the question of Religion *versus* Rationalism.

Mazzini's defence in this fresh effort to blacken him, was taken up ardently and successfully by Nicotera, Crispi, and others. Moreover, certain actions of the Government enabled them to call for a fresh rally both to him and to Garibaldi, the two men through whom, so far, Italy had been made, for the Emancipation Societies countenanced by Ricasoli so seriously alarmed the smaller minds of the new ministry that they decreed their dissolution. But the state of the South remained so disorderly and distressing that an eager group headed by Bertani, Campanella, and others, determined to replace the forbidden associations by forming fresh ones under the joint presidency of Mazzini and Garibaldi who were now seeking to agree upon a Venetian policy—perhaps less successfully than their followers hoped; and it was against the strong combination of these two leaders that certain persons unknown had taken up the weapon of forgery.

Before the date of Mazzini's next letter the political position of James Stansfeld underwent a change. Owing to the acceptance by Lord Hartington of the post of Under Secretary for War, in May, Stansfeld was invited by Lord Palmerston to accept office as Junior Lord of the Admiralty. Some of his Radical friends demurred lest office should fetter his action on home and foreign questions; but he felt that, though he might lose a certain degree of independence, there was a balance of advantage in taking office on account of the good that he might achieve through it.

To Caroline. Seems from Lugano, May 8th, 1863.

. . . It rains and thunders, and it is so now almost every day. The evenings are cool, the nights almost cold, the days warm. These changes do not improve my cold which I got in Mrs. Nathan's garden—not in any mysterious walk with any mysterious person. I have your *long* letter of the 2nd, and you have my blessings for it. Why do you say that the correspondence runs this time more unsatisfactory than ever? You were in the habit of praising me very much as a correspondent, dear . . . and I would, spite of all little dangers, write every day. Can you doubt it?

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* See *Life of Sir Anthony Panizzi*, by Louis Fagan.

† See also Vol. II. p. 104.

Dear, the chances for my having to "give it up" are increasing every day more, owing especially to Garibaldi's fluctuations, and Italian *fetichism* which makes it almost impossible to act without him. Nevertheless I must exhaust all possible efforts towards the realization of the scheme. Do not mistake me. I do not mean to initiate action unless with reasonable probabilities of success. I mean that I must not leave before having tried all that can be tried to win those probabilities. I feel bound to Poland and to Italy; that is, to what would make Italy better at once; and I feel bound to Liberty, Justice and Right. I know that a Venetian movement and a war against Austria would give an opportunity to Hungary, and to my *barbarians* of the Turkish Empire [the Slav populations]. In this struggle which is going on in Europe between a certain number of individuals called Kings, Emperors, Popes, or Sultans, and the aspiring Peoples, we cannot stop or declare ourselves tired out without sin and cowardice. It is because my Italians are guilty of both, that you, upright soul that you are, write bitter things. Why should I deserve them too? Friends and the book,* you say. Dismiss the book at once: leaving aside my *wrong*, diseased feeling about it, which makes it a heavy, disagreeable task to me, I do believe that the best book is a man who will remain faithful to the last to the programme and thoughts of his young years; and such *books* are the most wanted. There will be plenty of men capable of writing good books; there are very few indeed, as far as I know, writing the book in action. Friends I have, and dear, and very much loved by me—much more than I show. But they do not *want* me: each of them has beings or pursuits which are loved more than I am. Each of them would *like* me to be near and safe—none is really, through unhappiness or loneliness, in need of me. About you I do not reason—I do not stop to ponder whether you want me or not. Ten times I have already been on the moment of giving a farewell to everything and hurrying back to my seat among you all and to say to myself "I have done." Still, I think next moment of things you said and wrote about Poland—of something you once told me in a coach: and that you would not wish me to play false to men whom I have set at work, and to give them the bad example of sudden changefulness and selfish doings.

Everything will be decided—I suppose unfavourably to action

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* Emilie and Caroline wished him to renounce all political work and write the book on Religion which he wished to write.

—before the month is over. Dear, I have read and sent the speech;* and read your letter, partially pre-answered in one of mine. To sum up in all sincerity: I find the decision—not unforeseen by me—perfectly rational from James's, and a purely British, point of view. I have not the least doubt of his doing good there; not the least doubt about his never abdicating his independence and the noble uprightness of his soul in any important thing. I am glad that his merits are appreciated. Only I had thought of, and wished, for him a different career, a different point of view. I once thought that he would be a representative, in the House and out, of the only—according to me—truly important question for Europe or England, the international, the so-called Foreign question. Believing as I do that therein lies the weak point of England—that the prominent, the vital, the redeeming thing for England is to make her *external* life better than a neutral, almost negative and atheistic life, I indulged in the idea that he would be the leader of a small nucleus which must form itself, pointing out her mission to his own country. For this reason I urged on him so often the Roman Motion; and I tried to direct him towards sources of information on nationalities, Eastern affairs, etc. He threw himself on financiary pursuits instead, and I failed. I felt disappointed, without the least reaction. The step now taken is right on *that* way; only that way is not the one I wished for. I do not therefore have a shadow of blame upon his taking office; but I cannot rejoice, nor look on it in a triumphant way, except so far as it is an acknowledgment of his merits, which of course I feel glad of. There now! I have spoken candidly—I dare say with the most unfavourable moral result possible, both in you and him.

This letter is a very serious one, dear. Let us come to minor things. You are an angel, as usual, in busying yourself about my Bazaar.† I think you are right as to the prices. They ought to be a trifle lower than the usual prices. The good of a bazaar kept [held] by ladies and for a good purpose, is not that you draw from things more than usual, but that owing to a sort of excitement and to moral compulsion, you sell things that you would not sell otherwise. Has the day been fixed? There must still be things on their way from Tuscany, collected by Jessie and other friends. Should they come later we shall make little lotteries with them.

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* Probably the speech made by James Stansfeld at Halifax on seeking re-election.

† A letter from Mazzini, dated March 4th, 1863, to Miss Harriet E. Baillie Hamilton (who in the autumn became Mrs. Hamilton King), tells her that a bazaar is to be held on April 15th for the "Venice and Rome Emancipation Society," but the date evidently had to be postponed. Miss Hamilton had first written to Mazzini in the previous year, just before the encounter of Garibaldi with the royal troops. Her poem, *Garibaldi at Varignano*, since renamed *Aspromonte*, appeared in the *Observer* of November 15th, 1862.

Dear, you must give the £5 you had from Miss H. to Mrs. F. from me. I shall refund them here. And you must, on the first opportunity, hand over the Napoleons of the good hatter to Sabbatino Roselli, 25 Rood Lane, Fenchurch Street, for me. William is already in contact with him and it will not cost you trouble to entrust him with the little commission. You will know from Emilie that she has at last received shawl, etc. Müller delayed because he wanted to make of it an opportunity of personal acquaintance; he failed, however; she was unwell and he had to give everything to Carlo, whom he does not seem to take as a satisfactory substitute. Müller is good: has taken to me, and behaves very nicely. Did Bessie send my letter to E. W. just as it came to her? Of course you sent back my lines to her. I hope her Monday reunion was brilliant and went on satisfactorily. Is the poor canary an exile in the kitchen?

Yes, the *young man* is or was in Milan; and he made several attempts on this side too; he failed, and I hope he will end by not troubling anybody any more. Will you, for mere curiosity's sake, ask William when you see him whether he had a call from Semenza or not? What are Ellen and Maria [sisters of James Stansfeld] doing? Are they well? Remember me very affectionately to them if they are not *now* too proud to care about a poor outcast; and remember me to the father and Polly [Mrs. Dixon]. Nothing new here, individually speaking. I have had different visits; amongst them a man recommended by Nicotera as intimate with him, and who turns out, I fear, to be a traitor. At least I know that a little scrap of mine containing some highly compromising memoranda which I gave to him, is in the hands of the Government. Quadrio is still away. Mrs. Nathan is going in a very few days. I had yesterday a note from Emilie. I shall long for another letter from you, not only because each is a blessing to an exile but because you say in this last one that you are not flourishing. Try to be. Every fear about you is a true torment to me. Kiss Joe for me. Love to James. Love and blessings to you. Your

JOSEPH.

They are going to discuss in the Great Council of the little Canton, the abolition of Capital Punishment: and there is a feeble chance for us. Signora Maria [Gnerri] is highly excited and has made me write notes, etc. For the first time in her life she is going to witness the discussion.

Mrs. Catt.* has sent me this day a small basket of figs! The first of the spring.

How is the novel of George Sand going on?

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* This, and a previous similar contraction in a letter of September 11th, 1862, probably stand for Cattabene.

Following this letter is one furnished by Miss Biggs, which was preserved owing to its having been inserted in one of the daily papers. It is of too much interest to omit.

To a Pole actively engaged for the liberation of his country. August 30th, 1863.

No, my friend, I shall not do what you ask of me. What prevents me is a feeling, perhaps exaggerated, of shame for us Italians, for all the nations, for revolutionary Europe.

At the call of Poland we ought to have risen. Your insurrection furnished us with opportunity. Hungary ought to have risen to a man. She could no longer have to dread the intervention which killed her revolution in 1848, as your movement made it impossible. Greece, Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, all the populations which have to regain their nationality should have seized the moment. You still hold in check the Tsar, whose ambition would fain monopolize their life of the future. Italy ought first to have answered your call by attacking Austria in Venetia. Then we should have been entitled to speak to you. The breeze of revolution would have impelled us on the path which alone can lead you to victory. Instead of fulfilling our duty we have contented ourselves with applauding those among you who have died as brave men.

Greece as a mendicant has sought a king from foreigners,* at the very time you were showing to all what a people can accomplish without one. Hungary followed the advice which Imperial France sends her through Kossuth. Servia sacrificed the aspirations of her national party to the cowardly tactics of a prince without genius and without a mission. And Italy, whose cooperation I had almost promised you, allowed the instinct of action to die out through some fatal calculations of the same "moderate" party which now threatens to be your destruction. We have not done our duty; we must therefore remain silent.

As for you, you are on the brink that leads to the abyss. The heart bleeds to see the teachings of the past lost upon the peoples. You have now to think of conquering your land: to be or not to be. You can only succeed by enlarging the basis of the insurrection. You cannot obtain the assistance of the nationalities save by raising their standard: by calling out to them all, "For your liberty and ours."

It was by the movement of Galicia that you could have aroused Hungary and have opened the great road to Niccours. It is by giving Galicia, Hungary and Servia the signal of movement in the European East that you could draw Europe into the war. It is by proving by your actions and your choice of persons that your cause is really the cause of the peoples, that you can stir up the peoples. Now your insurrection, if it violates itself, is condemned to perish. You have discouraged (you to whom I write are ignorant of this) the Italian party of action which I was preparing so that it might follow you, by propositions disheartening to us. You offered us funds for the mobilization of our elements on the condition that we should not touch Austria. You have called our Garibaldian officers, saying to them, "Conceal your names and the glorious standard to which you belong." In whom do you hope, then? In the man who has suppressed liberty in Rome and independence in America?* Do you not perceive that this man only aims at the Rhine; that he has need of Russia against Germany, and that on the first deceitful concession he will betray you to the Tsar so as to make him his ally.

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* Among the possible occupants of the throne of King Otto was Amadeus, one of the sons of Victor Emmanuel.

You will perish, I tell you, if you do not hasten to appeal to all your revolutionary energy—if you do not reassure the Europe of the peoples as to the tendencies of your insurrection—if you do not augment your basis—if you do not make appeal to the war of the nationalities.

Repeat these things, I beg, to your countrymen, and make what use you please of my letter.

Your brother
GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

To Caroline, at Moorland, Halifax. From Lugano. June 1st, 1863.

. . . Anything, indeed, I would have expected except a letter of yours from Portsmouth. You have become very wandering, very unsettled, since I left.

All that you say about Poland and the crying sin of the European Powers who amuse themselves and their public with notes and proposals which they know will be refused, is perfectly true. I do feel it, but I am not astonished at it. Governments do not represent, now, principles or feelings; only themselves, their *cliques*, a wish to last as much as they can, and, when they are good, a tendency to *not* confront with battalions and artillery the wish of the large majority when loudly and powerfully expressed. Such is your case, and a great part of the fault lies at the door of the people. If all those who believe that England ought to *do* something, spoke their belief as loudly and incessantly as they ought, the Government would perhaps do something. Europe is witnessing calmly three great crimes going on every day. Poland—admittedly in the right—butchered *en détail* by Cossacks and Tartars. Thousands of brave men perishing, thousands of mothers doomed to everlasting grief, and the Prussian helping, very logically, but insolently, and brutally, the butchers. Mexico, invaded by French troops, fighting for their independence from house to house in Puebla—murdered, bombarded, nobody knows why—to suit some hidden conception of Louis Napoleon. Rome occupied since twelve years by foreign troops supporting a Power which you all believe to be a Lie and an Immorality—claimed by the whole Italian country, made a camp of brigands who start from there to assassinate and burn. A few meetings for Poland—not one for Mexico ; not one for Rome ! The egotistical indifference which pervades the whole of Europe to sufferings of men whom we write down as brothers whenever we amuse ourselves about philosophy or religion, is, to me, appalling and sickening. It takes, and has taken away from me long ago, every possible pleasure in life. There ought to be an expiation to teach mankind that they have been made One, and that they are every day sinning against God. As filthiness allowed to go on in the streets and dwellings of a town, teaches physical oneness by spreading contagious diseases to the neighbouring towns, so something ought to teach—will perhaps teach—egotistical countries that there is a law of moral oneness.

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* An allusion to Louis Napoleon's interference in Mexico to substitute Imperialism for Republicanism.

I often think that England *ought* to be invaded by Louis Napoleon, as I think that Italy ought to be invaded again by Austria. Meanwhile, hoping for nothing, expecting nothing from others, I feel bound to do myself all that is possible to a man to help Poland and generalize the struggle for Right against Might. I must therefore go on until I am compelled to acknowledge within myself that I am utterly powerless. I don't feel so now. From the parts of the Venetian territory where I want to have a rising, the tidings are rather good. In fact, my work goes on slowly progressing ; my only great difficulty being the financiary one. I shall not be able therefore to answer any question before the end of the month. . . .

Did I tell you of the new incident between Mario and myself ? On the appearing in the *Dovere* of an article written for the theory of Rights against my theory of Duty, I remarked to Campanella that to teach two contrary doctrines in the same paper was simply absurd, and writing in a hurry, I added : " at least if you had inserted a note stating, ' rispettiamo, non dividiamo l'opinione di quel signore ' " [we respect, we do not share, the opinion of this gentleman]. Campanella sends my note to Mario ! The *quel signore* seems to have very much offended both him and Jessie.

As far as she is concerned I am very sorry. I don't know whether the incident has anything to do with a letter suddenly written by Jessie to Emilie abandoning her right and urging *her* to translate my writings. Emilie states that it is a very nice letter, grounded partly on her [Jessie] having read the translation of the *Doveri dell' Uomo* and found that she would never be able to translate so well. About all this Emilie has written to Shaen [Mazzini's admirable solicitor friend] sending to him Jessie's letter.

Yesterday night I was on the lake [Lugano] when a storm suddenly arose, with thunder, rain, and sham billows on the poor quiet innocent surface. It was very beautiful, only there were ——'s children, —— too, very noisy, the whole of them, and I could not enjoy it. Quadrio grew very much alarmed and shouted to the perfectly tranquil boatman, "Alla riva, alla riva" [To the shore, to the shore].

I am now a very early riser, dear. I am up always before 8 o'clock. Of course I go to bed earlier.

Do not forget to tell me about Mrs. Shaen's health. I have been very often on the point of asking and somehow not doing it. Did Miss H. Baillie write to you about the *Dovere?* I think she wished to subscribe. Menotti Garibaldi is now really intending to go to Poland. Garibaldi declares he disagrees but does not want to urge his paternal authority. I have had a good, rather badly written letter from Libertini's wife: she is sixteen years old, declares herself a republican although belonging to a royalist family, and states that Libertini is the type of which she has been dreaming these two or three last years!

Did Miss Braysher take any part in the bazaar? Do you see her often? What of the three sisters with whom you threatened to grow intimate? Emilie talks of coming before the month is at an end to Lugano. Mrs. Maria [Madame Maria Gnerri, who took guests, and sometimes concealed Mazzini in her house when he stayed in Lugano] is very proud of your sympathy and begs me to say many kind things. She knows you already, as all people whom I like do. I cannot help speaking about you to them.

Bless you, dear one,
Joseph.

The Mexican imbroglio referred to by Mazzini had opened on a financial question in 1861, England, France and Spain, each landing troops in that country to safeguard the interests of their resident subjects. In 1862 the Powers recognized President Juarez, but during subsequent arrangements Louis Napoleon hinted at the benefits to be conferred through monarchy, and courted an invitation from the Mexicans for the Archduke Maximilian of Austria—the mild and equable Viceroy of Lombardy before the war of 1859. Louis Napoleon implied that he would sustain the Archduke should the people of Mexico elect him as their Emperor. England and Spain protested, but Louis Napoleon held to the project. Fighting ensued; even the defile leading from Puebla to the capital was turned into a sort of fortress. Though Puebla itself fell on May 18th, the struggle continued a whole year before the hapless Maximilian, called as he believed by the Mexican people, landed at Vera Cruz on May 29th, 1864.

The Mexican situation had aroused the liveliest apprehension and indignation in the breasts of exiles all over the world. Many who foresaw the grapple that was bound to come between pro- and anti-slavery, perceived in these Imperial machinations in regard to Mexico a prospective menace to the Northern non-slave States.

Mazzini, as representing the Republican Party of Italy, joined his signature to those of a Frenchman and a German, in a private communication to President Lincoln suggesting a plan for foiling the Imperialist scheme by action in Paris and elsewhere.

President Lincoln did not repudiate the idea, but would give no premature decision, preferring to await further indications of the course through which the crisis must come. He was soon immersed in the conflict which threatened to rend America, and at the very time when his intervention in Mexico might have changed the current of events for the peoples not only of the New but of the Old World he fell beneath the assassin's blow. Karl Blind, who recorded the fact of the joint private communication to the President, says that the secret of it perished with him.

To Bessie (Mrs. William Ashurst). From Lugano. July 8th or 9th, 1863.

DEAREST BESSIE,

Do you ever think of me? Do you ever talk about me with William? Or is the Italian saying, "lontano dagli occhi, lontano dal cuore" [out of sight, out of mind], true? I wish positively to know, and at least before you go to Denmark or to the North Pole—if I am still far—tell me with a few lines. I do not write because, writing to Caroline as I do, knowing that she gives my news, and being half dead with work, etc., I cannot. But I always think and feel and enquire about you, and very often wish to be near you and looking at your placid, affectionate, handsomely good face. I thought I would be in London long ago, but the scheme in which I have thrown myself is working itself out in a spiral way; apparently going back, then advancing, and compelling me to follow the movements. I do not think I shall be able to decide before the first days of next month. Meanwhile I am so weak and exhausted that I can scarcely walk. The last shock I had at the spine, although weaker as far as pain is concerned, has been more powerful than usual in its consequences. *Bien;* as Ledru would say.

Here we have Emilie and the Warrior [Venturi], but you know everything about them . . . and a succession of travellers which begins to grow really alarming, at least to me. I long to be alone, and I cannot.

To Denmark? Why to Denmark? If anywhere there, go to Norway; go to Iceland. You will see at least something new. In Denmark, going only for a short while, you will see one or two towns like ours. *Voilà tout.* Bless you, dear Bessie. Think sometimes affectionately of this living wreck which calls itself your very loving friend

JOSEPH.

A curious development took place for Mazzini during the summer of this year. It is clear that the long-desired struggle for Venetia meant, for him, not only a step towards the completion of Italy but a section of a policy that should resolve the "ramshackle Empire" into its component parts. His republican flag remained folded away, though in the March of 1862 he had written to Linton that he hoped the King would not drive him to unfurl it "through despair"; and for a short time after Aspromonte he had almost resolved to do so. Now, far from aiming to initiate a republican rising, he aimed at driving the monarchical government itself into movement, thus turning the Italian regular army into the instrument of liberation. In this project he suddenly discovered an ally in the King, who, galled by the ineptitude of his Ministers, had quietly started a policy of his own, regardless of the constitutional limits under which he occupied the throne. He felt impatient to possess Venetia and by no means averse to inflicting a deadly thrust upon Austria, who, in the opinion of so shrewd an observer as Bismarck, would be quite capable of sacrificing Venetia in exchange for alliances that would secure her the preponderating influence in Germany.

In May, Victor Emmanuel approached Mazzini through a trusted agent, the result being that "spiral way" of advance alluded to in the above letter to Bessie Ashurst; and the King's network of correspondence not only embraced the Hungarian Klapka, but Prince Couza, who, it may be noted, had a short time before, and almost unnoticed, unified the two provinces oi Moldavia and Wallachia into Roumania. Garibaldi also was honoured by communications from His Majesty. An agreement seems to have been come to whereby Mazzini was to work up a movement in which the Government could intervene, or, in other words, he seems to have undertaken to start the ball which the King would keep rolling—propelling it forward with the needed arms and munitions. It was intended that Austria should find herself between two fires, Hungary and Galicia; and the King actually cherished an ill-founded hope that England would do something in the Mediterranean to support his own endeavours.

But about this time the complications of the Danish question tended to bring Austria and Prussia into alliance, thus immensely strengthening Italy's ancient enemy, so that Victor Emmanuel began to see flaws in every corner of his plan, and before the year expired, although the curious confederacy of Republican and King had not quite languished, he turned his attention more definitely to Garibaldi than to Mazzini.

Meanwhile his Ministers were, on their side, weaving a scheme in which Louis Napoleon's wishes formed the warp and the dirty thread of forgery would presently become apparent in the weft.

To Matilda. Autumn, 1863.

. . . I dream of poor Poland; I feel for her all that I would feel for Italy. I tremble for the winter campaign. Still, they tell me they will go through it and be in the spring in the same position. If so, we *must* act against Austria, or die from grief and shame. If we act against Austria they would act in Galicia and between the two, we would certainly have Hungary up, which would be salvation for Poland. I had nearly prepared everything, but there is the financiary question still to be settled. . . .

In September, perhaps for her wedding, Mazzini wrote to Mrs. Hamilton King from abroad, saying that he had been ill; that he feared a paralysis at the spine. And in October he wrote to her again from 2 Onslow Terrace (afterwards renumbered 18 Fulham Road), telling her of his "neuclei" of Volunteers, prepared, armed and equipped, all ready to cross the Lombard frontier. He had taken charge of all the organization, and Garibaldi, who appeared to be in absolute agreement with him, would lead the action; his principal aim, as he is at pains to explain in his letters to Matilda, being Poland.

To Matilda. October, 1863.

. . . The reason for which I am so anxious to get a Venetian movement is Poland. I think and dream of her—of the everyday murder committed there, while Europe shouts bravo to the dying Gladiator, and turns to her own business. Now the only way to save Poland is the Hungarian movement; and for the Hungarian movement we want a movement in Galicia, a Servian movement, and a Venetian movement. They are very simple, and if I live I do not despair of succeeding, although the Galician movement is, owing to L. Napoleon's inspirations, discountenanced by the National Polish Government, now under the influence of aristocracy. . . .

To Matilda. Seems late in 1863.

Poland is, as you say, *doomed* if not helped. But the insurrection will, I trust, keep its ground during the winter; and if so, in April I hope we shall help it. I work as much as I can towards an Italian, Servian and Hungarian movement, and taking the initiative. Two things would help me powerfully and one is money; wanted, not for the preparation—I have somehow managed—but for the moment of action; and the W's are, under many difficulties, trying to collect. Still, if nothing happens to me, I have hopes, or rather such a determined will as must and will produce something. . . .

Some time during this year, and probably during the autumn, Mazzini wrote the following letter to an American friend who was known also to the Ashursts:—

There are for every great nation two stages of life. The first may be devoted to self-constitution, to inward organization, to the fitting up, so to say, of the implements and activities through which a nation *can* undertake the work appointed, and proceed to fulfil the task which has been ordained for her by God for the good of all mankind. For a nation is a living task; her life is not her own, but a force and a function in the universal scheme.

The second begins when, after having secured and asserted her own self, after having collected and shown to all the strength and the capability which breathe in her for the task, the nation enters the list of humanity, and links herself, by noble deeds, with the general aim. You of America have triumphantly gone through the first stage; you are on the threshold of the second one, and you may either betray your national duty or step beyond.

Through the almost fabulous amount of energies, unknown to our old rotten monarchies, which you have displayed; the constant devotedness of your men and women; the all-enduring courage of your improvised soldiers; and mainly—do not forget it—the cancelling of the only black spot, slavery, which was sullying your glorious republican flag—you have struck deep in the heart of Europe a conviction that there is in you a strong, almost incalculable power to be reckoned with in the onward march of mankind. All the numerous and ever increasing republican elements in Europe have discovered in you their representative. You have become a leading nation. You may act as such. In the great battle which is fought in the world between right and wrong, justice and arbitrary rule, equality and privilege, duty and egotism, republic and monarchy, truth and lies, God and idols, your part is marked; you must accept it.

1864

Although not written to one of the Ashursts, but to their friend Mr. Milner-Gibson, the first letter of 1864—kindly furnished by his son to the writer—is of such interest as to demand a place here.

Mazzini's estimate and knowledge of the Serbian people might have paved the way for the avoidance of many complications in Eastern Europe had a sufficient number of his men friends possessed the courage and insight to profit by and press them upon Ministers who underrated "local" questions in the Near East. But few indeed estimated any Balkan problem at its true weight.

Once, describing a social gathering to Mrs. Peter Taylor (Mentia), Mazzini wrote, "We had, in a little compass, all the aspects of human life . . . Ledru Rollin; the comic element in a contributor to *Punch*; *the life to come** in the Sclavonian element. . . ." He told Mrs Hamilton King that in his opinion the Sclavonian race would become the dominant power in Europe—that "these young people would regenerate the older." He understood the remarkable fidelity and the strength of love in the Sclavonian nature, with its corresponding inability to harbour true hatred: characteristics that give it an instinct towards unity more developed than it would seem to be in any other race.

To Mr. Milner-Gibson. February 1st. Almost certainly 1864.

My dear Sir,

Although, unwell and extremely busy, I never give myself the pleasure of seeing you, I applaud now as ever from my little working cell the good you speak or do; and I remember with pleasure your kindness to me. Allow me, therefore, to avail myself of it and to beg a favour of you.

Mr. Iovanovitch, a Serbian gentleman and a friend of mine, has been instructed by the Liberal Serbian Party to visit Mr. Gladstone. He does not wish to intrude nor to present himself without a line of introduction. Would you be so kind as to manage an interview for him with Mr. Gladstone? Mr. Iovanovitch is enjoying the confidence of the whole of the Liberal Party and can give the best information about the state of things in a country which may hereafter play an important part in the unavoidable crisis in the East of Europe.

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* The italics are the Editor's.

I shall indeed feel very grateful to you, both for the kindness with which you will, I have no doubt, welcome my friend, and for the interview which, I hope, you will manage for him with Mr. Gladstone.

I have from time to time indirect news of Mrs. Milner-Gibson.

Believe me, dear Mr. Milner-Gibson,
Ever faithfully yours,
JOSEPH MAZZINI.

February 1st. 2 Onslow Terrace, Fulham Road, S.W.

The following courteous letters from the Serbian Legation came in reply to inquiries as to whether it would be possible to trace Mazzini's valued Serbian friend. The first was addressed to the son of Mr. Milner-Gibson.

Légation Royale de Serbie,
195 Queen's Gate,
London, S.W.
16th December, 1916.

DEAR SIR,

In reply to your letter of the 13th, I am asked by the Serbian Minister to send you the following information.

Mr. Iovanovitch, who is alluded to in Mazzini's letter, is a prominent man in Serbia. He is still alive. He was Minister of Finance in the Liberal Cabinet in Serbia. He was University Professor at Belgrade and occupied the chair of National Economy and Finance. He was State Councillor for a long time. He wrote many essays and books. His standard work is "The Political Dictionary." He was in England for a long time and was a friend of Mazzini.

His son is Slobodan Iovanovitch, Professor at Belgrade University, and if you want further information I may give the address of his son.

Yours sincerely,
P. KAROVITCH,
Secretary.

G. Milner-Gibson-Cullum, Esq.

Légation Royale de Serbie,
195 Queen's Gate.
London, S.W.
14th February, 1917.

DEAR MADAM,

I have to thank you for your letter of 11th February, which I read with great interest. I am sending you enclosed a booklet of Mr. Vlad. Iovanovitch, which will perhaps interest you. I give at the foot the address of Professor Slobodan Iovanovitch to whom you could write. On my side I will also write to him and ask him to do what he can.

Yours truly,
P. KAROVITCH,
Secretary.

Ministère des Affaires Etrangères du Royaume de Serbie.
Corfu.
Le 5 Avril, 1917.

MADAME,

C'est seulement aujourd'hui que je viens de recevoir votre lettre du 15 Fevrier. Je regrette beaucoup de ne pas être à même de satisfaire à vos demandes, vu que mon père est resté en Serbie envahie, et que mes communications avec lui se sont trouvées de ce fait interrompues.

Je me rapelle l'avoir souvent entendu parler de Mazzini pour lequel il avait une admiration sans bornes comme pour la personalité la plus remarquable qu'il ait jamais rencontrée dans le monde politique.

Mon père fut à deux reprises à Londres : la première fois en 1859 ou 1860, et la dernière fois en 1864. Ces dates je vous les donne seulement a titre approximatif.

C'est Mazzini qui lui a donné l'idée de travailler parmi les Serbes à la creation d'une Société pareille à la Jeune Italie. Cette Société fut fondée en effet en 1866 ou en 1867.

Vers 1866 Mazzini s'est beaucoup entretenu avec mon père de la possibilité d'une insurrection en Bosnie (alors sous la domination Turque), cette insurrection devait d'un côté servir à la réunion de la Bosnie à la Serbie, et de l'autre faciliter la tâche de l'Italie qui se préparait pour une nouvelle guerre avec l'Autriche.

D'après ce que je me rappelle, mon père a dû rencontrer Mazzini non seulement à Londres mais aussi quelque part vers les frontières Italo-Suisses. Peut-être à Lugano.

Dans ses communications sur Mazzini, mon père revenait toujours sur la grande force magnétique qui se dégagait de toute sa personalité. Il avait la tête d'un Christ blanc, disait mon père, et les yeux d'un hypnotiseur. Je crois, d'après les dires de mon

père, que la description que G. Meredith a faite de Mazzini dans son roman *Vittoria* doit être très ressemblante.

Il avait les manières de conspirateur. Jamais il n'a reçu mon père dans sa demeure privée, mais toujours dans la maison d'un ami. En entrant dans cette maison mon père se trouva toujours en présence d'une personne à lui absolument inconnue, et c'est seulement après un certain laps de temps que Mazzini faisait son apparition. Il parait que pendant que mon père était en conversation avec cette personne, Mazzini observait d'une cachette si c'etait réellement mon père qui était venu le voir. Les lettres qu'il recevait de Mazzini étaient rédigées comme des lettres commerciales, et c'est seulement après avoir fait disparaître, à l'aide d'une composition chimique que Mazzini lui avait donné (à mon père), le text primitif, qu'apparaissait le vrai texte de la lettre.

Je ne sais s'il vous est connu que dans la correspondence de Friedrich Nietzsche se trouve rapportée une très intérressante conversation que Nietzsche à eue avec Mazzini dans une voiture de poste, où il l'avait rencontré par hasard.

En vous remerciant de l'intérêt que vous ayez pour mon pays, je vous pris de recevoir, Madame, l'expression de mes sentiments distingués.

Slobodan Iovanovitch.

As the Polish question dominated the European situation in 1863, so the intricate question of Schleswig-Holstein coloured the events of 1864, both extending powerful influences into our own times. Three facts impress the reader of modern European history as having contributed to the inception of the Great War: the condition of Poland, the acquisition by Prussia of the harbour of Keil, and, many years later, the cession to the same Power ot Heligoland. Of these events the second occupied the stage or 1864.

In November, 1863, Prussia, under the guidance of her incomparable strategist, Bismarck, began to mobilize against contingencies; a measure which warned Austria that she too must take an armed stand unless she would altogether forfeit her premier position in regard to Germany. By December Austria had been persuaded to suggest a move to the Confederated German Powers which those Powers refused to accept. Prussia had participated in the suggestion, and when it was rejected she and Austria declared they would act independently of Germany. To this end they signed an agreement on January 16th, 1864. This phenomenal *rapprochement* so much strengthened the position of Austria in the eyes of Italy as to "give to think" in respect of initiating risings against her.

Bismarck, who had already recognized the Kingdom of Italy now, with his quiet finesse, went so far as to agree to recognize the *integrity* of Denmark—that is to say, to recognize that the two Duchies, Schleswig and Holstein, should somehow remain within her frontier—well knowing that the first breath of the war which he was labouring to precipitate would blow such paper recognition to pieces. But he so feared that the Danes might recoil when they found themselves on the brink of a struggle that he contrived to persuade them that England had threatened to intervene in favour of their claims upon the Duchies, if Prussia permitted hostilities to begin; a hint which had no foundation in truth, for beyond an amplitude of words and a suggestion of Congresses not one of the European Governments felt inclined to move. France had played an empty—one might almost say a windy—part in the Polish affair, though Louis Napoleon still sought to pose as the great supporter of nationalities; and conscious of losing prestige in his own country was plunging deeper into the attempt to regain it on the other side of the Atlantic. Presently, in one of his unforeseeable transitions, he inclined to glance favourably at Prussia, totally blind to the possibility that, supposing she contrived to obtain the Danish Duchies, she might, with the enlarged scope they would afford her, one day dream of aggression upon France.

Victor Emmanuel continued throughout the first months of 1864 to seek some working arrangement with Mazzini, though he knew that the majority of his Cabinet were determined to suppress irregular movements of whatever nature. But on their own side they too plotted secretly, as above mentioned, with Napoleon.

Mazzini, to whom, somehow, all the complicated hidden moves in Paris and Turin became accurately known, urged the King to act with a high hand, dismiss his Ministers, appeal to the country and recall Ricasoli. He felt convinced that Victor Emmanuel would have the country with him and obtain the return of a war ministry; but the King could not muster the courage to act on this advice, though, as Mr. Bolton King remarks, such a bold step "might have saved Italy from much dishonour."

In the spring, the sinister *sequelæ* of last year's forgery began to show themselves, and not without reaction upon the English Ministry. It is pertinent here to turn to Jessie Mario's MS. material for an unfinished *Life of James Stansfeld*.

Another plot was hatched in Paris in February, 1864, when the Crown Prosecutor affirmed that a certain Greco, and other would-be assassins, were emissaries of Mazzini and that they corresponded with a Mr. Fiore at 35 Thurlow Square, Mr. Stansfeld's residence. Mr. Cox, on the first of March, rose in the House of Commons to put a question to the hon. member for Halifax as to whether his attention had been called to what had taken place in Paris? He replied that it had been, and that his indignation at the base insinuations of the Crown Prosecutor of a friendly Power with regard to himself was surpassed by what he felt at the vile accusation brought against Mazzini. He pledged his personal honour that he [Mazzini] had no share in the plot, if plot indeed existed. Mr. Hennesey, who objected to any defence of Mazzini, moved the adjournment of the House. Mr. Forster rose to say that Mr. Hennesey had stated that Mazzini did not really mean to assassinate the Emperor, but got up these plots from time to time to terrify him into doing certain things. This he would not believe except on Mazzini's own assertion. He said that Mr. Stansfeld had answered every question satisfactorily. Then for the moment the affair seemed concluded, and Stansfeld introduced the Navy estimates.

During the Easter recess he ascertained that, though there still came an occasional letter from one of Mazzini's old correspondents to his house, the addresses of all the Ashurst family had long been given up as unsafe, and under police suspicion. Hence it was clear that a letter might have been concocted and addressed to his house by French *agents provocateurs* unaware of this, and alleged to have been sequestrated.

Mazzini wrote to the *Times* denying any connection with the affair, adding that all he knew of Greco was that he had fought as a Volunteer in 1862 and had been with Garibaldi at Aspromonte. Lord Palmerston scouted the idea of Stansfeld's resignation, but, adds Jessie Mario, "the opposition had no intention of abating their venom." Sir R. Strachey reopened the attack. Mr. Stansfeld's name had been mixed up with Orsini's attempt in 1858, and, as the banker of Mazzini, in another attempt in 1857.

Here he brought up the Gallenga affair * and begged to move that "the statement of the Procurator General on the trial of Greco, implicating a Member of that House and of Her Majesty's Government in the plot for the assassination of the Emperor of the French, our ally, deserved the serious consideration of the House." Mr. Stansfeld rose and, after saying that this was the first time he had heard of his name being mixed up with the Orsini attempt, referred to Mazzini's letter in 1857 proving that there never had existed a "Tibaldi Fund," hence he could never have been asked to administer it. He categorically denied any knowledge of Greco, whose name he heard for the first time. After explaining that Mazzini no longer used his address, he left the matter to the House. Speeches followed which, through their personalities, make painful reading. Then Lord Palmerston declared himself perfectly satisfied with Mr. Stansfeld's explanations and stated that he had made no sort of communication to the French Government. Mr. Gladstone clearly set out the false position into which the House would be betrayed by voting upon the motion placed before it: "For what," he asked, "are its terms? . . . I put to the House that a statement by the *procureur général* cannot fitly become the basis of consideration by this House. What is he? He is the distinguished advocate who pleads the cause of the Crown in the country where Greco was tried. . . . His duty is to raise the case to the very highest against Greco, against Mazzini and against every one he can touch. It is not the obligation of the *procureur général* to take a calm unbiased view. . . . His statement is an *ex parte* statement which ought to be subjected to the full and searching scrutiny of a judicial procedure before it can with propriety become the subject of consideration here. . . . The charge of the *procureur général* is that a certain person was placed by Mr. Mazzini in communication with Greco. By looking into the *London Directory* he finds that that certain person is my honourable friend. Well, is this true? Was it possible for my honourable friend to have given a more distinct and uncompromising denial?"

The debate was continued, and, on the 4th of April, Lord Palmerston felt obliged to inform the House that he had accepted Mr. Stansfeld's resignation. "I am sure," he said, "all those who know my honourable friend must be equally convinced with myself that any charge of implication in those base proceedings . . . is altogether unsupported by proof and utterly devoid of foundation."

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* See Vol. I. p. 288.

Little by little the whole story of Greco was pieced together by Diamilla Müller and Francesco Crispi, who spared neither pains nor journeyings to arrive at the facts.

Greco had joined Garibaldi during the triumphal march through Calabria in 1860, Nicotera and others believing him a man of courage and patriotism. But he was very poor, and the police were always on the look-out for recruits to their detective service. Towards the end of April, 1863, knowing Mazzini to be at Lugano, Greco insisted on being presented to him. Mazzini, although believing him a worthy fellow, objected by letter to Müller on April 24th: "Tell Libertini that I don't see why I should receive Pasquale Greco. The whole universe knows of my sojourn here. It is too bad of my friends. . . ." And he did not receive him. It was precisely at that date that the negotiations between Mazzini and the King were assuming a more practical character, and the Piedmontese Ministers, growing suspicious, informed Louis Napoleon. Also at this juncture Greco arrived in Paris, got himself arrested, "confessed" that he had been sent to murder the Emperor, and produced a bit of writing to the effect that if he wanted money he was to apply to Mr. Fiore, 35 Thurlow Square, London.

"Neither the King's plan nor Mazzini's had any object that could offend Louis Napoleon, but to the Piedmontese Government it was all important to detach the King from any contact with the Party of Action, and what better instrument than to prove that that Party and its Chief in person were engaged in a plot for the assassination of his ally?" asks Jessie Mario. Crispi, who carried out truly exhaustive research, discovered that Greco was indubitably an agent of the Torinese police; and he made an interpellation in the Italian Chamber, producing his proofs, but in spite of their decisive character a Commission of Inquiry was refused. It may be added that Greco was never punished.

It is interesting to note that Victor Emmanuel took the trouble to convince himself that no connection existed between Mazzini and the authors of the *complot*, and that relations continued between Republican and King until August, when, a strong protest having arisen over the question of Garibaldi leaving Italy, publicity brought the strange confederation to a close.

On April 17th James Stansfeld wrote to the Marios:

"I suppose that you got mine written after my resignation. No doubt it suited them that I should go, but it was my own act. It has utterly defeated Dizzy's plot, strengthened the Ministry and it is now evident, has done me no harm. It has been, while it lasted, a trying time, but the end has been accomplished and the real victory remains with us. . . . Mazzini is very low, personally, saying despairing things heartbreaking to hear. I think I, who get all the praise, have come best off. At Halifax they are going to hold a great meeting in the Pierce Hall on Whit Tuesday and present me with a testimonial.* There is a talk of something of the kind at Huddersfield and they say that Cox is to be turned out of Finsbury for his part. Our party are gone down to Herzen's to meet the Great Man [Garibaldi]. It appears as if he were suddenly to disappear. He ought not to leave yet, unless absolutely necessary for his health. You will know before this reaches you. . . ."

Garibaldi's visit to England in the March of this year raised complications as unforeseen as embarrassing. He came under the impression that his invitation emanated from the English Government; but none knew better than Ministers that an enthusiastic reception of the sometime Dictator by the English democracy would deeply offend Louis Napoleon. The visit could not be prevented, but a certain amount of finessing in aristocratic quarters resulted in Garibaldi arriving at Southampton to find a residence prepared for him—the house of Mr. Charles Seeley, M.P. for Lincoln—in the Isle of Wight, and the Duke of Sutherland, besides other delegates of the aristocracy, of municipalities and of working men, coming to receive him. But, as though to enhance the brilliance of the picture by introducing a shadow, many Italian residents, following the lead of the Italian Ambassador—a nephew of the Marchese Massimo D'Azeglio—not only held aloof from all demonstrations but expressed disgust at them.

For over a week Garibaldi received "illustrious persons." Tennyson begged him to plant a palm in his garden, and recited poetry to him. Mazzini, at Garibaldi's urgent request, journeyed to the island to lay before him his own views on the question of the Liberator's contemplated tour of English towns. He entirely favoured this tour, pointing out that it was the English people rather than the Liberal Government who sympathized with Italian aspirations. Garibaldi assented, but also maintained that he could not fail in social courtesies to the members of the Government—the idea never visiting his mind that his presence constituted an awkward, unwelcome fact to the Cabinet, who would have given much to prevent a public reception of the hero in London. This, however, was impossible, and on April 11th he made his triumphal entry into the capital. Nine Elms station had been turned into a reception-hall where, amid vast crowds, he received an address from the City of London. "For four mortal hours did the carriage of the Duke of Sutherland struggle on from Waterloo station to Stafford House, stemming the human sea that overflowed every street through which he had to pass, amidst crowds composed of all classes, from the highest to the lowest, all vying with each other in the attempt to exhibit their admiration for his character." *

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* The meeting took place on May 17th, when Stansfeld received, as a token of esteem and regard, a silver candelabrum worth 300 guineas, which had been subscribed for by all classes. The presentation was made by John Crossley in the presence, according to Jessie Mario, of about 10,000 persons.

The Palmerstons, the Russells, the Gladstones, the Argylls, Shaftesburys, Dufferins, in fact, in the language of the writer just quoted, "the homage of the first nobility of the land" awaited him at the end of this memorable drive. Lord Malmesbury afterwards wrote, "the Derbys and ourselves being the only Conservatives there, I greatly fear we have made a mistake and that our party will be disgusted at our going. Lady Shaftesbury told me in a *méchante* manner, that we had fallen into a trap, to which I answered that I was very much obliged to those who had laid it, as I should be very sorry not to have seen Garibaldi. The Dowager Duchess of Sutherland walked off with him to her boudoir where he smoked. This created great astonishment, as the boudoir, which is fitted up magnificently with hangings of velvet and everything that is most costly, has been considered such a sacred spot that few favoured mortals have ever been admitted into its precincts; and allowing anyone to smoke in it is most astonishing to all who know the Duchess."

Lord Palmerston gave an official banquet and others followed —a severe trial to the patience of the man whose habits were all of the open air and life on simple lines. He went to the house of Mr. Stansfeld at the earliest possible moment, receiving there the advice to start without delay on his provincial tour; and next he sought Mazzini in his little lodging in Cedar Row, Fulham, where the same counsel was urged upon him. Garibaldi consented, deciding to go straight to Newcastle as the guest of Joseph Cowen directly after the gathering at Herzen's to which he stood pledged.

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* *History of England*, 1830–1874. Molesworth.

The toasts on that occasion have been frequently spoken of, but Garibaldi's is too important not to notice here, though it adds point to the regret that all his admirers must feel at the discrepancies between the expression of his noblest sentiments and his conduct to "the Master." He said: "I am going to make a declaration which ought to have been made long ago. There is here present a man who has rendered the greatest services to my country and to the cause of Liberty. When I was young and had nothing but aspirations, I looked for a man who could counsel and guide my young years. I sought him as a thirsty man seeks water. I found this man. He alone has kept alive the sacred fire; he alone watched while others slept. He has always remained my friend, filled with the love of country, filled with love for the cause of liberty. This man is my friend Joseph Mazzini.

"To my Master!"

The arrival in London of all the celebrated European revolutionaries, together with Garibaldi's visits to Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, etc., not only gave great umbrage to the partisans of Louis Napoleon but seriously perturbed Her Majesty's Government. Suddenly it occurred to Ministers that Garibaldi must be suffering under the strain and unwonted excitement of his social doings. A well-known surgeon was told off to see and counsel him. Of course this gentleman discovered that the Liberator (who had never felt so well since Aspromonte) would be reduced to the point of danger, and his injured foot imperilled, by the agitations of the proposed tour: an opinion altogether scouted by his own experienced medical attendant, Basile. But the professional dictum was followed up by an interview with Mr. Gladstone which revealed to the delicate-minded General exactly how the land lay. Therefore he only delayed long enough to place a wreath upon the grave of Foscolo at Chiswick * and to receive an

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* Nicolo Foscolo, who changed his name to Ugo Foscolo, was born in 1778 and died in 1827. Whilst in England he wrote dissertations on the texts of Dante and of

informal visit from the Prince of Wales; then, accepting the hospitality of the Duke of Sutherland's yacht, he returned with his Grace to Italy.

The Duke's plan, arranged with the Sardinian Embassy, was to take Garibaldi for a yachting tour in the East; but Mazzini got to know of the project and, warned by him, Menotti Garibaldi telegraphed to his father at Malta, who on receipt of the message insisted on returning to Caprera.

William Ashurst, rejoicing like the rest of his family at his brother-in-law's popularity, would not excuse the latter from giving a "candelabrum dinner" after his return from the ovations in the north. On this happy occasion Mazzini was present and unusually animated, for he desired the gathering to add its quota or solace to Stansfeld over the interruption to his career. Anthony Trollope, who had been invited as a friend of Italy, became fascinated by Mazzini, from whom he learned that there existed an actual secret agreement between the French Emperor and the Government at Turin for the transfer of the capital to Florence and for the recall of the French troops from Rome, on condition of Italian soldiers guarding the papal frontier and preventing any attack on Rome by Volunteers. "This means," he said, "on the part of the Piedmontese Government, the renunciation of Rome as capital of United Italy." "But once the French are out of Rome the Romans will be masters of the situation," remarked Trollope, pointing out, perhaps unconsciously, the *sous-entendu*, as dishonest as it was foolish, in the Convention that was to breed so much mischief when made known in September.

Mazzini felt deep regret over the set-back to James Stansfeld, and could never quite explain the Greco matter to himself; but we may now safely conclude that a chief tool in the affair was Wolff, the Austrian spy, a man who seemed devoted to Mazzini, who had been mixed up in several expeditions, who was still to fight under Garibaldi in 1866—and deliver Mazzini to his enemies in 1870. Abundant evidences of his infamy were found in the French archives during the Commune, being his regular reports, sent throughout ten years, to the French police, and giving details

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Boccaccio. The work upon Dante, which was of peculiar value, was rescued by Mazzini, who, during the early part of his sojourn in England, discovered a missing portion and managed to buy it from the bookseller among whose lumber he found it. He himself supplied some sheets that had been lost, and brought out the work as a whole. Foscolo died in England.

of Mazzini's every movement. He must also have been in the pay of the Italian police, because it was he who betrayed the Piedmontese band bent upon entering Venice in 1866. This man stood in bad odour with many of the great Exile's friends, but Mazzini would never accept a word against his "faithful *lupo*." He would exclaim, "Had he been a spy he might twice have given me up, for twice we crossed France together!"

In 1859 Jessie Mario's suspicions about Wolff amounted so nearly to certainty that she told Mazzini she would not receive letters if he sent them to her through Wolff; and she was not alone in believing that Wolff betrayed the hiding-places of Mazzini and of her husband. As Mazzini remained unconvinced, she wrote to Pietro Bellini, a keen *conspirateur*, who told her that he had first met the man in Turin as he was enrolling in the Anglo-Italian Legion being formed to fight in the Crimea. Eighteen months later, in London, he was entreated by a French Commission to find out what Mazzini knew of Wolff, and ascertained that it was but little. Wolff had behaved bravely in Rome in 1849, and Mazzini understood that he received an allowance from an uncle. After 1861 Wolff went to Milan, managed to get on friendly terms with Mazzinians everywhere, and seemed always eager to gather information.

Here it seems appropriate to quote a letter kindly addressed to the writer by Mr. Charles Davis, whose uncle (occasionally mentioned in the Mazzini correspondence) held an important post in the Swan Brewery; and who himself remembers Wolff:

"My uncle was a reticent man, and as I suppose he was employed in a secretarial or confidential capacity by Mazzini, his reticence may have been reinforced by his discretion. Anyhow, although I was much with him, he never, that I can remember, mentioned Mazzini's name. In the earlier seventies, although not employed at the Brewery, I lived there with my brother, who was. A rather Bohemian set used to come of an evening, among them an elderly Colonel Wolff, late of the Garibaldian army. He had knocked about the world a lot and could tell many wonderful stories of his adventures. He was eminently a cosmopolitan, born, I think, in Canada, of parents of different nationalities. A man of education and of immense physical strength, he was something of a hero to a callow youth of 20 as I then was, and it was with real sorrow I learnt that he was a bad lot. I knew him about a year, during which time he was employed at the Brewery as a canvasser.

Then an order came from Mr. Stansfeld that he was to be instantly discharged. My brother, on whom the unpleasant task devolved, told me that beads of sweat broke out on Wolff's forehead—that he made no answer to the accusation of being a spy, merely remarking, 'This is Italian vengeance.' What he meant by the remark, what he had done, and whether he really was a spy I do not know. . . .

"The pistols [Mazzini's pistols] have not turned up. I should think they are knocking about somewhere at the Brewery. The enclosed photographs of my uncle and of Colonel Wolff may interest you . . . ."

The postscript to the above letter, though not quite relevant to the subject, is of interest :

"A few hundred yards along the Fulham Road, opposite where the old Brewery was, there still stands [1917] a woebegone, shabby little villa, back from the road, which many years before Mazzini's time is said to have been the hiding place of another and very different refugee—Louis Napoleon."

Mazzini, during the spring and early summer of 1864, was still full of hope that the Galician scheme—to result in a Hungarian revolution—would secure the King's consent to an attack on Austria in Venice. Garibaldi while in England had inclined favourably to the plan ; a Polish Committee in London worked in concert with revolutionaries in Hungary and with the National Party in Serbia; a contingent of Volunteers, to be headed by Menotti Garibaldi, was actually to be armed and equipped, with Victor Emmanuel's sanction, while Mazzini, through his own intermediary with the King (Mosto), guaranteed that no attempt should be made on Venice until the Galician scheme should have succeeded. Naturally he communicated these negotiations to none; but agents passing to Florence to enlist recruits for the Italian contingent met, to their surprise, decisive opposition from the staunchest Garibaldians, who declared that in their view the true meaning of the King's complicity with the Head of the Party of Action could only be an intention to get Garibaldi and the revolutionary element out of Italy. They drew attention to the fact that no *internal* responsive movement could be expected from Venice, the flower of whose youth had been scattered in exile without the rights of citizenship, liable to arrest, to imprisonment, and even to be shot at sight if found with arms in their hands.

Both before and after his resignation from office, James Stansfeld regularly sent the Marios material for articles in the Italian papers, and many portions of his notes lie embodied in unfinished MS. left by Jessie. Stansfeld seems to have become reconciled to the belief that England could have done nothing for Poland, whose now demoralized struggle, "less of pitched battles than of ambushes, of massacres, of raids, of surprises,"* had died down in the March of this year, leaving her battered and weakened, but otherwise in the *status quo ante*. The political atmosphere, therefore, by the time summer arrived, was more redolent of breezes from the Eider and the Elbe than of those from crushed and bleeding Warsaw. In April, Lord John Russell, supported by Sweden and France, urged the need for a Conference upon Danish matters; for Prussian and Austrian troops had crossed the Eider on February 1st, and in March a fresh agreement to press on the war had been signed by the aggressors. The fortress of Düppel fell on April 18th, the Danes being compelled to retire to the island of Alsen.

When the Conference opened in London on April 25th, its promoters found themselves confronted with an even more intricate difficulty than had been anticipated, and the fact began slowly to emerge that Prussia aimed at herself possessing the disputed Duchies—an aim supported, curiously enough, by Louis Napoleon, who being just then *aux petits soins*, as Mazzini said, with Bismarck, actually pointed out the advantage to his Kingdom of the Ducal seaboard. Austria dared raise no objection, for she was at the moment endeavouring to walk a tight rope helped by the balancing pole of a Prussian alliance. For two months the whole position oscillated under the watchful eye of Bismarck, who was swift to take advantage of every change, with the result that when the Conference broke up on June 25th he felt practically free to do what he wished, while at the same time acting quite correctly in the estimation of all Europe.

A new campaign began which quickly forced the head of the Danish Government to make overtures for peace. Preliminaries were signed on August 1st; but the actual cession of the Duchies to Austria and Prussia was not ratified till October.

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* *Modern Europe*. Alison Philips.

Meantime Mazzini had not given up all hope of inflicting a diversion upon an apprehensive Austria, but, as noted above, all was not going smoothly with the suspicious Red Shirts.

The full facts of the King's dealings with Garibaldi, apart from his dealings with Mazzini, have not transpired. Mazzini worked under the belief that Menotti Garibaldi, and not his father, was to command the Volunteer contingent in Moldavia for whose equipment—it has been stated—the King had disbursed the requisite money by June. It is certain that a quantity of arms had been sent to Serbia and that Prince Couza of Roumania stood ready to assist, for Fregesy, in command of a corps of Hungarians and Poles, was waiting at Bucharest to enter Hungary. After Garibaldi's retirement to Caprera, the Duke of Sutherland went to the East and then to Turin. Bixio had orders to receive his Grace with all honour, and to present him to the royal troops as the Friend of Italy, of the King and of Garibaldi. Why was Bixio also ordered by the King to ascertain whether steamers could be kept ready at the royal disposal at Genoa? Why did Garibaldi leave Caprera suddenly on June 19th for Ischia, and summon his staff thither? Why did Bertani write to Jessie Mario, "Garibaldi means to take our best ones to the Danube—but the steamer wheels are cogged"? All that was known to Garibaldi's officers was that he expected them to accompany him somewhere. But they were not in the same mode as in 1860, and showed little disposition to obey orders issued peremptorily from Ischia for which no reasons were vouchsafed. All that appeared clear to the Garibaldians *pur sang* was that their chief had been persuaded by the King to abandon Italy along with the flower of his officers and picked bodies of Volunteers.

One morning Mazzini appeared in Jessie Mario's London lodging with a copy of the *Diritto* in his hand. The *Diritto* was one of the best papers of the day, owned by Adriano Lemmi, and this issue contained a dignified protest against the departure of Italian patriots upon "remote and uncertain undertakings." No signatures were appended, but plenty lay in the hands of the editors.

Victor Emmanuel was furious. Garibaldi, mute with indignation, suspected everybody, and above all Mazzini, who, as astonished as anyone, had only learned of the matter through the printed protest.

In spite of this unlooked-for *dénoûment* to much planning and plotting, Mazzini continued resolute in the Venetian plan, while the Government, and now also the King, were as resolute to prevent him.

But, behind the scenes, a political move as unwise as it was disgraceful, and denied alike by the moderate and the ministerial Press, was being steadily as well as stealthily completed.

The following letter from Mazzini, the postmark of which is May 7th, seems to refer to some of his correspondence with the King:—

To Emilie, at Lavender Sweep, Wandsworth.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Hurrah! I have found the autograph. The letter could not be given in its integrity. It is not *constitutional*, and of course would not have been admitted in Mr. T. Taylor's house.

I left with Matilda whether or not I should go to her to-morrow evening. She is unwell. Everything, however, will depend on a note which may come or not come. If, therefore, instead of coming here, the warrior should go straight on to No. 58, I shall, if free, reach him there at seven.

Did you go with Bessie?

Ever lovingly yours

JOSEPH.

"Mad world! Mad Kings! Mad composition!"

Friday night.

Political discussions seem to have run high at Thurlow Square during the remainder of the Parliamentary session. Mazzini, who tried to avoid them, prophesied that Bismarck, though apparently willing to go halves with Austria over the Danish Duchies, would soon claim the lion's share. When asked what object Louis Napoleon could have in currying favour with Prussia, he answered that he hoped to prepare the way for getting the Rhine provinces, but that Bismarck would certainly not begin the unification of Germany by cutting off two of her limbs, as Cavour had done with Italy. Speaking of Louis Napoleon he one night said: "It is curious how little insight your Press and people have into character. You have taken him for a great man, yet he is a man of straw, who does not represent France nor French aspirations. He keeps the throne by occupying the working classes in useless public works, coaxing the Catholics by maintaining French troops in Rome, and bribing the *Chauvins*, now by seizing Savoy and Nice, now by the Mexican farce. Presently it will be the Rhine. It is too sad to hear your statesmen say they can do nothing without the support of such a man. . . . Peter [Taylor] says there is something gigantic in Louis Napoleon. There is nothing of the sort. It is very easy to play the giant when every one choses to play the dwarf. He does what he likes : so would I if I did not encounter on my way Austrian and French soldiers."

Writing to Matilda he poured out his indignation more freely :

> You speak, dear Matilda, about Germany and mourn for Alexandra. I mourn for the triumph of brute force in Germany, talking as she is about nationality in Schleswig and wanting to keep Venice and the Italian Tyrol and Trieste. I mourn about the shameful conduct of your England, encouraging and deserting every people, allowing each of them to rise and fall unhelped and alone ; about my own Italy betraying her duty ; about all men and women going about in their generally silly or idle avocations whilst immorality and murder are parading triumphantly the world of God.

On the morning after the debate in the House of Commons on the Danish question, he wrote :

> You will, dear Matilda, have read the great party debate. It is, for one who loves England, a lamentable exhibition. England, the representative of the Liberal movement in Europe, can do nothing unless supported by the representative of the despotic principle—Imperial France ; and not a single man rises to point out this immoral contradiction ; no man brands both parties and states what the policy ought to be. . . . To-day I read Layard on nationality, uttering the most absurd things, simply not knowing what nationality is, not caring to give a definition of it ; not suggesting that nationality is the result of manifested tendencies, traditions, and a special function in the world : therefore believing that Switzerland has no nationality because three languages are spoken in it, and so on. I never talk about the actual debates on policies because I agree with nobody and am voted demagogic and over-irritable.
>
> I was the other day compelled to dine at Mr. Seeley's ; there I found Bright and many others, and trembled at the idea of a discussion, but happily there was nothing but a contest between

Bright and one Mr. Watkins, concerning the Canadian question about which I know nothing, so I talked almost exclusively with Mrs. Seeley—evidently a good woman. There were four servants, dressed in a way that made me feel inclined to rise and bow to them. The house at Prince's Gate is beautiful. I left at 10.30 with Mr. Grant Duff, an Irish member, well-informed, and with advanced gleams on religious questions.

A Franchise Bill had been defeated in April in the English Parliament, and it is interesting to note the divergence in the views held on the subject by Mazzini and James Stansfeld. "First manhood suffrage, and even that by instalments," said James. "Women are awakening and at work; they must help secure the suffrage for the working population and find out their own path by doing what they can and thus get their ability recognized, their right to a share in the nation's work established. Mazzini thinks they ought to work separately from men—I think that by working together, avoiding antagonism, vaster, swifter progress would be attained." Writing to Matilda, Mazzini expressed something of his view, which, as it did not seem to meet with her approval, he followed up by a fuller explanation:

> Mixing them up [men's efforts and women's efforts] and thinking that something has been achieved is merely substituting an illusion to a reality. When a whole element, a class, wants emancipation, the first thing is self-assertion. To prove that you are equal, you must not only claim rights but show that you are capable of exercising them. The elements must first unite together and compel, collectively, the attention of the privileged. Look at the working men. By the foundation of their societies they will succeed in winning political equality within some ten years, and, later, economical equality. Emancipation is nothing but capability ascertained—and to have it ascertained you must be alone and conspicuous. If the working men had begun by merging themselves in masters' societies they would have succumbed to their influence and never have educated themselves to their own rights and strength. . . .

To Emilie. Seems June, 1864.

EMILIE DEAR,

Either on Thursday or Saturday we shall go to the *Africaine*. If you will not go on account of the face, I shall regret it: although in a cab to Thurlow Square and from there in a carriage to the Opera, you do not run any risk. But if you will refuse on account of other, to me unintelligible reasons, I shall grieve and feel dissatisfied. Shall I be doomed to go with Miss Rimond alone?

I usually put aside from any money of mine, a fraction for presents to friends I love. This time I had, unusually, some part of credit paid back by a Roman workman; and the fraction increased. If I chose to spend it in an opera-box, why on earth would you object? Why should you accept two guineas of cigars from me and would refuse thirty shillings expense for hearing together a work of art? I repeat again: I shall have a box, no matter how; I should like very much to commune with you in Meyerbeer; why should you refuse to do so? I shall, if I can, bring to you to-morrow the *Fortnightly*,* etc. Still, if Carlo happens to walk, he might come and take it for you.

Wolff has written.

How are you?

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

Tuesday.

To Emilie, who was on the eve of going to the seaside for health, he wrote, apparently on July 5th, 1864.

DEAREST SUFFERER,

The usual question, and I fear, the usual answer: pain. Still, drop—you or Carlo—one word.

The Government have triumphed: 18 votes. I do regret it.† Whatever the consequences they deserve to go out. I shall see you at four if I have no people.

Your loving
JOSEPH.

To Emilie. Seems July, 1864.

DEAR,

I have your hurried lines. I had written on the same day to Deal, but the note does not matter much. I sent to Caroline. Matilda has been ill again: you ought to write to her. Caroline leaves, I think, to-morrow morning. You say nothing about your health. The *eight to ten* ‡ is still pending. I am in a hurry; but loving you very much, although it does not matter much. Send the address. Sarina left, I think, on Saturday. Bless you.

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* Alberto Mario had published the first of a series of articles in the May number of the *Cornhill*, under the title of "The Red Shirt in Calabria," which was reviewed in the *Fortnightl*, by Anthony Trollope. The articles came out in book form in 1865.

† "A vote of censure on the Government for its conduct in reference to Denmark was carried in the House of Lords by a majority of nine; but a similar motion proposed by Mr. Disraeli in the lower house [fixed for July 4th] was rejected by a majority of eighteen."—*History of England*, 1830-1874. Molesworth.

‡ Evidently a cipher reference to the negotiations going on in Italy.

Your loving
JOSEPH.

Thursday.

To Emilie, addressed to Deal. August 10th, 1864.

Are you ill again? Or quarrelling with refractory waiters? Or meditating? Or ferocious against me for my silence?

Wrong, in all cases! You ought always to write a line until well; when well anything will be allowed, not before. . . .

And as for me, what am I to write? I am fretting all day in doubt about my impending fates, and cannot quietly correspond before I know. . . .

Write one word, then, and be good. . . .

To Emilie. Seems August, 1864.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Only one word to thank you for your dear, long, *selfish* note, as you say. It is just what I want. I have no time, but I think that even one word, when away from London, will be welcome to you in the desert. So Deal is a horror; be then one week there and go to Eastbourne. Still, remember that the thing for which you went is strength; and do not grumble too much at the one week.

Sarina went [back to Italy] on Saturday evening, I believe. Yesterday night we, Davis and I, dined at Thurlow Square. No cards; but, oh wonder! a long discussion on society, religion, etc. As for the *eight to ten* I shall explain within three days, I suppose. To-day no news. On Monday I hope you will have found a paper. *Hommages* to the Warrior [a sort of pet name by which he sometimes called Venturi].

Love to you from
JOSEPH.

Monday.

To Emilie. Summer, 1864.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I send a letter from Munro which I allowed myself to open as I am impatient of hearing from a Turin correspondent who writes to his address.

On Sunday I am lecturing to my working men, but even if it was not so, don't be rash, dear. After a few days of absence you already ask me, as if Eastbourne was Aubrey House or Myddleton Square. To me it is a real journey, with all its inconveniences, physical, moral and economical. At all events I cannot *now* leave London for one hour, until the 8 and 10 is settled. I am in hourly expectation of a telegram. Be therefore quiet; do not indulge in dreamy schemes on me, and above all do not commit the mistake of taking an additional room. If once I come for a Sunday I would go to an hotel to sleep and spend the whole time with you by day. I always do so, since some time, with Caroline too.* I doubt your finding cheap prices now. Caroline is going only to-morrow morning. Wolff too wrote to Deal. Why don't you say one word about what most interests me—your health? And why enlarge small troubles into great ones? You are or were endowed with energy and with the faculty of looking at small things as I do: summon it out: when you feel getting into a bad temper, close one eye—or think of me. I give you the choice!

Bless you. Love from your

JOSEPH.

Friday.

To Emilie, at Eastbourne. August 17th, 1864.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I have a traveller to attend and cannot write as I wish. . . . Ruskin is weak as weakness. No, dear, the third tiny room or cupboard will have, I fear—or hope—no occupant. I think that I shall have, after all, another excursion to make. But of that I shall speak again.

Dr. Christian with Dr. Paget, have this morning operated, with chloroform, on a cancer here—on Capt. Thomas. Matilda wrote to me a very affectionate but very sad letter. She is evidently fretting about something or other; and the very suggestion of the doctor to go away from home "to some kind friend" is very singular. How on earth can she get a very kind friend at Tonbridge? It is very lamentable that you all should have to be apart from one another.

Dear, I walked yesterday from Haymarket to Russell Square, and from there home on foot. I was half dead when I reached. Is that walking or not? Bless you, dearest Emilie, and love your loving

JOSEPH.

Wednesday.

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Seaside Road, Eastbourne. August 19th, 1864.

Thanks, dear, for the note and for the diminutive, but still scent-powerful "erba Luisa." How is it that Caroline, on the

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* A habit explained by something he told Mrs. Hamilton King. See p. 146.

18th, was still believing you with her own landlady? Have you no intercourse with Aberdovey?

Dear, what on earth can I do for the Warrior at Eastbourne? There may be, really, something to do for him, and all, in a few days. Keep quiet and do not ask me. I do not like to write about certain matters. I shall tell you in a few days.

I am to-morrow dining at Aubrey House. Mr. Potter, dear, has sent me eight grouses which I have distributed right and left and which did cost me six shillings. Thank you.

Enrico Nathan asked for your news.

I suppose and hope that you are going gently on, although you say nothing about it. Has the Warrior discovered any unknown land with my telescope?

Addio. Bless you. Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Eastbourne. August 22nd, 1864.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I am glad you wrote to Dr. Christian. . . .

I dined at Peter's yesterday. I have, as yet, no news from anywhere, no telegram. We have reached the 15th and I suppose you will be right and that nothing will summon me, alas! away from England. As for Garibaldi, you are right; but he has not much to do with the question.* Should they act he would *have* to follow, as he did in the South.

Sarina has reached Lugano. I have ruined my prospects with Mr. Potter: tell the Warrior. After the warning I had from the Veneto, and with the possibility before me of having to go and help, I wrote to him asking for an offering; but in my Italian pride I said that the only reason for applying to English friends was the question of time: if we were doomed to nine or ten months more, we would have time to collect in Italy, and I would thank him and decline taking. He writes that if, etc., he offers £100—fifty immediately and fifty a little after. If I do not leave I shall therefore thank him and there will be an end of it. I really cannot, without urging necessity, ask anyone who is not Italian now. Italy ought to give all that is required. And besides, my English friends are—evidently feeling it—very cold since some time.

Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

Monday.

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* This probably refers to the preparations being made for action in the Trentino. It was about this time that Mazzini was authorizing, in concert with Garibaldi, a Committee of Ways and Means, with Benedetto Cairoli as president. But, as ever, Garibaldi's co-operation with Mazzini was a matter of uncertainty.

The next letter makes reference to a novel which Emilie wrote under rather curious circumstances. One evening when she and her husband were at the Carlyles, the conversation turned upon women-writers, and some one propounded the question whether men or women novelists treated most truly the subject of love. Mrs. Carlyle expressed her opinion that no woman ever had or ever would treat a love-problem without either falling into sentimentality or touching upon grossness. The discussion which ensued ended by a bet between Mrs. Carlyle and Emilie Venturi, who wagered that she would write a novel in which a brother should be in love with his sister and yet the book should be neither washy nor coarse; and no one should be able to detect the sex of the author. "Very well," said Carlyle; "but there must be a referee." And it was agreed that when the work should be finished, Mr. Carlyle should ask John Forster to adjudicate upon it.

The Owl's Nest in the City, produced by Emilie in the short space of a fortnight (so she assured the present writer), was published under the pseudonym of Edward Lovell, by Mr. King. In due course Carlyle submitted it to Mr. Forster, who unhesitatingly pronounced it the work of a man. It is a clever, though sad story, not without subtle humour. It opens in a curious old house in the city, which Emilie believed she had imagined. In talking over her recollections she stated with emphasis that she had not known such a place existed until, some years after she became a widow, she learned that her father in early life had lived in "X Court." She then went to see "the house in the right-hand corner" and, to her amazement, beheld the reality her imagination had conjured up and so graphically depicted. She found the long unlighted passage and the large hall on the first floor where the hero of the tale was "very uncomfortably surprised by seeing a hidden doorway in the panelling suddenly open, and a tall, pale, thin man appear at the top of a narrow, winding staircase in the dark opening." She found the very panel which had closed again as the tall man stepped through it, concealing the spiral way that led from the clerks' offices below to the first floor. The incident seemed to her an astonishing indication of the transmission of an impression from one mind to another, for she learned that her mother's dislike of the house was the cause of her father's leaving it. And this dislike would account for the youngest of Mrs. Ashurst's children never having heard of the place, though the fact of a very close *rapport* between the mother and this daughter pointed to an impression having been transmitted from the adult to the child's subconscious mind. In this way, at least, Emilie felt inclined to look at the matter.

The Owl's Nest in the City met with sufficient success to bring the idea of a second edition under consideration a few years later. Mrs. Carlyle had then been called to "join the majority," and Carlyle's niece, Mary Aitkin, stayed much with the really inconsolable widower. Mr. King, ignorant of the true name of the author of the book, applied to Mr. Carlyle or his niece, for the latter seems to have seen the work through the press; but the second edition was never issued. The correspondence about it, however, confirmed the mistaken conclusion of the publisher that the work had come from the pen of the great man's niece, for years afterwards he informed Madame Venturi of this interesting fact when he happened to meet her at a dinner. Her contradiction found no acceptance with him until she reluctantly told him the story of how the book had come to be written.

To Emilie, Turret Cottage, Seaside Road, Eastbourne. August 24th, 1864.

One line to you, dear, just to say that the thermometer is *à la baisse*, and a telegram speaks of an adjournment—whether long or momentary I shall learn from letters the day after to-morrow.

Thanks for the gigantic leaf, less scented, however, than the small ones. How are you? I know that the imprudent excursion to Beachy Head had worked unfavourably. Tell me then. William writes rather curiously that he is sorry at knowing nothing of you except that you are at Eastbourne. He was leaving Aberdovey to-morrow for Dolgelly. They will be here on the 31st. I sent your address. Of Caroline I know nothing since two days; but on Friday they will most probably leave Aberdovey.

Why Moir? I have not the least idea about him or any other. I wonder if the book sells at all. Do you know? The big papers are silent. And why do you say that if I come to spend one day I am not to take W[olff?] with me? As if I had ever *dreamt* of it.

Amiable, dear, is spelt in this way, not aimiable. There!

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Eastbourne. August 25th, 1864.

Dearest Emilie,

It is only on Friday *next* that Caroline leaves Aberdovey. B. and W. are there too and leave on Thursday. You have had Wolff. And I hope that you have not spoken about probabilities, etc. Two days will decide whether or not the Warrior may have anything to do. Except that chance everything is as dull as it can be. The papers are empty, and I have not a single incident in my life worth being reported. I saw Peter and Clementia on Saturday, and unfortunately lost a pound.

Had you yesterday thundering and rain? It is cold to-day and windy. Love from your hurried

Joseph.

Monday.

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Eastbourne. August 26th, 1864.

Dearest Emilie,

I have your little note. You tell me not to be uneasy; but I never thought the results of the excursion [to Beachy Head] had been so bad as they appear in your note. You are in bed, you have sent for the doctor, you speak of great pain and of swelling. All this shows that you were not so forward in your improvement as I fancied, and as the word "flourishing" in one of your notes implied. You or Carlo write one word about the state of things.

There is an article in the *Daily News* concerning the book: favourable, I am told. I have tried to get it with the intention of sending it to you; but it has been impossible. Has Mr. King your address? I dare say he would have sent it to you.

Caroline and James are leaving Aberdovey to-morrow to go to Dolgelly, North Wales. Post Office will do.

For the rest I am gloomy and anything bad. Arrests are taking place not only in the Trentino, but in Friuli. I shall have letters to-morrow.

Try to be well, there's a dear. And send one word, sinner.

Ever your loving

Joseph.

26th August.

The "latest fact of Friuli," about which a few months later Mazzini issued an appeal, merits a brief explanation. Immediately after Aspromonte, Ergisto Bezzi, whose name has recurred in these pages, undertook the work in the Trentino which had to precede the scheme for Venice, which Mazzini had never ceased to cherish. With Bezzi were associated many of the best and staunchest survivors of The Thousand, and, slipping unnoticed through the towns lying between Milan and Trent, he formed groups of adherents who by and by appointed a Central Committee at Trent. Many of the most ardent Venetians were affiliated, and before long the Cadore and Friuli had been quite organized, while a working understanding was established with the Hungarians in the imperial garrisons. The wherewithal for this work, provided solely by Mazzini, had come, of course, to an end, whereupon what may be called a Committee of Ways and Means had been formed by Mazzini in conjunction with Garibaldi, Bezzi being charged with most of the duties of organization and correspondence. Lemmi became the chief financial supporter, and throughout Lombardy and Emilia enthusiasm was reawakened. Arms and requisites of all kinds were steadily collected, distributed to convenient centres and concealed. But the Italian Government here and there made successful raids, and in September the Austrian Government, put somehow on the scent, arrested every conspirator who could not manage to escape. The prisoners, taken to Innsbruck, were sentenced to varying terms of punishment. In Venetia word was sent round among the patriots to use every precaution, but in Friuli the passion for action overcame prudence, and a determined rising, headed by valiant young Tolazzi and a no less brave veteran, gained many adherents. The Venetians began to join in, while Bezzi, in charge of a picked band, started with all secrecy for the theatre of action. He and his men were arrested in the mountains and lodged in the fortress of Alessandria. Jessie Mario records that Wolff, who posed as a participator in this insurrectionary effort, enacted successfully the rôle of traitor to it.

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Eastbourne. August 27th, 1864.

Only on account of the Sunday, dear sufferer. Really I have nothing to say. I send the *Daily News*. There is an article *agro-dolce* [bitter-sweet] in the *Saturday Review* too; but I cannot send it. [Evidently a review of *The Owl's Nest*.]

About the translation [of one of his articles] they complain of a confusion between myself and the translator, which has been adverted to by other papers. I send the *Leader* of Holyoake too: he has prominently inserted a long fragment.

I shall not know how you are before Monday.

Arrests are going on in the Venetia. Ah me! Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Eastbourne. August 29th, 1864.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I have not the least idea about the writer in the *Daily News.* Really, dear, I am as I was in health, only worried.

I have only one number of the *Revue des deux Mondes* with part of a novel from George Sand; but as I have not the first two parts and the number is for the rest uninteresting, I do not send it. I send the only thing I have; you may keep it. I shall try to find something else. I wonder if the Reader—Masson's—has not written on the book. I never see it.

Everything is over for the present. As they did not act after the first arrests they will not now. Twenty-five arrests in the Trentino, almost all ours. Mancini has been, just a few days ago, to bring me the last arrangements. They were to act on the 29th —this very day. The arrests took place whilst he was here. Nine months or so are now before us. If during these nine months I shall muster up—an impossibility—some 150,000 francs, I certainly shall succeed in doing something by myself; if not, no.

Addio, dear. I must write letters. My love to Carlo.

Your loving

JOSEPH.

Monday.

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Eastbourne. August 31st, 1864.

DEAR,

I cannot write. Olivieri has been here for three hours—and I have other letters to write; but I must thank you for your dear little note. . . .

No news: arrests: they are already 90. Dear, be quiet. I cannot just now dream of stirring and leaving for Eastbourne: not even from Saturday to Monday, which was my original plan. Tell Carlo that among the arrested in the Trentino are many that he knows. . . .

Ever yours, in a hurry, but with true love,

JOSEPH.

Wednesday. I send the *Saturday Review* sent by Mr. King to you. You have it already, but you can like to send it somewhere.

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Eastbourne. September 2nd, 1864.

DEAREST EMILIE,

How are you? Did you—as was your duty—write to Dr. Christian? . . .

As to me, I really have nothing to say. They talk there down of still hoping to act. Inwardly, I do not believe anything of the sort. And I believe in nothing at any time unless I have some three or four thousand pounds in my hands. If we have nine months, or eight, before us, I shall—despairingly—try to get them. Carlo must give me *one* shilling every month—you the same!

I am going to Norfolk Crescent [the William Ashursts'] to-day. The Taylors have left. The Mazinis have left for Italy. [Miss Linda White married Signor Mazini before she became Signora Villari.] I had yesterday Mr. and Mrs. McTear from Edinburgh going to Italy. To-day Mrs. Bennett announces her journey—through Constantinople—to Italy. Everybody can go to Italy except myself. Yours,

JOSEPH.

Friday.

To Emilie, as above. September 3rd, 1864.

. . . I am of an *humeur exécrable.* Venice, Italy, Poland, Denmark, have been a series of blows with a hammer on my mind. I feel tired, exhausted, and sick of this Sisyphus work, and at the same time unable to snatch myself away from it or to do anything else. I try to write, but feel disgusted at the powerlessness of the attempt and throw it aside. . . .

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Eastbourne. September 5th, 1864.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Will you ask Carlo to post the enclosed?

The shilling is nothing in itself. But I have decided on two things. 1, To ascertain through the monthly shilling, the number of all those who, believing in popular initiative for Venice and Rome, are at the same time trusting me for the carrying out of the programme. 2, Especially as far as the Italians are concerned, to impress on each paying man to consider himself as a head of a nucleus, and ask people who may be good but not firm enough for monthly payments, for one shilling. We have eight months before us.

Dear, what on earth can *I* do for the Botias? I cannot conceive people, active, known, and in Italy, addressing themselves to me in London for employment. They ask me a recommendation for the Orlandos; I gave it. I would give any other—but to whom?

I am more and more dissatisfied with your health. I wish you were here, and visited—spite of all terror—by Mr. Fergusson or Paget.

I had nothing to do with *La Società*. It was Bertani's, Bellazzi's, Garibaldi's affair. . . . Bless you, dear Emilie. Write one word about yourself. Your loving

JOSEPH.

Monday morning.

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Eastbourne. September 5th, 1864.

DEAR,

. . . As for *settling*, I conceive it as you do, to be a difficult matter, and it is precisely for the many reasons constituting the difficulty, that I doubt the advisability of the unfurnished rooms and maid, etc. But I avow my not being able to grasp at the difficulty of two or three rooms in the style you have gone through till now. All the landladies are not so crotchetty as the 19th. So many people seem to live comfortably enough in that way! However, furnished or unfurnished, something must be done.

As far as our affairs are concerned, I cannot really say anything. We certainly cannot go on indefinitely in the actual state; but the when and the how are mysteries to me and to everybody, and the winter at all events will pass; and part of the spring.

I have no news from anybody. We dined yesterday at William's. There was Mr. Gillman. *C'est tout.*

Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

Why do you not teach English or compel Carlo to learn it somehow? It would make matters so much easier in the social intercourse!

Difficulties and misunderstandings were beginning to arise in Emilie's family owing to the impossibility of conversing freely with Venturi. His position also elicited comment and perhaps unasked advice, as, owing to his having hitherto followed a military career and his desire to remain free to join as a Volunteer in the hoped-for movement for the liberation of Venice or Rome, he had sought no remunerative occupation. Those who felt inclined to urge him to do so had no idea that the painful symptoms that occasionally incapacitated him were signs of a malady soon to prove fatal.

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Eastbourne. September 6th, 1864.

DEAR,

I believe you are both partially wrong; and it is on your judging things *tutte in un pezzo* [without discriminating]. Human things are never so. There is no calculation, no comparison, no cool reasoning, no true meaning in the nine-tenths of the things which are done in the actual world. Bessie and W. may have received an invitation last year for all that I know; postponed it, with weakness still, and vaguely accepting for the next: it is forgotten: time presses; the invitation is reproduced, the promise remembered. How to refuse it now? An accepting note is written, with a sense of "Oh! what a bore!" *Voilà tout.* It is, on a small scale, the history of my long refused and avoided dinner at Mr. Seeley's. Might I not have dined with you or Caroline?

I felt bound to say these things, because since long I feel them to be true, although rather sad, showing how we allow ourselves to be entangled in this artificial, superficial world of ours. Besides, through a certain sense of pride—pride of affection, good at the root, unwise as to the results—we keep carefully concealed the importance we attach to *shown* affection. It is misinterpreted into carelessness; acted upon in consequence, and as in modern novels, we often find that a whole series of griefs and misfortunes might have been avoided by a word said at the right time. I feel that often the sphere of moral mischief is widened by mutual misconceptions. Wrong or right, justly or not, you remember, dear, my telling you some two months ago that William, misinterpreting certain things—triflings—your leaving in the evening very early, or your not speaking much, or God knows what—was under the impression that this time you were not enjoying his company. All these absurd feelings beget others; and the gulf widens.

My telling you these little Goethian, analytic reflections—will it be misinterpreted by you? I trust not—if a real proof of real love, dear sufferer.

No news: no letters from anywhere. I regret for your sake the unsettled weather.

Love from your
JOSEPH.

Wednesday.

Later. All right, dear, as to the letter to William. Do not react, even justly. Should you have to come to London for two days to consult [a doctor], mention your difficulty to Caroline or Bessie. I am sure that either the one or the other will tell you, "come to us." Or, if you do not care to do so, ask me for the money necessary for the hotel. Now that, unhappily, there is nothing to do there down [in Italy] I *can* help without a shadow of remorse or inconvenience. One day when you are settled and *en équilibre*, you will repay me. Let not these little difficulties, easily managed whilst you have a friend, trouble you. The great thing, dear, is now to get rid of the illness. Would it not be better for me than a few pounds? Captain Thomas is worse, and ferocious on account of Dr. Christian's absence from London.

No news from anybody. Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

If there were good and active men just now on this earth of ours, a vast universal Emancipation Society would be founded: one shilling monthly subscription. Spreading everywhere. It would yield a treasury in one year. Ledru, myself, an Englishman, a Pole, a German, to be the managers. There's a plan!

I try to write meantime, and cannot. I am so annoyed and discouraged!

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Eastbourne. September 9th, 1864.

DEAREST EMILIE,

What you say about the *apparent*, etc., has truth in itself. And the two main causes are precisely a sort of stiffness or self-defence-way of being, which is, in him [Venturi], coupled with occasional very sharp judgments given on friends of the others—and the impossibility of an English conversation. I am fully convinced that much arises from silly mutual silence when some little thing is displeasing. One day of mutual effort and mutual confidential open talking would cause many phantoms to vanish. However, let us, as you say, not speak useless words about the subject.

I have at last letters and news. All is at an end for the present.

Your news about yourself is rather satisfactory. I am angry at the weather, which is more than ever windy and unsettled. Why don't you tell Holyoake where you are? I suppose that his *Leader* goes to your old place at Brompton. To-morrow I shall send papers. To-day I only send love and blessings. Your

JOSEPH.

Friday.

To Emilie, at Eastbourne. September 12th, 1864.

[He had promised to spend two days with Carlo and Emilie, and they were wondering at his delay. E. A. V.]

. . . I am not feeling right, in health and spine, for movement, and I am just now, before an expected remittance from

Genoa, not flourishing in individual money. Nevertheless, dear, I shall see what can be done for the Saturday, and I shall tell you in the course of the week. Meanwhile I send love, and absurd, powerless blessings. . . .

Should I be able to come I must be allowed to do everything in my own way: so, for instance, I prefer having for the two nights a room outside, in the nearest hotel. *Ho le mie ragione* [I have my reasons] and I do so now with everybody. Of course I would be all day with you. . . .

To Emilie, Turret Cottage, Seaside Road, Eastbourne. September 14th, 1864.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Thanks for your note. I am *very* glad of your having accepted William's offer. I send the papers. You are improving—and it is happiness. Still, the persistence has been sufficient for an enquiry into the possible source: don't give it up, pray.

I shall tell you towards the end of the week if I can come on Saturday evening for the Monday. I have a series of letters from Italy; all unsatisfactory as far as action goes; all revealing an increased tendency to republicanism. . . .

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Eastbourne. September 16th, 1864.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I am not certain, mind; but I *may* decide on a sudden and come to you Saturday evening. If so I shall leave by express train at 4—therefore be at Eastbourne at one quarter past six. I suppose there will be no difficulty in getting a hole to sleep in at the nearest hotel. You know, dear, what I eat; therefore do not prepare *anything* more than for yourself, pray. If I do not come by that train, I do not come at all.

Ever loving
JOSEPH.

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Eastbourne. September 19th, 1864.

Dear, all right. I send the papers. Read the *Popolo d'Italia* with my letter—very obscure. When you have read it will you send it to Caroline, at G. Dixon's, Esq., The Dales, Edgbaston, near Birmingham?

I found acquaintances—unknown—on the road. Mrs. Williamson and another lady: speaking French perfectly: guessing before that I was an Italian, then that I was Mr. Mazzini, etc.

Ever yours in a hurry, but loving
JOSEPH.

Read the *Diritto* too: the appendix, on "il povero vecchio" [the poor old man]. It will amuse you.

To Emilie, as above. September 21st, 1864.

Dear, I have nothing to write—still, I do, which is meritorious. I am going to Birmingham in one hour and coming back to-morrow morning. I have been so much urged to do so on the ground of a vague half promise that I feel compelled to yield. Wolff does not speak of coming to you; and he speaks of going at the beginning of next week. . . . Jessie comes to London, remaining the Sunday, then leaves England. . . . I shall settle with Wolff if he does not go to you.

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Eastbourne. September 25th, 1864.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I came back yesterday from Birmingham where I spent one evening. I am leaving now for Barden [the home of Matilda Biggs and her family], where I shall remain hours, coming back this very evening. But between Birmingham and Barden I send a word to Eastbourne.

I have just been writing a declaration against the Piedmontese-French Convention; and I am trying to direct the agitation against it. I think it is a godsend for our Republican party. . . .

To Emilie, as above. September 26th, 1864.

. . . Jessie is here, leaving [here] to-day, and then, England, on Wednesday. Harriet is going with her to dull Ferrara. She came with me to Enrico and was very much moved on leaving, poor girl. . . .

Yes, the Franco-Italian affair will do a great deal of good. But think of the *Unità* speaking not one word about the Convention, and attacking violently the Turin people in the Turin correspondence. With a little clever management we would get favour with a population which has ever been decidedly hostile. I have sent a declaration of open war to the Government. We shall talk again about all this. . . .

To understand the political difficulties with which Mazzini had to reckon, it is necessary to remember how deeply divided below the surface was the Italian Government after the temporary triumph of Rattazzi, the opportunist, over Ricasoli, the man of honour. The Cabal (*Consorteria*) that unseated the latter did not cease its activities with the success of that *complot*, but rather turned them against Piedmont, professing suspicion of all that was Piedmontese because, as they averred, Piedmont and Italy represented unreconciled, if not irreconcilable, ideas. Mention has been made of intrigues carried on with Louis Napoleon by the Ministers of Victor Emmanuel for quite other ends than those inspiring the King's own intrigues. Just as the King's were coming to an end, the Ministerial scheme was approaching completion. Mazzini had been well-informed when he told Anthony Trollope of the contemplated change of capital, for the September Convention, as the instrument came to be called, would, among other provisions, carry the government of Italy from Turin to Florence. "The earlier policy of the Ministry had been to let the Roman question sleep. Catholic Europe was more hostile than ever after Aspromonte, and however ready the Governments of France and Austria might be to subordinate the interests of the Church to political considerations, they could not disregard the Catholic sentiment that impelled them to protect the Pope. . . . One more feeble overture was made for reconciliation [with His Holiness] on the lines of the Free Church proposals [of Cavour]. Failing their acceptance, there were influences in the Moderate party, that would even after Aspromonte have welcomed a renunciation or indefinite postponement of the claims to Rome, or bartered a temporary guarantee of the Pope's remaining territory for its commercial union with Italy and better government for the Romans, till a change of Catholic feeling should make the Temporal Power crumble of itself. . . ."* But "till Rome was won, the Temporal Power meant unrest and brigandage and reaction at home, ever recurring friction abroad."†

In France the increased power of the Liberals was making the Emperor feel that he must do something to ratify the condition upon which his minister, Rouher, had taken office in the previous year—namely, withdrawal from Rome; but the clerical influences around him, superadded to that of the Empress, exerted a pressure which held him in a state of indecision. "He dared not frankly take sides with Liberalism; more and more he was surrendering to the clericals who, more careful of the Papacy than of their own country, were pushing him down the slope that would lead to Sedan."‡

But he still clung to compromise, proposing to withdraw from Rome if the Torinese Government would guarantee the long Papal frontier from invasion by Italians, and renounce—for the time—the hope of possessing Rome.

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* *History of Italian Unity.* Bolton King. † *Ibid.* ‡ *Ibid.*

Though the Convention had been promoted throughout the summer, it did not assume definite shape until September. Then, built up in the main upon Cavour's ideas, it differed from them in several respects, substantially for the worse. By a Protocol even more dishonest than the treaty itself, the capital was to be moved to Naples or Florence in order to blind Europe to the fact that the claim to Rome was merely postponed. In effect, Louis Napoleon told the Italian representative that he must find a solution that would allow *him* to make people think that the Italians had given up Rome, while at the same time *they* could let it be thought that they had not. As Mr. Bolton King remarks, the gist of the Convention was in its silences, and its "intentional equivocations were as useful to the Italian Government as they were to the Emperor. . . . While the French ministers could claim that the Convention made Italy the defender of the Temporal Power, the Italian statesmen protested that Rome remained the goal of Italian ambition, that the new capital was only a 'halting-place' (*tappa*) in the direction of the Capitol." *

If any advantages stood to be gained by these degrading means, they were outweighed by the false position into which the Convention (signed on September 15th) threw the country, making her the guardian of that insidious enemy whose hearth, in the very heart of the land, formed a harbourage for every foe of enlightenment and freedom.

When, a few days after its signing, the Convention became known, it delighted such of the petty intriguers as hailed the humiliation of Turin. Others were deceived into thinking it a step on the way to Rome, but the Torinese themselves were justifiably infuriated. They felt that they had done their part in uniting Italy, and if any city were to be honoured as the seat of Government it should be their own—till the ancient heart of the land could enter upon her rightful function. Demonstrations at once vented popular feeling; and the Ministry took off its gloves. Not only did their organs threaten repression, but suddenly, on September 21st, the unarmed crowd was attacked by *carabinieri* and more than fifty men and women were killed and wounded in the streets.

"After this the city was ripe for anything. The rumour grew that a secret article of the Convention had ceded Piedmont to France. . . . Even now, however, had the patrol of the streets been left to the national guards, further bloodshed might have been avoided. . . . But the carelessness of the Ministry of the Interior and the friction between it and the police prevented any careful preparations to ward off disorder. The people were irritated by a useless parade of troops, and on the evening of the 22nd a more deadly conflict took place between soldiers and people. Twenty-five corpses, over one hundred wounded lay in the streets of sober, loyal Turin." *

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* *History of Italian Unity.* Bolton King.

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Eastbourne. September 27th, 1864.

DEAREST EMILIE,

The pretended expenses of Wolff amounted to a trifle: *Punch* excepted, which he sent as a present. And here is the list. I have paid him.

Why a present of wine to me? Why? Are you so swimming in wealth? Nevertheless I accept with grateful feelings.

The more I think about the money question the more sceptical I grow about English money *now*. The few friends, Peter, etc., will give more if, near the March, I shall find the courage for saying: "I am going to Italy; will you help me to move on the Venetia?" Or if I shall not have courage enough, *then* will be the time for one of you to speak and say to them: "He wishes to ask but does not like to do so." And Spain [monetary help from Spanish sympathizers] is very vague; and what little can be done in Belgium can, I dare say, be done by letters. I shall write one in French to you and Carlo, and you will send it.

I still stick, for the present, to my old, always baffled scheme. Every one of *us*, I mean believers in the thing and in myself, ought to bind himself or herself to pay, as you do, the monthly shilling; and consider himself or herself the head of a little nucleus, trying to get, here or in Italy, or elsewhere amongst *friends*, a few who will do the same, and amongst *acquaintances* some who will give a shilling or franc for once: this down to the end of February. In March we shall *frapper les grands coups*.

Explain all this to Carlo, and act in consequence. Whilst each does what he can, each ought to think and make a kind of statistical table of all those to whom *then* we shall apply for an offer. I am trying to do the same thing in Italy.

Ever loving
JOSEPH.

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* *History of Italian Unity.* Bolton King.

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Eastbourne. September 29th, 1864.

DEAR,

You are particularly wrong about the money question. Not only, endeavouring to collect the shilling or franc, I do not exclude all other methods, but I urge them on. Only Vienna, Spain, and even Belgium, do not excite me so much in point of hopes as to risk expenses. And as for England, I think everything premature. . . . To the Italians I have proposed not only the franc system, but to try to find out 300 individuals binding themselves to give within five months 500 francs: leaving to them the how to collect them. Does anybody imagine any scheme likely to be successful? He may attempt it, or travel if needed, and defray his expenses on what he gets. But I am so afraid to lose the few thousand francs I have, as a beginning, in Genoa at a banker's, that I rather shrink from risking part of them in doubt. . . .

An article of mine has been seized on Saturday on the *Dovere*; and not a single copy has reached me. Next number will, of course, be seized for my Declaration. The *Unità* has not come, and I suppose is seized too. The telegram about Naples seems to me to be contradictory.

Mario has written a long article against me.

Addio. Love from your devoted

JOSEPH.

Thursday.

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Eastbourne. October 1st, 1864.

. . . All goes wrong in Italy. There is a want of moral sense in this agreeing with the change of the metropolis merely because it annoys Turin, which makes me truly sad. I certainly shall not court popularity and follow the tide. . . .

To Emilie, as above. October 3rd, 1864.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I had your note on Saturday evening and this morning the other. Good; but the wind and the cold must be dreadful at Eastbourne. When do you think of leaving? No, I did not see Wolff's photograph; quite enough of the original as far as the physical appearance goes.

Yesterday evening, Bessie, William, Barker, and Davis. Bessie gives a very bad account of Matilda. Jessie, unless in the interval Mario has pledged himself to Ferrara, will be in Florence. As for the introductions, dear, I do not think Jessie will ever write unfavourably to me or to my fundamental views. I believe she disagrees at heart from Mario's doings and regrets the attacks.

I myself introduced her to the *Observer* where she has been accepted too.

The Italian moral sense is perverted and nothing but action will cure it. An article of mine on the *Dovere* has been seized one week ago; of course the Declaration inserted on Saturday last will have been seized too. To-day I send another article in praise of the Turin people. I feel sick at heart; nevertheless the Republican party will gain. They may approve now [the change of capital] but within two or three months they will rage again. . . .

I had had half an idea that my religious letter would have done for the *Leader*, but I gave it up on consideration. . . .

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Eastbourne. October 7th, 1864.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I send the *Dovere*, but the two numbers must be sent back to me. Since the Convention, I have not received one single word from Lugano or from Milan! The *Popolo d'Italia* has been seized for my article.

Matilda is very unwell again. William did not go to Oxfordshire: he has got a violent cold and is at home.

The Herzens have been asking your news; Mad. Ogareff, Nathalie, etc. Cowen too; Holyoake too. And that is all.

Your ever loving
JOSEPH.

Friday.

To Emilie, as above.

DEAR,

Why not one word to-day? I did not write yesterday because I thought that Caroline would have written. She did not, because she hoped to be able to give better news to-day after a note from Barden. They are rather worse. She goes again this afternoon.

I am not flourishing, and compelled to write as little as possible. So love, sad love, from your

JOSEPH.

Tuesday.

Will you give me the address of [Dr.] Guérrant de Mussy?

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Eastbourne. October 8th, 1864.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I do not think I have ever been *two* days without a short note, but never mind. To write just now is a rather difficult task: there is nothing to write. My days are monotonous as yours and, unless I write down my conversations with Wolff, I have literally not one piece of information to give. I know nothing of Caprera, nothing of Lombardy, nothing of or from our men. Nobody writes, working men excepted. I am therefore compelled to express satisfaction at hearing from you that you keep comparatively well: no satisfaction at all at my answering your question that I too am comparatively well—and absolute dissatisfaction at the general state of things, collectively and individually.

I did not see, yesterday, Caroline, and know nothing of William.

Where on earth is Tom, the great Tom? [Tom Taylor, then editor of *Punch*.] Is he the dramatic critic of the *Times?* I want to know. Never mind my laconism. I am now and ever, your loving

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, at Turret Cottage, Eastbourne. October 10th, 1864.

DEAR,

First of all please to post the enclosed. The rest to-morrow . . . I have at last a mass of letters from Lugano and Milan.

Dear, to call at the Carlyles is more heavy to me than you think: still, I shall think of it. Matilda is very ill and Caroline is going to her to-day. I don't know whether she will be able to come back this evening. If so I shall write what she says. Matilda has a doctor from Tonbridge, whether a homeopathic one or not I do not know.

I fear the worst. Why do *you* copy the *Dovere?*

Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

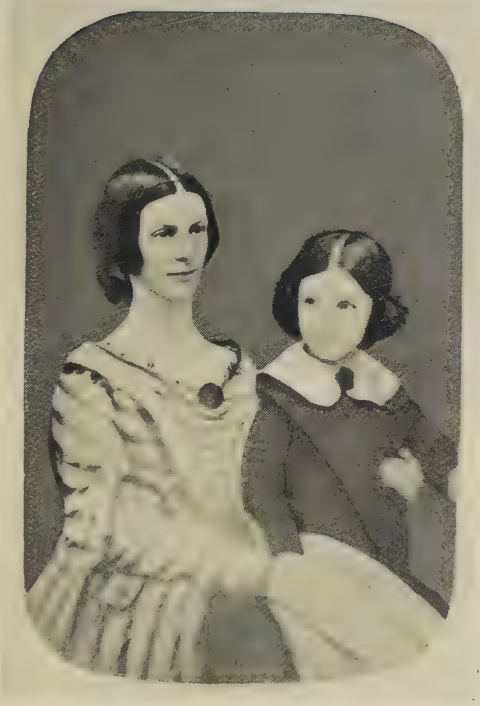
To Emilie, as above. October 13th, 1864.

DEAREST EMILIE,

You know of Matilda from Ashurst [her daughter].

What a hurry, dear? I do not mean to telegraph in my turn to the doctor. I am curing myself with bismuth and pepsine, and hope to surmount the threatening. I fancy I am a little better already. Anyway I feel thankful for the friendly *empressement.*

Dear, the *Times* has made [evidently of a communication of his] a thing of its own: the writing is idiotic: if the Convention is approved, *feudality* will be enthroned, and so on! But I resign myself. . . .



MATILDA BIGGS AND HER ELDEST DAUGHTER,
ELIZABETH ASHURST
From a Daguerreotype of circa 1848

To Emilie, as above. October 15th, 1864.

. . . I have written to the doctor [Guérrant de Mussy]. I suppose I will see him to-day. I am up and going out as usual: only unwell and with all the symptoms of the old illness. . . . *Voilà tout.*

Letter addressed by Mazzini to certain Italians in London. December 11th, 1864.

FRIENDS,

The latest fact of Friuli—a generous attempt of individuals who preferred fighting to the imprisonment decreed for them—does not change the general plan of the Party of Action: which is to prepare the emancipation of Venice.

And for this end, without superseding any voluntary offerings that may be made when action actually starts, the men of the party have determined to pay one franc monthly into the common fund.

It seems to me the duty of sympathizers in London to give the same proof of their adhesion, and to pay one shilling monthly.

Carlo Venturi is commissioned to explain this and to begin the collection.

Each monthly contributor will not, I hope, forget to seize any opportunity that may occur of obtaining offers from outside the circle of such contributors.

Ever yours

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

To Enrico Nathan, David Nathan, M. A. Rosselli, Anna Rosselli, Sabbatino Rosselli, Fontanella, tc.

1865–1866

The Convention of September, 1864, excited considerable interest in the English Press. Mazzini received full credit for having again proved himself right in his knowledge of diplomatic secrets, and people were disposed to accept his view that the Convention stood in fact for a renunciation of Rome.

A painful misunderstanding, lasting in its consequences, characterized the close of the year and the beginning of 1865. The Minghetti Ministry fell after the Turin bloodshed, and La Marmora, who with difficulty formed the new cabinet, was determined that the hated Convention, with its still more repugnant Protocol, should see the full light of day. He would neither tolerate secrecy in connection with it nor risk a break with France by repudiating it. This policy was the most straightforward he could pursue, but, during the parliamentary discussions, a split occurred in the little body of members of the extreme Left who had not resigned in 1863. Mordini—Garibaldi's vice-Dictator in Sicily—regarded the Convention as a step towards Rome. Crispi, agreeing with Mazzini's judgment, took an opposite view : declared he would vote against it in the Chamber, would not consider its provisions binding, and would take every opportunity of circumventing them. Mordini replied that if Crispi regarded the matter in that light he ought to throw off his allegiance to monarchy and *raise another banner*. Crispi emphatically repudiated the suggestion, saying that he adhered to the mandate of the plebiscite "Italy one, under Victor Emmanuel," and that to raise the republican flag would be to divide the national forces, postpone all hope of Rome and Venice, and injure the chances of Unity.

Mazzini, who had hotly repudiated the Convention and who had been furnished with numerous proofs of revived republican feeling throughout Italy, and who, moreover, had reason to believe that a full disclosure of the treaty had not yet been made, misinterpreted Crispi's speech into a reflection upon the republican flag, and could not be appeased. It is the one instance in which he seems to have been uncharacteristically harsh and unrelenting. Despite all the efforts of friends, especially of Stansfeld, to bring the two men together again, Mazzini and Crispi henceforth worked apart, each after his own manner.

Following upon the Convention there came a Syllabus, or summary of false opinions, from the Pope, raising issues impossible to set aside and filling the political arena with new difficulties. It was a direct "attack upon modern thought . . . a root-and-branch onslaught on the principles of free government. It condemned religious toleration in Catholic countries . . . claimed for the Church the right to use temporal punishments . . . asserted the independence of the ecclesiastical power, the divine origin of the Church's laws and their supremacy over any lay legislation." *

Alarm, indignation, resentment, and the necessity to protest against such doctrines, passed like a hot wind throughout Italy and did something to consolidate ideas and focus them towards Venice. For, if Rome was an open sore, Venice seemed like a tourniquet upon one of Italy's limbs. Not only was the flower of her young manhood in exile, but all that could be done had been done to Germanize life in the province. Germans filled every office, and the German tongue took precedence, the laws being promulgated in it. But the Germanizing remained as a veneer on the surface only. The Venetians, Italian to the core, obstinately abstained from returning members to the Austrian Parliament; the people continued in a perennial state of sullen disaffection. To Italy the value of her natural sea outlet needed no emphasizing; and at this moment the country seemed indeed ripe for a serious, concerted movement to obtain it. Already there existed insurrectionary committees in every town and, as above noted, revolt had been kept alive throughout the autumn.

During the first few months of this new year, Mazzini and a section of Italian Deputies who named themselves The Permanent, strove hard to fix upon a common *modus operandi*. It was hoped that Venice might be able to rise in April—a hope shared by many who would not call themselves sympathizers with Mazzini. Lanza, an honest, rigid, independent-minded Minister, even countenanced to some degree the Venetian Committees. But he fell, and Mazzini saw that the longed-for movement would be premature unless deferred.

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* *History of Italian Unity.* Bolton King.

Meantime it gradually dawned upon some minds that another ally than Louis Napoleon was arising for Italy in the form of Prussia. Prussia's designs upon the hegemony of Germany were an open secret to such as could interpret the moves on the political chess-board, for Bismarck only thinly concealed the possibility that "blood and iron" would presently drive Austria from the position to which she was almost desperately clinging. But the Prussian King remained anti-Italian, as the English Court remained pro-Austrian; the smaller German states continued unfriendly to Bismarck through fear, and the German Liberals frankly looked upon him as their greatest enemy. His struggle with Denmark over the Duchies had furnished one chance that he desired, but that chance—to exhibit Austria in the worst light and to show the impossibility of an alliance of equality with her—must not, he considered, be spoiled by impatience. Biding his time, therefore, he prepared the next move by giving Italian Ministers to understand that Prussia could be looked on as Italy's friend; and La Marmora was not slow, though he was cautious, in responses to the overture: his hope lay in the chance that Austria might be frightened or persuaded into selling or exchanging Venice.

In July the Stansfelds and the William Ashursts made a stay of several weeks in Switzerland. Venturi also was away, having undertaken a mission for Mazzini in the neighbourhood of the Lago di Garda, a dangerous region for him, as an Austrian subject. His family were living not far from the spot to which his business took him and the letters indicate that he hoped to manage a meeting with some of them. It is also evident that Mazzini and Emilie cherished an apparently delusive hope that Venturi's people would accord him some share in the family patrimony.

To Emilie. July 2nd, 1865.

"Sig^{i} Figli Weill Schott e Co^{ie}, Milano, Italy:"—a *sous*-envelope for Brusco Onnis * and another for Venturi. Now, dear, the delay is not owing to my not reading your note—but to the waiter, who gave me this morning two notes of yours at once, one old of three days. He had forgotten my name, etc. I must remind you, however, that as I had told you, you might in your distress have sent a first letter to Carlo to me and I would have sent it immediately. I shall send to-morrow yours to Caroline, of course to Geneva as I have no other address; it will, some day or other, reach. I do not like your physical condition at all, dear. Did you ask about Dr. Paget—when he was coming back? It would be well to know it. It may be, however, that even at Mrs. Merington's the change does you good. If so you will be so kind as to tell me. . . .

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* Vincenzo Brusco-Onnis, one of the most devoted and faithful Mazzinians, abandoned a life of ease, social position and mundane advantages, to take up the apostolate of a Free, United, Republican Italy. When during the Expedition of The Thousand Garibaldi put into Talamone, Onnis was one of the few who separated from him because he could not accept the banner "Italy and Victor Emmanuel.'

An interview in a boat on the lake might be very easily managed: anything rather than coming back a *mani vuote* (empty handed). Those dear absurd inhabitants of Lugano [the Nathans] went away without dropping one word; and I have been writing there, most likely uselessly. Could you not manage somehow, even with Dora, to let me have at Mrs. France's continental letters which might come for Madame Charles, or any strange name, at your house? If your letters will all go to you [be forwarded to Mrs. Merington's] quite right, nevertheless: you will send them to me.

Yes, dear, Matilda is doomed: bronchii, larynx or trachea, she is in the last stage of consumption. The first impression had been favourable; but long attentive watching makes me despair. I think she is glad at my visits, and she listens much more attentively and in a sympathizing way to all that the daughters drive me to say about immortality and divine things.

I have had so many letters and notes to answer that I have not yet been able to work half an hour at my eighth volume, alas! and I want the money in October, early! By dint of *centimes* and francs the *dono* has at last reached 5000 fr. on the *Unità* and is going on.

Did you speak of Cristini to Mr. Burton? No; you were too sleepy for that. Addio, tormenting, dear woman. When is it you will write "I am well and not plumper"?

Your loving
JOSEPH.

Before embarking at Genoa he and others had signed a declaration that they would fight for and help the insurgents in Sicily who had risen in the name of freedom and self-direction for Italy, a self-direction which he considered abrogated by Garibaldi's war-cry: and to this attitude he remained faithful throughout a life of difficulty; misunderstood by many, attacked by many, but trusted by those who knew him best, among whom was Maurizio Quadrio. Brusco-Onnis upheld his fervent belief not only with the pen but with the sword in sundry duels, preaching the need for a grand social revolution on the lines of Mazzini's ideas, but giving to those ideas a latitude which perhaps exceeded their true scope. He died in Milan in 1888.

Three little notes to Emilie, dated in July and August, show that Mazzini was still in London, and seeing the Shaens, the Craufurds, Miss Galeer, Miss Cobb and others. He had also received a cheque from MacMillan's for £8 which he insists on sharing with Emilie as his translator.

To Emilie, c/o Mrs. Merington, The Cottage, Fulbourne, near Cambridge. September 13th, 1865.

Dearest Emilie,

I had your note and enclosure, but I had so many people, Langiewicz and others, and so many letters that I could not write. Besides, I am not flourishing. I left Matilda on Monday, late. She was as usual; perhaps more than usually troubled with cough, etc. I promised I would go back for three days on Saturday, but on a sudden I hear that Caroline will be home on Friday evening late. This will most likely make me postpone my second excursion. They are speaking of going to spend one week at Eastbourne; and Caroline urges me to go. I shall most likely divide the time between Matilda and Eastbourne.

I am very very sorry at the danger of Carlo not seeing the brother [Carlo's]. Let him borrow from Brusco Onnis or anybody and go to Desenz, which after all is not Hercules' Pillars [is not so far away]. Something, I hope, would come out of it.

I met, on the platform, leaving Tunbridge Wells, Guérrant [de Mussy] coming back from France. He got possession of me and as I wanted to hear his opinion about French things, I submitted to pay the surplus and went first class, whilst I had already taken my second class ticket. I told him about you. "Ah! elle s'est permise cela en mon absence?" He told me something about having given up his *brouette*, and I almost fancy he intends to not be a doctor any more. By the way, will you give me his address, which I never had?

Did you take Æschylus with you? And what is your feeling?

Love from your devoted
Joseph.

To Emilie, at Mrs. Merington's, Fulbourne. Saturday, September 16th, 1865.

Dearest Emilie,

One word only lest you should believe me ill, unable to write or forgetful, which although silent, I am not. I have plenty of people coming and much to write, and although I am only not flourishing, writing does me harm. Caroline came yesterday evening: she is, I think, writing to you to-day. I shall most likely go to Matilda on Tuesday for three days.

Why does not Mr. Morris, good and prosperous as he is, invent a little employment in a corner of his establishment for poor Mr. Cordingly? Their condition, at their age, is heart-rending.

I am thirsting for Carlo's news about the proposed interview.

Love from your
JOSEPH.

Saturday.

The Mr. Morris here spoken of was John Morris, partner of William Ashurst. Mr. Morris, a Devonshire lad, began life in a subordinate position in the office of Mr. Ashurst senior. He was so industrious, punctual, intelligent and determined to get on that Mr. Ashurst gave him his articles. The event fully justified this step, for Mr. Morris soon manifested extraordinary ability and became managing clerk. Appreciating his valuable qualities, Mr. Ashurst enjoined upon his son, who would succeed to the business, to take the young man into partnership. The full boon to the Ashurst family of this wise arrangement made itself felt in after years, when the defalcation of another individual in the office virtually deprived them of what their father had left. Mr. Morris, suddenly discovering whose was the money this confidential person had appropriated, and realizing that had he himself been more vigilant and less trusting the man could not have absconded, went to his wife, laid the case before her, and called upon her to help him make good the loss. He made a vow not to rest until he had, by his own exertion and personal sacrifice, reinstated the Ashurst finances.

Emilie frequently spoke with grateful admiration of John Morris, to whose efforts she owed the financial comfort of her later years. To Mrs. Morris, and to her admirable sister, Miss Anne Taylor, she also bore a real affection.

The Cordingleys were old friends of the Ashursts who somehow fell upon evil days and who finally became, in a veiled way, pensioners of the family.

To Emilie, as above. September 18th, 1865.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Don't make a fuss about me, please; and don't say that I can't have some pains without being unkind and ungrateful, as if I could be well at my age and after the sort of life I have led. I feel rather better and I know what I have to take without bothering Guérrant—and myself.

I am almost to a certainty going to Matilda to-morrow, so that if you have to write or send on a letter you must address, Wednesday and Thursday to Matilda; after that to Hastings, I think. But I shall write to you.

I highly approve all that you say about the Prometheus.

No special news. Yours, with or without pain,

JOSEPH.

Dear, the rooms I had in view in a respectable house at half a minute—even less—of Matilda, would be no more solitary than your own house. There would be, most likely, no other lodgers now. I think you must go for two or three days, after Mrs. Merington's, to Matilda. You promised her to do so. The money objection is nothing. I would advance it.

To Emilie, as above. September 24th, 1865.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I am at St. Leonards. Jos. Ernesti, Saxon Hotel, St. Leonards-on-Sea. I suppose I shall leave on Friday next. I had your note before leaving Tunbridge Wells. Matilda was as usual. Write to her; she likes to receive notes from the family. . . . I have had my little pains once a day. I am "physicking" and acting wisely. What more can I do? I fear Carlo's journey will be a failure. No news worth recording. . . .

To Emilie, as above. September 28th, 1865.

"Che cos' dell' anima vostra?" Why don't you write one word? I am leaving on Saturday. Any news from Carlo? I think that a few lines ought to be inserted in the *Times* about Mr. Cordingly's case soliciting for money or occupation. You know that when backed by respectable references, these applications very often succeed. Either that, or twenty persons subscribing ten shillings a month. I shall be one. If you adopt the first scheme, will you write the lines? With the lines in my hand I can come to the point with Caroline and James, who are already disposed to something.

I am better of the pains. . . .

To Emilie. Seems 1865.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Dem it then! I had only read some twenty pages of it.

I send a letter from Caroline for perusal.

Matilda, whom I found better than I expected, is affected very much by the sharp wind of these two days. I feel very gloomy and almost despairing for the coming winter.

I am comparatively well. You? I hope that Dr. Christian is still in London. When—if you are going on right—will you go to Mrs. Merington? Have you letters from Carlo? Is he at Milan?

I am so sorry I left you so alone, dear; but what could I do after the promises I had made?

Ever lovingly yours
JOSEPH.

Friday.

To Emilie, at Mrs. Merington's, Fulbourne, near Cambridge. September 29th, 1865.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Your note remained a day at the P.O. I thought I had given to you the Saxon Hotel address. I wrote a few words yesterday. Of course I can send the £5. But unhappily I am stopping, as already promised, the whole day of to-morrow with Matilda and it will be too late for the regular post when I reach town. I shall, however, send it to-morrow night and trust Providence. I think that on Tuesday Caroline may go to see Matilda again: so you had better delay the execution of your plan for one day more: two at once will be too great an excitement for poor Matilda.

As for Carlo, let us hope.

I wished very much to see something like a storm before leaving Hastings, but it is now out of question—always warm, beautiful, lovely; only I wanted clouds. With fond love, yours,
JOSEPH.

To Emilie, at Mrs. Chapin's, The Grove, Tunbridge Wells. October 9th, 1865.

First for the pleasure of addressing to the new abode.

I am more than sorry for the failure. [Venturi's, in not meeting any of his family; and also arranging about money.] What! not even a sum whatever for once! I never reckoned on any regular settlement; but I thought that he would come back with £80 or so, as an end.

Wolff is in London: he came seven or eight days ago; I do not remember exactly. Why?

I shall know of your more positive opinion concerning Matilda either through Caroline or directly. She ought to go for the winter to the Isle of Wight. But it is to Mr. Biggs that the idea ought to be given. . . .

To Emilie, at Mrs. Chapin's, The Grove, Tunbridge Wells. October 10th 1865.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I have telegraphed. I thought it was better. You take too harsh a view of Brusco's refusal. Although I had myself thought he would accede, it has, still, nothing to do with honesty, etc.

Brusco [Onnis] is a narrow, formal, stiff nature. The only money he has of mine is that of the *Dono* which he knows to belong to Venice, and about which, fearing the crisis of the *Unità*, I have given to him severe instructions. My plotting men talk of purchasing rifles on the first day of November, and it is not astonishing that Brusco thought he might be blamed for disposing of the money without orders. I ought to have thought of it before. I say these things because I do not like Venturi to be irritated against Brusco.

I fear it rains at Tunbridge Wells as well as here, which will be bad for you who are rather far from Matilda.

In haste, your loving

JOSEPH.

It is certain that Mazzini battled through serious illness during the winter of 1865–66, for in a letter written by James Stansfeld to an intimate friend in January, shortly before his appointment to the India Office, there occurs this passage :—

"I find Mazzini markedly improved and am satisfied that he has surmounted this attack. I don't think, therefore, that you need have any more *present* anxiety. The one thing that I fear is this. This attack is almost certain to recur sooner or later—some accident or carelessness or *crânerie* might bring it on, or—still more likely—some considerable anxiety or annoyance, and in any case we cannot help feeling it of likely recurrence when the next winter comes. Now the next attack is almost certain to be more serious. . . ."

On February 17th, he wrote to the same correspondent : "Mazzini is decidedly better and a good deal relieved, I know, by my reappointment."

Mazzini's letters to the Ashursts, of 1865, break off in October, probably owing to his state of health, and nothing seems to have been preserved by them until March, 1866. It may be well, then, in this gap to insert two anecdotes which deserve recording, though unfortunately the precise time of their occurrence is not discoverable.

The first probably relates to Emilie's earlier days in Italy, when she and a friend—perhaps Sarina Nathan—had gone together to stay in the country. One morning Emilie's companion was obliged to go on business, ostensibly trivial, into the town. Emilie, busy at some literary task, suddenly heard the woman of the house whispering to her that the police were upon them, and scarcely had the warning been uttered when an officer rode up to the door. The woman was obliged at once to show him in to Emilie, who, however, in the moment's interval took rapid stock of the situation and made up her mind on what line to act. The officer informed her that she was to consider herself under arrest and that she must go at once with him to the city. Realizing the mistake into which he had fallen and knowing the value of time, she kept him in play as long as she dared. In reply to her indignant question, "Do you know who I am?" he promptly answered, "You are the Signora . . ." She protested, but in such a way as to make him believe that she lied. Finally, she got his permission to ask the woman of the house to pack a small bag for her and, seizing the chance, she instructed her to hurry by a short cut into the town, find the true quarry, tell her what had happened and urge her to get away, if possible by sea. Emilie then, after more hanging back, accompanied the officer, but a fresh delay contrived by her at the end of their journey did, as a matter of fact, enable her colleague to escape. She allowed her captors to think as long as possible that they had secured the right person, then, believing that her friend must have slipped off, she asked them to send for an influential friend staying in the place, who could establish her identity—to their dissatisfaction.

On another occasion, probably much later, she was staying in one of the Italian cities weaving up threads for Mazzini but also taking part in the social doings of the place, when one day, while she sat writing, an officer was shown in upon her without any warning. Always on the alert for the worst, and far too wary to betray surprise, she received the man as an ordinary caller, discounting his probably sinister errand by a show of innocent friendliness. By good luck she recognized him as one of the guests with whom she had conversed at a reception on the previous night.

Bringing to bear all the charm of which she was capable—

and few could resist it when she chose to exert herself—she gave the young man no chance to approach his business. She rang for coffee, and keeping up a flow of politely cordial talk invited him to try her special tobacco. Turning for it to the writing-table, she contrived that her sleeve should sweep a few slips into the waste-paper basket, among them a flimsy scrap such as Mazzini so often used in his smuggled correspondence. Tobacco in hand, she carelessly tore a strip from a fragment she retrieved, rolled a cigarette and lighted a match. Her visitor all unwittingly accepted her proffer, then, talking all the while, she proceeded to roll another cigarette for herself, smoked it over their coffee, and brought the chat round to England, where she found that her "caller" had spent a brief holiday. Finally, at the close of what he termed a delightful conversation and much against his will, the young officer confessed that he had really come to search the house. A person believed to be an agent of Mazzini had, he said, been observed to enter, and it was known that he had left by an exit at the back. Almost certainly he had brought correspondence. Of course the Signora would understand how unpleasant was the duty—— ? Obviously mistaken as the suggestion was, it had been hinted that she—perhaps innocently ?—etc. Oh, but of course, declared the Signora, she had not the least objection to anything of hers being examined. As to papers, it would be seen at once that hers were very commonplace. Certainly her visitor, with whom she even expressed sympathy, could look into everything.

And look he did, while she sat by with a calm pulse, for he himself had smoked one half, and she the other, of the only scrap of writing that mattered. It was one that would have put several necks into the noose which most happily escaped it. Whether one of the imperilled necks was Carlo Venturi's it is impossible to say. It well may have been ; but at the New Year of 1866 the short spell of conjugal happiness allowed by Fate to Emilie was already drawing to a close. In March she and her husband went to stay with friends—the Herbert * Taylors—at Tyndall House, Wimbledon. On the 20th Mazzini wrote to her :

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* It seems likely that the name of Herbert was meant for Harry, by the authority quoted.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Are you living? How? I want one word from you and I would have written before had I not lost the address, written by Venturi on a very small bit of paper.

I am well one day, not well the other. When do you leave Wimbledon? Remember me—*quand même*—to Mrs. Harry Taylor.

Saffi has been elected [to the Italian Parliament]. He is going to refuse. Feeling embarrassed, they are, at Florence, postponing as much as possible the moment of discussing my own election.

What are you reading? Owing to certain incidents, Mr. Stansfeld coming on that very day, and others, no 19th * will be kept at Caroline's. Unless Bessie chooses to invite me, it will be kept nowhere. And as far as I am concerned I really do not see why it should. As the day, however, falls on a Monday, if not at Bessie's I shall be at home that evening.

I hear that Matilda has been very poorly all the week. It is a very cold, windy day—bad for her, bad, I fear, for you too.

Ever loving
JOSEPH.

On the 26th some sort of outing was arranged for the men of the house-party at Wimbledon. They started in the best of spirits, besides appearing without exception to be in the best of health. They were not expected back till dinner, but about four in the afternoon Emilie, who was sitting in a room that had a French window, happening to glance up saw her husband crossing the lawn. He waved his hand to her, more in a gesture of farewell than of greeting, and she felt so surprised that, not waiting to get a shawl, she stepped into the garden and went to the stable-yard whither he had seemed to be turning. A man at work there said he had seen no one; and the gardener, whom Emilie presently found near the entrance-gate, assured her that none of the gentlemen had returned. Feeling unable to believe that she had been mistaken, she came back to the house, but could find no sign of her husband's arrival. Her hostess had seen no one, and the subject dropped. Dinner had to be kept waiting for the absentees, and Emilie, in their bedroom, as she helped Venturi to make a hasty toilet, asked him why he had come back about four o'clock and gone off again so mysteriously. He denied having left the others even for a moment, and seemed annoyed at her persistence in her impression. The evening passed much as usual, Venturi appearing to be in his normal health, and the whole party retired soon after eleven o'clock.

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* St. Joseph's Day, March 19th. Often marked in some way by the Ashursts as a special anniversary in his honour.

Suddenly, while Venturi was taking off his socks, Emilie heard a cry. Her husband's face was contorted with anguish, and she saw that a violent spasm of his recurring pains had seized him. After that one irrepressible cry his head fell back and he expired in his chair—so, at least, his widow always stated to the present writer. But in the beautiful obituary notice written by Mazzini, the circumstances are given differently.

Death was of course due to the heart disease, unrecognized and treated as intercostal rheumatism, which had started years before through the typical compression of Austria's rigid white uniform.

"He suffered," wrote Mazzini, "patiently, and spoke little of his malady, only dreading that when the day should come to struggle for the liberty of his native Venice, he might find himself unfit for the ordeal. He had been keenly watching the intestinal troubles of Germany, anticipating a crisis of which Italy could take advantage, when, at the age of 36, the grave claimed his mortal form."

To him as to his wife, the dogma of the day meant nothing. They shared Mazzini's faith in "a religious transformation founded not upon the dogma of the Fall, but upon Progress as the Law of Life: hence," wrote this incomparable friend, "we called no priest to the graveside at Highgate: we prayed in silence, moved by a profound sadness. Yet a faith more potent than any appearance of death or of mystery, moved within the widow's heart and mine—a rainbow of hope, a promise from above, the more beautiful because cleaving clouds of tears and sorrow. In our rare moments of supreme joy, of supreme grief, when, unconsciously, all the powers of the soul are focussed, the *sense* of Immortality arises within us—and can God, Who placed the conception of Love, of the Infinite, within our being, utter a lie? No. For him who has been faithful to Duty upon earth, the grave is but the cradle of a new and nobler existence." "A stream of thoughts," declared Mazzini, "rose before me, fresh and insistent, as we stood by that open grave. I turned to the sorrowing one who leant upon my arm and murmured that she had now in

Carlo a guardian angel. She lifted eyes bathed in tears to my own, as she answered '*I know it.*'"

For a while, certainly, after this terrible blow, Emilie stayed with her sister Caroline, for on May 9th, James Stansfeld wrote to Jessie Mario:

"Emilie is with us now, and much better. She can talk as she likes and feels no restraint with us, so that she is falling, so to say, into natural ways again, which is the best possible thing to make her life endurable. I have heard nothing yet about Mazzini's movements. I think he will wait to see how the war begins, whether with right vigorous notions of strategy or not. You know his ideas."

To Emilie, at Fulbourne, near Cambridge. Seems May 28th, 1866.

Dearest Emilie,

Herzen, from Geneva—7 Quai du Mont Blanc—writes to me:

"Nous nous réunissons même de loin autour des tombes de nos amis. Votre article sur Venturi nous a frappés. Pauvre Emilie! Les souvenirs de mes premières années de Londres ('52–'53) sont tellement attachés à mes propres malheurs, à Madame Venturi et à tout votre cercle d'alors, que le cœur m'a saigné en lisant vos lignes. Nos douleurs à nous, sont sans consolations; elles se cicatrisent, et voilà tout. Mais ce n'est pas pour discuter, cher ami, que j'ai pris la plume; c'est pour vous serrer la main et vous prier de dire à Madame Venturi que je lui serre aussi la main en ami. Peut-être que le mouvement qui commence absorbera une partie de ses douleurs."

I cannot send the letter, dear, because there are things that I must try to make available for the *Daily News*. Ogareff is rather worse in health. No news. I fear I have by mistake sent you the *Evening Star* instead of the *Standard*. But I fear to puzzle Mr. Pausey with many changes, and really the one is worth the other.

Ever loving
Joseph.

Tuesday.

To Emilie, at or near Cambridge. May 29th, 1866.

I have sent the signature [to a manifesto in favour of Woman's Suffrage]. As you say, the form is somewhat altered and not implying any abdication of the principle.

I am, since two days, tolerably. I went on Saturday with Caroline to the Flower Exhibition; gorgeous in the Reubens style; materialistic and artificial; lilies, rhododendrons, roses, large as the moon at the horizon, etc.—no little flowers, and most of the large ones made up—without leaves—into huge sugar-loaves. Still they are flowers, and therefore beautiful. The azaleas, the white especially, very beautiful.*

Yesterday I went to Aubrey House, on foot part of the way; and all the way back. I was tired and stiff-kneed to an extreme; longing for rest and silence; but no. I met Seeley at the door, who came back and pumped me out for an hour!

No decisive news. Louis Napoleon spoke to Layard of Italian Federation; a slice of the *Marche* given to the Pope, Naples to the Duke of Tuscany, etc.! I believe in war still, but they drag on; and the only thing I fear is some Prussian compelling Bismarck to resign. . . .

Ludmilla Assing † is here, wanting to see you, and going to stop, alas! until you come back. Meanwhile I must introduce her to Caroline, Bessie, the Taylors, etc. She is good, but very exhausting. Dear, to be alone and free only down to lunch-time is very little. . . . How is it possible that they should have only German books—not even English ones?

And this is all I have to say. I am going to write plenty or answers—laconic as telegrams—to plenty of questions from Italy about the Party. The only comfortable thing for your sake is the good, soft weather. . . .

On May 29th, Mazzini also wrote to Mrs. Hamilton King, explaining his dislike and distrust of Bismarck and stating more fully what he believed the aims of Louis Napoleon: the possession of Sardinia and a federated, not a united Italy—the Marches restored to the Pope, and Naples to be given to the Duke of Tuscany. He believed war to be very near, and however badly it might be managed, whatever the mistakes in leadership, the Party of Action would be bound in honour to support it to the utmost of their power; though they would hold free from all compacts and strive only for "Italy and Right."

For months the situation between Prussia and Austria had fluctuated between compromise and rupture. A Convention held in August, 1865, in part to solve the question of Schleswig-Holstein and Lauernburg, had, in the picturesque language of Bismarck, "papered over the cracks" in the relations of the two greatest mid-European Powers, and had consequently weakened for a time Italian hopes. The Italian Prime Minister understood Bismarck well enough to realize that he looked on Europe as a chess-player looks on the board, and that only in so far as Italy might or might not be useful to him would he consider the elements in her position. He knew also that Bismarck would risk no great move until he felt sure of France's sympathy, or o her complete abstention from activity.

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* It is interesting to note that Mathilde Blind recorded something of Mazzini's taste in flowers. He did not care for the scent of roses; found it Eastern, sensuous; there was nothing stirring in it. He loved the scent of the lily of the valley and of jasmine, because in both he could detect "Eastern languishing but also the rousing, pricking essence which is needed to neutralize the first." He held the love of the rose and the nightingale to be a prejudice, and, rather than the nightingale, he considered the sky-lark the most spiritual of birds, for "its song is full of unutterable joy."

† A German woman journalist who lived in Florence in close touch with Piero Cironi and Gianelli. She translated most of Mazzini's writings into German, and journeyed rather frequently between the Continent and England.

The Convention of August, called by Austria to gain time, turned, in the event, entirely to the advantage of Prussia, and marked a quiet triumph for Bismarck who, faced by veritable hatred throughout his own country, yet succeeded by a long-sighted patience, in instilling a taste for conquest into the mind of his King. Had Austria been able to pluck up courage in 1865, she might have profited by Bismarck's immense unpopularity to "sweep Prussian ambitions for ever from her path. But . . . her treasury was empty; her army existed in great measure on paper; her cavalry lacked horses, her artillery guns. In Venetia, which was likely to bear the first brunt of attack, she had been compelled to reduce her troops to a peace footing."* She was thankful to emerge from the Convention ostensibly the equal—so far as concerned the Duchies—of her hated rival, for she was to administer Holstein while Prussia would administer the affairs of Schleswig. Prussia, however, acquired the little State of Lauernburg by purchase.

Bismarck observes, in his *Reflections and Reminiscences* that this, the first acquisition of territory by Prussia under William I, seemed to arouse that prince's appetite for the sort of fare indulged in by his ancestors: "He developed a taste for conquest." And this taste lacked no whetting on the part of his great Minister, who carefully reminded him that "Frederick William IV had acquired Hohenzollern and the Jahde district; Frederick William III, the Rhine province; Frederick William II, Poland; Frederick II, Silesia; Frederick William I, old Hither Pomerania; the Great Elector, Further Pomerania and Magdeburg, Minden, etc.; and," adds Bismarck, "I encouraged him to do likewise."

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* *Modern Europe.* A. Philips.

Though the German Minister's intention was war, a delay suited him. He had adroitly discovered, or perhaps dexterously determined the attitude of Louis Napoleon in the autumn of the previous year; now, therefore, he proceeded to further a commercial treaty that would admit Italy into the Zollverein and obtain for her recognition as a Kingdom by all except the lesser German States. This matter, and designs to connect Italy with Germany by the St. Gothard railway, marked the early months of 1866; while, in addition, Bismarck signified to La Marmora that a sterner sort of alliance might also be negotiated.

For some time mutual distrust, and the network of difficulties that hampered the astute German, caused this delicate matter to hang in the balance, but at the beginning of April a secret treaty was signed which pledged Italy and Prussia to a war with Austria. No terms of peace were to be accepted that did not give Venetia to Italy and enrich Prussia by territory bearing a population equal to that of Lombardy and Venetia put together. La Marmora struggled to get the Trentino added to Venice, but he struggled in vain. It was a third disappointment. He had made one abortive effort to buy Venetia from Francis Joseph for 100,000,000 lire; and in February, when a revolution in Roumania deposed Prince Couza, he had suggested (Louis Napoleon approving), that Austria should become possessor of the Danubian Principalities in return for giving Venice to Italy. But Russia and England refused to listen to such a scheme, while Austria herself rejected it.

Bismarck undertook in the secret treaty to declare war within three months, but varied influences continued to render this step so difficult to him that, but for a rumour that Garibaldi was moving towards the Po, Austria might not have been betrayed into affording him a pretext. This rumour alarmed her enough to make her begin to mobilize, and thereby to infringe an undertaking for partial disarmament into which she had entered with Prussia. Moreover, she followed up her somewhat precipitate action by an ultimatum to Berlin. A feeling of alarm at once awoke in Paris, where it was the general belief that Austria would certainly defeat the Prussians; and the alarm considerably increased when the Italian army began also to mobilize; for the last thing desired by Louis Napoleon as the outcome of any European shuffle was the formation of a united and consequently powerful Germany, whether under a victorious Austria or a victorious Prussia. French policy had always been to keep these two Powers from coalescing in any way, either through political agreement or through the conquest of one by the other. Louis Napoleon, therefore, rushed into an appeal for a Congress—an idea most unwelcome to Austria, who dreaded the Italian question and the great subject of nationality being ventilated before all the world. Little realizing the height of the precipice on whose edge she was standing, she caused the notion of a Congress to evaporate after a few weeks of futile negotiations. She perceived, however, fresh cause for fear in the bias of Louis Napoleon towards Prussia, and having failed in tempting La Marmora into a secret undertaking she now lost no time in concluding one with the Emperor. By it she agreed to cede Venetia, even though she should emerge victorious from the now imminent war. Her prospect of victory seemed indeed no chimera, for very soon the Federal Diet of the smaller German States decided almost unanimously to stand by her. Her great rival appeared, therefore, isolated to his own resources. How formidable those resources were, the needle-gun—that new and terrible instrument which he had quietly perfected for this struggle—was soon to show.

To Emilie, at The Cottage, Fulbourne, near Cambridge. Dated by her May 29th, 1866.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Charcoal or not, no hymn to be sung [to him for being better]. Yesterday I had pains in the afternoon, in the evening, and in bed. . . .

I like your keeping the link with what Carlo loved and thought or did, even in a trifle. To *continue* as far as possible the dear departed one, is, to me, the best part of love.

Yes, dear, I ought to have gone to Carlyle. I shall try, perhaps to-morrow, before one. Yesterday evening we were at Bessie's with Ledru, Assing, Langiewicz, Madame Bulewski,* the Gillmans and Saffi. Ludmilla Assing is determined to see you and to await until you come back.

I believe in war: the Conference is nothing but a sham.

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* Bulewski was one of the persons used by the King in his recent negotiations with the Party of Action.

Here, the Cabinet is going to fall.[*] I am sure that Gladstone enjoys it. You will receive the *Saturday Review*. I think you ought to send the *Unità*, when there are the lines on Young Blind,[†] to Mrs. Blind, 2 Winchester Road, Adelaide Road, Hampstead.

True and deep love from your
JOSEPH.

I have heard from W[olff] twice or three times. It will not be entirely the fault of Garibaldi if he lands in some out of the way place: it will be the Government's scheme: ships and all from them. It seems to me that they contemplate sending him to Dalmatia; and it would be an excellent thing if he either went with 30,000 men or if the bulk of the army performed at the same time what I have written for the next number of the *Dovere*. But they seem bent on the Quadrilateral; and in that case the Garibaldian landing might be an utter and fatal failure. Of course Garibaldi *ought* to have made his conditions on the plan of the war.

Garibaldi recalls in his *Memoirs* that, when Victor Emmanuel first communicated with him about taking command of the Volunteers, he "imparted the idea of a descent on the Dalmatian coast" to be made by Garibaldi in concert with Admiral Persano. It appears to have been met by determined opposition from La Marmora and the other generals. "What a splendid prospect," writes Garibaldi, "was opening for us in the east! Thirty thousand men on the Dalmatian coast would have been quite enough to overthrow the Austrian monarchy; and we had plenty of sympathetic elements and many friends in that part of Eastern Europe from Greece to Hungary—all warlike populations hostile to Austria. . . . We should certainly have kept the enemy in play to such purpose as to force him to diminish his armaments in the west and north to prevent our penetrating into the heart of Austria and throwing the firebrand of insurrection amongst the ten nationalities composing that heterogeneous and monstrous body politic." But unfortunately for Italian arms La Marmora would have none of it, and he scorned also, with words of dire unwisdom, the plan of campaign put forward at the end of May by Mazzini in the *Unità Italiana*; a plan identical with the scheme of Moltke and urged upon La Marmora by Usedom, the Prussian Minister at Florence. The King would have accepted it, and Ricasoli, who took over the premiership to release La Marmora for the field, perceived the astuteness of it. Like Bismarck he was working for a Hungarian rising and he hoped also for the help of the Slavs. But the King allowed himself to be overruled by La Marmora, who disliked irregular movements and refused to "dirty his hands" by accepting Kossuth's offer.

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[*] May and part of June saw a struggle over the Government Franchise Bill. Lord Derby succeeded Lord John Russell and formed a new Ministry.

[†] Ferdinand Blind, who has been described as a noble-spirited, impetuous youth, first attempted the life of Bismarck, because he believed him to be about to plunge Germany into a war without sufficient provocation and likely to prove ruinous, and then took his own.

Briefly, the idea of Moltke, like that of Mazzini, was to force an action near Padua, then if possible attack the Quadrilateral from the east, advance to the Danube and Vienna and join with the Prussians; but the policy of flinging the whole strength of the army upon the Quadrilateral from the west appealed to La Marmora, and divided opinions produced an unfortunate compromise that shared the weak side of both plans without allowing a fair chance to either.

To Emilie, in Cambridge. Inscribed by her "seems to be June 5th, as the 6th was Carlo's birthday and their wedding day."

DEAREST EMILIE,

To-morrow will be a sadder day than usual with you. I thought of writing this morning, then I gave it up. If I had been able to come near you it would be something—but writing is nothing. You will be sad, ought and must be so; but bravely and tranquilly so; now far more than on plenty of other days. The root of sadness is in the parting, not in the day. Blessings and love, dear, lonely one, from your Joseph.

No, dear, you need not fear from Ludmilla [Assing]; she never speaks a word on Giannelli.

I went on Sunday and saw Carlyle; very sad and touching and feeling very much his solitude. Still, I think he is somehow, more calm and resigned than he was a short while ago and he will end by trying a book—not Luther—in which he will absorb himself. I think he liked my having called, but not exceptionally; he said nothing about my seeing him again. He spoke very nicely about you and Carlo. I saw Miss Welsh, not the doctor.

If the collective declaration of Garibaldi does nor reconcile you, you are really hard-hearted! Please to send it back. I want it. War is or ought to be imminent on our side. I feel weakly nervous at the first steps and at the plan of the campaign which they will unmask and which may prove decisive, if not for Italy in the end, to thousands of brave young men. A defeat might prove useful in its ultimate result; still, although I would try to make the best of it for our good own aim, I cannot afford to calculate now on it. . . .

Mrs. Carlyle and Carlo Venturi died within a month of each other; the former in an apoplectic fit while driving in the brougham her husband had given her. Carlyle remained profoundly inconsolable, for he had almost worshipped his wife.* After losing her he would scarcely ever see a woman friend, but he made an exception of Emilie Venturi, whose grief, like his own, struck too deep for words. To her his door was never shut, and with him she spent many a silent evening. Her tie of spiritual kinship had always been stronger with him than with his wife, and in their bereavement each seemed to find something grateful and sustaining in the wordless sympathy of the other.

To Emilie, at Fulbourne, near Cambridge. June 12th, 1866.

DEAREST EMILIE,

For God's sake *be* master of yourself. Where is the difference between scepticism and our faith if it is not in our *accepting* grief instead of being dominated by it?

Dear, I never write to Mrs. Nichol: I do not even know whether she is in Edinburgh or elsewhere. Tell me if you wish me to write, and give me her address if you have it. I dare say she knows nothing.

I went yesterday to see Mrs. Blind. She gave me, for you, the enclosed photograph of her son. I went the day before to see Mr. Craufurd. He is physically comparatively well; intellectually he is lost. He asked me ten times the identical question. He is in an atonic condition.

It would require an energetic declaration on your side, and [then] you *might* have comparative rest at Mentia's. I scarcely ever see her now and I did not know she had been insisting [on Emilie's going to stay with her].

I think that war is imminent. Garibaldi's arrival on the Continent ought to precede it only of two or three days. I feel very nervous and unsettled. I wish I was strong, and was there. The thought appears, reappears, torments. Still, unless the army is beaten, what could I do in Italy now?

Bless you, dearest Emilie. I am not flourishing and have a great deal to write. Your loving

JOSEPH.

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* An illuminating article entitled *A Memory of Thomas Carlyle* appeared from the pen of Madame Venturi in the November number, 1890, of the *Paternoster Review*, a sixpenny monthly which had an all too brief existence.

Somebody translated the "Questione Morale,"* and offered it to [G.H.] Lewis. He answered that it was very eloquent but merely and exclusively Italian and could not interest the British public. He added that if I would write on Italy *for* England, he would be glad, etc.

Monday night.

On the day Mazzini wrote the above letter, the formal state of war between Prussia and Austria began by the recall of the Ambassadors of both countries. A few days later Prussia withdrew from the German Confederation, where her policy in regard to the Danish Duchies, and reform of the Federal Constitution, met a heavy adverse vote.

The lesser German States, with one exception, having "plumped" for Austria in the belief that she must win, the first care of Prussia, as soon as hostilities could begin, was naturally to crush their separate levies before they could coalesce. Previously to doing this, however, Bismarck gave them one more chance to remain neutral—a chance which the German Princes decided to repudiate.

It took Prussia just three days (June 16, 17, 18) to overpower Saxony, Hanover, and Cassel. Two days after the occupation of Dresden, Italy declared war (June 20th).

To Emilie, at Fulbourne. June 18th, 1866.

Do not think that I am a forgetful brute. I always think of you, and wanted to write during the last three days. But the pains have come back and have annoyed me very much during the day. I have urging things to write for Italy: when I have done so and think of writing to you or Matilda, the pains come and I am compelled to lie down or begin to walk up and down the room, unfit for anything. I did very little indeed the whole day yesterday. I suppose this bit of crisis will pass away. To-day I feel, hitherto, better.

I understand your state and had not—how could I?—a single thought of blame for it, dear. I only repeated, and must from time to time repeat to you my old saying: "Souffrez, mais souffrez debout." Struggle, and work. Let grief be a purifying thing for you and make you better even than you are. It is the only thing, alas! that I can do for you.

Be explicit, dear, with Clementia; declare that you must be, the most of the time, alone. She is good, and will like it.

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* Published in pamphlet form by the *Tipografia Sociale*, Milan, in this year.

War has virtually begun. Even in this our Government has renounced initiative—which would have been honourable for Italy without one shadow of risk just now.

Can you understand this? Garibaldi, a General in activity now, ordering one of his officers to make some frontier perlustration, and when asked to give the necessary money, declaring that he had not a farthing? The officer is one of mine, and happens to have—for different purposes—some £45 of mine. Having mentioned that fact Garibaldi says: "Oh, very well, spend that!"

Caroline was going to-day to see Matilda, but it rains, and she will go to-morrow.

Faithful love from your

JOSEPH.

On June 10th, Fabrizi, conveying the invitation both of the Government and of the Party of Action, had gone across to Caprera, returning the same evening with Garibaldi, who was to head the great muster of Volunteers converging upon Como. Very soon the numbers of these patriots reached a figure that alarmed the Government. "It is a *levée en masse!*" exclaimed La Marmora, who was now in command of the regular army, "*and we do not wish it.*"

He had prepared equipment for less than half the men who were eventually allowed to enrol (some 30,000), mostly young enthusiasts, but interspersed with veteran survivors of other campaigns. Without cannon, and armed with inferior old muskets, they were sent to the frontier at Lake Garda.

To Emilie, at Fulbourne. Seems June 19th, 1866.

Mrs. F. sends some grapes from her sister's hothouse, and I write one word, dearest Emilie, to say that I receive to-day a scrap from Caroline, written in Paris! It took two days to come. They had a very rough crossing . . . they were going on. She wishes me to give you her news and love. I join mine with a promise to be very polite to-morrow evening. I am frantic, having just now had Georgina, Mad. Filopanti and others. Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, at Fulbourne. June 20th, 1866.

DEAREST EMILIE,

. . . With Ludmilla [Assing] I shall settle something and let you know; the difficulty is to make her understand an address like that of Aubrey House. She lives at 31 Fitzroy Square. Probably Clementia, whom I saw yesterday, will call on her.

On Saturday I shall see you at Aubrey House. On Friday it is impossible.

Joseph [son of Mrs. Nathan] goes in the Guides ! *

Dear, it would be impossible, as you say, for me to *blame* you, anyhow. You will never misinterpret anything I may say. I have been better these last two days.

In a hurry, but ever loving and communing, your

JOSEPH.

Wednesday.

Caroline gives very unfavourable news of Matilda.

To Emilie, at Peter Taylor's, Aubrey House, Campden Hill, London. June 25th, 1866.

DEAREST EMILIE,

If you are at Aubrey House, write one word. I shall come to you to-morrow, most likely in the evening : Italian correspondences may bind me during the day.

I am impatient of hearing how you are ; but I shall judge, myself, to-morrow. I felt unwell yesterday evening : tolerably to-day.

I shall thank Clementia and Peter, viva voce, for the wine and you for the very useful candles.

Love from your devoted

JOSEPH.

Monday.

To Emilie. Seems sent to Aubrey House. June 27th, 1866.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Between the heat, letters to be written and Enrico Nathan leaving for Turin and Lugano and calling to-day at an uncertain hour, I doubt my being able to call as I intended. Will you write one word about Matilda ? We shall see one another to-morrow.

About things in general, I think the prospect is not so bad as a few days ago.

Ever loving

JOSEPH.

Wednesday.

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* This "Benjamin" of the Nathan family greatly distinguished himself in the Tyrolean section of the war.

To Emilie, at Aubrey House. Seems June 27th, 1866.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I was about coming to you this evening, but a threatening of the pains which were yesterday rather annoying, and the cold wind, kept me back. I send one word of love instead. For the rest, nothing new. Bezzi, Wolff, everybody from whom I have letters, are dissatisfied. They have been concentrated at Lonato, at the lowest point of the lake! Garibaldi is dissatisfied too; but submitting. One would say that they open the road to the Austrians to afford a pretence to French interference.

Addio: I shall be at lunch with you at one on Friday: tell Clementia. I know that I shall see you in the evening at Caroline's but I wish to see you before.

Your loving wreck
JOSEPH.

Wednesday.

Garibaldi was not only dissatisfied but seriously perturbed. Ordered to carry his operations into the Tyrol, he won a bridge, and the strong position of Monte Suello, and was preparing to push on when bad news arrived from La Marmora, with orders for the Volunteers to cover Brescia. He recalled his vanguard from the Tyrol and began concentrating on Lonato, a place which, besides covering Brescia and Salò (on the lake), would be useful as a rallying point, and good for collecting supplies.

The royal army had been fatally divided instead of acting under one supreme command. Cialdini was to attack the Quadrilateral from the east while La Marmora struck at it from the west. The latter advanced before the former was ready and the Austrian forces, whom La Marmora failed to perceive, happened to be commanded by a man who understood strategy, knew his ground, and accurately gauged the weakness of his adversaries. The Archduke Albert carried off a signal if not overwhelming victory at Custozza on June 24th, which served to reveal an amazing incompetence in La Marmora and seriously to affect the spirit of the Italians.

"La Marmora telegraphed to Cialdini and Garibaldi in terms of utmost discouragement;"* he then proposed that Cialdini should take the supreme command. But it was not long before the hopeful anticipations of the army itself began to revive, for the Italians had a superiority over the Austrians in numbers, and much was expected from the fleet.

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* *History of Italian Unity.* Bolton King.

A comment made by Garibaldi years after the events of 1866 may throw a ray of light upon the fact that certain regiments, by their poor behaviour, materially conduced to the disgrace of Custozza. The army, he declared, had not escaped the corruption which had made its way even to the "innermost recesses" of society in Italy. "The degrading picture was completed," he said, "by the state of the peasant elements, the strongest in our army, kept by the clergy in a state of ignorance and hatred of the national cause." The Franco-Vatican influence subtly pervaded every phase of life, in opposition to that faith in Progress, that belief in the educative effect of responsibility, that respect for the individual human will, which breathed in the religion Mazzini strove so hard to inculcate.

To Emilie, at Aubrey House. June 28th, 1866.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I have been, since I saw you, very much annoyed by the pains and shall be evidently so to-day. The heat perhaps is unfavourable. I feel weak and unable to move. To-morrow, however, either at four or in the evening I shall see you.

Struggle, dear one, and try to master the all-absorbing idea. I wish you came back for a while to Caroline. Ever your loving

Jos.

No answer from Cowen.

Thursday.

To Emilie, at Aubrey House. Seems July, 1866.

How are you, dearest Emilie? Yesterday I wanted to come to you. A succession of people, work and heat, prevented me. This evening I am going to a concert. I shall not be able to see you before to-morrow.

I am so weak and absurd that I am bothering myself to death and giving money for the wife of a man who owes to me £30—is an *escroc*, and is in prison by order of David Nathan to whom he owes £150. But the woman is perfectly innocent, was deceived as much as we were: all her things are pawned, she does not know one word of English, cries like a Magdalen. What can I do? I am therefore trying to get the man out of prison, writing to creditors, preparing them to vanish, etc.

Bless you. Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

Wednesday.

To Caroline, from Hansa Frères Hotel, Schweizerhof, Lucerne. Seems July 14th, 1866.

Dear One,

Here I am, detained one day by an unfavourable incident. We met, at Basel, a Swiss *warrior* coming back from the camp at Thun, who knows my companion Ad: * and enough of myself to suspect me. He was going to Lugano and we would have travelled together.! I therefore determined that Ad: should go on with him this morning, so that the dangerous volunteer may be led to believe that I have gone to some other place, and that although in Switzerland, I am not in the Tessin. I shall cross lake and Alps alone to-morrow—and for the rest, *à la garde de Dieu*. I have been tolerably well, but the weather is worse than in England : it rains almost without intermission ; it is very cold and there must have been a fall of snow on the Alps. I telegraphed yesterday to Emilie, so that you know by this time that all was right so far. Papers *en route* are out of question and some English papers which I found here are very old, so that I know nothing of the world ; only from some bit of a local paper I guess that all goes wrong with us and that we are bent on peace, abandonment of the Trentino, etc. Ah me !

You will give, of course, my news to Matilda, and give her own to me when you write. Perhaps you will have seen her. Ask her if the papers go to her right every day as usual.

The number of English people here is incredible. Nearly 300 travellers or more in this hotel, and of these 300, two hundred are Englishmen. There is an English hotel ; there are five or six other first class hotels. Follow up the proportion and you will reach an approximate idea of the strength of the numbers.

I wish I was with you . . . I have been thinking of you all along and almost repenting my having left ; still, it was unavoidable. I met with Prussians everywhere on the road ; they are evidently excited by their victories, marching proud, and one would almost say taller. All the Germans with whom I spoke spoke defiantly of the Emperor's proposal.

What are you doing ? How is Joe ? How James ? Who is at St. Leonards ? Any German exciting your enthusiasm—any Engel or Blumenthal ?

At Basel, when I left him, I have been compelled to give one hundred francs to Bul., who, partly owing to our way of travelling, had to spend more than he thought ; and one hundred to Ad. ; but these of course I shall have back. I have been trembling at the probability of meeting here in the streets, Miss Remond, who is to be at Luzern this very week ; but I did not see her. From

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* Possibly Adolphus Nathan.

Luzern to Florence she is to travel alone, and with her ignorance of the languages I wonder how she will manage. And in Florence? What will she do if there is no war? It will be very difficult for her to get an employment in our hospitals in peace time.

This note, dear, is as dull as the writer. I do feel peculiarly dull: uncertain about everything; dissatisfied, and longing to be able to come back to you very soon. I am not always satisfied in London; but I more and more feel that even when dissatisfied, near you I am "at home" . . . Love to all. Ever your devoted

WANDERER.

14, I fancy.

I perceive with horror that I left in my room the little scissors which Emilie with so much care and ingenuity had inserted in the tiny almanac. The crossing has been good, I did not suffer, and during the last hour I went so far as to light a cigar! You were at that time asleep and *not* dreaming of me.

Serious news from the seat of war had taken Mazzini to the Continent, although he was physically unfit for the journey and had scarcely expected to have to go. Following upon the Italian defeat at Custozza, the Austrians' fortune turned, and they sustained repeated blows culminating on July 2nd in such a disaster at Sadowa as to justify Moltke in saying to his King, "Your Majesty has not only won the battle but the campaign." Consequent upon this Prussian victory, the Archduke Albert had to withdraw from Italy to reinforce the Austrian general Benedek in Bohemia; but in spite of this advantage to the Italians the want of initiative and foresight in their commanders prevented any favourable result accruing to them.

The event at Sadowa shocked Louis Napoleon. He felt he could not allow Austria to collapse. He immediately intervened by telegraph, reminding Austria that she had promised him Venetia, to be handed over to Italy, and strongly urging an armistice. A few days later he threatened to give Venetia back to Austria if the armistice were refused, and when he heard that Victor Emmanuel had crossed the Po, incensed at Venice being turned into "an alms," he wired forbidding a foot to be set on Venetian—now French—soil. Victor Emmanuel consented to a truce on the condition of Tyrol being ceded to him, direct, along with Venetia, and provided that the Roman question should not be referred to in the terms. But, in honour, he could do nothing without the consent of Prussia, and although the Italians felt that every effort ought still to be made to conquer Venice for themselves, and to occupy the Trentino and Istria, no definite moves were taken until the middle of the month. Still, Prussia became a little suspicious of Italy even before Cialdini reached Vicenza or Medici succeeded in joining Garibaldi by forced marches.

To Emilie. August 18th, 1866. Seems from Lugano.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Many, many thanks for your dear, long patient note. I have now only time for one word. But I want to avail myself of the opportunity. From here I must not post. The rumour has already spread, and the sojourn will soon grow rather dangerous. Please to let Caroline know, etc. Keep me, when you write, *au courant* of your movements and of your addresses if they should have to be changed. I do not know now the when of further movements for me ; I am depending on answers to letters which I have sent. Sarina is leaving for Florence on account of the marriage. The weather is of course beautiful. Quadrio is tolerably well and very deaf ; I think Cimino might be answered, supposing you kept his address—that I am abroad in Holland.

Tell me if you can smoke at Miss Cushman's. I hope that Caroline will not have forgotten the Fields' address at St. Leonards.

My general impression is that we shall do nothing, and weakly accept peace and all. The positive, I shall know within nine or ten days. Love to you, dear sufferer. Your devoted

JOSEPH.

To Caroline, from Lugano. August 24th, 1866.

DEAR ONE,

I received the *Dàily News* of the 20th with the few words saying James is better. I was feeling uncomfortable and am very glad to know that all is right. I am still here, but on Monday I shall move : *the* interview takes place on that day : it will lead to nothing, but it is well that I have it. It is not at the camp. Refusing the amnesty* as I do, I do not want to be publicly there or anywhere, unless for purposes of action which are not apparently forthcoming. I have seen one or two people from there: the two-thirds of the volunteers would do anything; but the initiative, unless with the chief's consent, cannot come from them. In the towns—who ought to rise first—the disgust is universal; royalty is morally at an end; but from that to action the path is wide. I am tolerably. It is warm and sunny and beautiful; but except after midnight I can enjoy nothing; my presence must be a mystery to the domesticity of the opposite house, and it is only after midnight when everybody is in bed that I can go to the windows and look at the lake. It was yesterday night truly beautiful; calm as rest; above the moon in a cloudless sky—one solitary star. Jupiter shining and looking like a blessed island for troubled souls, if only they could reach it. I thought of it, and then of you, and wished myself at St. Leonards. I cannot conceal the fact that, as to one who probably sees it for the last time, this fascinating Italian sky of my own has now more than ever a prestige, a sort of silent invitation to go, to roam a little while under it from Venice to Genoa, Florence, Naples, Palermo—but it is out of question. The decidedly hostile republican attitude which I feel bound more than ever to take towards the Government, and the impossibility of keeping unknown, of escaping patriotic ovations, etc., make the thing absolutely unpractical.

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* Granted at the beginning of the war.

Satisfied about James, I am now longing to learn your decision about visiting or remaining where you are. Next week Aurelio [Saffi] and Nina will go away to Forli, I think. I am rather glad they do.

You are right—a rather excited conversation with somebody from Italy made me fear that the pains would come back: they did not, however, and contented themselves with a vague threatening, a sort of commentary to your affectionate recommendations. Quadrio, too, is unsatisfactory . . . but touchingly loving.

What are you doing? Whom do you meet? Did you see Matilda? I enclose a note for her. From Emilie I heard only once: what do you know of her? Where is she going after Miss Cushman? Home? Do you hear anything of Bessie and William or of Clementia? Poor Mr. Craufurd, I hear, had another attack—went out by night, shouted from a cab that he wanted to go to the Bishop of London—had policemen persuading him to go home, etc.

Your letter, dear, was written on the 16th and I begin to feel a right to a second one; and you spoke of once a week. I am not exigeant as usual; still, remember that I am all day long in a room, almost always alone and having plenty of time between one letter and another for thinking, conjecturing, wishing. A paper from time to time with one word inside is something; but a letter is strength, consolation, love—and if very good, joy.

Bless you. Addio. Now and ever your loving

JOSEPH.

Do not cease writing or change direction whatever my movements are. Give my love to all when you write to one or the other.

Much happened between the battle of Sadowa and the date of the above letter. Garibaldi, ordered once more to push into the Trentino, met with fluctuating successes, for no amount of enthusiasm could make up for want of equipment, food, and above all for the stamina needed in mountain warfare. Whilst he stood on the eve of a brilliant though not fateful victory at Bezzecca, Admiral Persano was sustaining so disgraceful a defeat at Lissa that it did indeed force Italy "to drink the dregs of shame"* (July 20th). With nerves shattered by debauchery, Persano needed peremptory orders to make him take the sea at all. Then, although the Italians outnumbered their enemy, they were so inferior in other directions that this attack upon the island of Lissa cost them two ironclads. For three days a false rumour of victory kept the country in heart, and when the horrid truth became known it was only to run concurrent with the news that Bismarck had engaged in peace preliminaries without consulting his ally.

Austria, in fact, offered to cede Venice unconditionally if France could induce Italy to withdraw from the war; and it was in order to take advantage of the situation thus created with the French Emperor that Bismarck felt anxious to terminate the contest. "To keep Napoleon in play, and to bring pressure to bear on Austria, while at the same time he offered terms that she could accept, became the object of Bismarck's policy. It was to this end that he made an effort to stir up Hungarian nationality against Austria. But Deák, the Magyar leader . . . saw in the union of Hungary with the Hapsburg crown, the surest guarantee against that Slav preponderance which, of all things, the Magyars had most reason to dread,"† and the effort failed.

This is not the place to enter upon the clever management of Bismarck in preparing for an entire unification of Germany while at the same time bringing about an arrangement that would lead Louis Napoleon to believe her permanently divided. He had to reckon with English and with Russian ideas and protests, besides a passionate, dogged Italian insistence upon the possession of Tyrol, and the claim that Venice should be ceded to Italy direct. Napoleon, for his part, kept his eye on the Rhine frontier; but Bismarck, humouring or ignoring all obstacles to his own far-sighted plans, held firmly to a policy of diplomatic moderation which allowed no parade of victory over Austria, and which finally brought about the signature of Peace on August 23rd.

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* *History of Italian Unity.* Bolton King.

† *Ibid.*

Up to August 11th—during the fortnight's truce between Austria and Prussia—Ricasoli struggled valiantly for his own terms, for Garibaldi had been making so much way in the Tyrol that as soon as Medici should effect a junction with him Italian arms would, apparently, secure that province as their own legitimate prize. But on the declaration of an armistice (July 25th), Garibaldi received a telegram recalling him and his forces; to which, astounded and disheartened, he could only reply, "I obey."

There recently died in his Fifeshire home, at the age of 93, almost the last of Garibaldi's Volunteers, Mr. John Boyd Kinnear, believed to be the oldest member of the Scottish Bar, and called to the English Bar in 1856. Subjoined is a letter of his to the present writer giving one or two details of his doings in 1866:—

Kinloch, Collessie, Fife. July 21st, 1916.

. . . I should be extremely glad to assist you were it in my power, in elucidating difficulties in the mass of materials which has come into your hands respecting Mazzini. I fear, however, that my service can only be very slight.

My introduction to Mazzini was in the year 1866. In June of that year . . . as war between Italy and Austria had just broken out, I decided to take service as a Volunteer under Garibaldi. To facilitate this a friend gave me an introduction to Mrs. Stansfeld, sister of Madame Venturi, and Mrs. Stansfeld got Mazzini to give me a letter of introduction to Garibaldi. I do not think that I saw Mazzini personally at this time. I went out, presented my letter, and was enrolled as a private in the 9th Regiment, commanded by Menotti Garibaldi. But the war was brought very quickly to an end and when peace was signed I returned to London. Then I called on Mazzini, and frequently met him at the Stansfelds, where I also met Madame Venturi. He was depressed with the imperfect results of the war and also with the instances among his own friends of what he felt to be a failure of principle and defection from friendship. For the next year or two I saw him pretty frequently—we were both interested in European politics—and we tried to form a "Balkan Emancipation Society" to advocate the liberation of these provinces from Turkey, to which they were subject, and their union into a Balkan Federation. I think I started the idea, and he wrote the programme; but men would not join it and nothing came of it. We were before our time. . . . I have a deep reverence and affection for Mazzini. . . .

To Emilie, from Lugano. August 29th, 1866.

Dearest Emilie,

Many thanks for your *meritorious* letter of the 24th. First to business.

Put the enclosed in an envelope and send it, if you have kept the address to Maurice.

A bank note of £5 ought to be enclosed, mentioning that it is from Lady Grey, in an envelope addressed to Signor Dassi, 92 Riviera di Chiaia, Napoli, Italy. The other ought to reach me; and the best way would be to hand it over to D. Nathan, 25 Rood Lane, Fenchurch Street, E.C., asking him to send order for payment to me here.

What you wrote to McAdam is quite right. Let him never trouble himself about Mrs. Chambers' opinions.

You may say that I am on the Continent somewhere. To be in England and never answer will scarcely do.

You are at home, dear one; and God knows with what a heart! I wish I was near you, although I scarcely would do you any good. And you have nobody—loved I mean—now in London to come near you sometimes. I dread loneliness very much for you; doing good is the only thing for you, and that is the reason that made me, whilst in London, suggest to you Tunbridge Wells. You would have done good to Matilda. Do not sink, dear, for Carlo's sake and my own, in mere thinking: try to *do*, with a thought. Keep strong and brave. Let me reckon on yourself and on your belief, for that.

Dear, the emancipation of the Trentino might please Carlo; but time is of little importance. He would certainly prefer to owe the freedom of his native land to the Italian People, not to a monarchy allied to Bismarck and Napoleon. The Trentino will be free and Italian, it may be under better auspices although a little later.

I was to see Garibaldi yesterday, but he was unwell and could not stir : he was *really* so. I am trying to manage for another point. I was yesterday in Italy for one night and day. I shall be again soon.

Almost to a certainty there will be no action after the Peace ; but I am doing things really useful for the future and it is well that I came. As for me, my countrymen, truly affectionate but devoid of moral sense, are *all* believing that I am going to live publicly near them, all in raptures and all urging me to be quick. I have published an article on the threatened peace, and in the last lines I spoke of my determination. It was seized in the *Unità* but not on the *Dovere* and you may have seen it. I shall perhaps speak again on the subject, having to answer an Address hastening me to go, from the poor working men of Alessandria.

Send my love to the Taylors if ever you write to them or see them. To Matilda I wrote days ago ; and to Caroline of course. Everybody has been asking about you. Sarina has been these eight days in Florence for Enrichetta's marriage : she is still away. Write for a while to Francesco Verzegnassi, Milan, Italy, under cover "per Giuseppe." Think of me as I think of you, lovingly.

Ever your devoted
JOSEPH.

Fragment. To Caroline. Seems from Lugano. 1866.

. . . the £10 to Dassi, through an excellent and unanswerable reason. But D. will await patiently. You might, at all events, give the £10 to James, who would have only to write to faithful Davis to give the same sum to me. But this is only if Mr. Grey's letter shows that the thing is urging.

I have such a beautiful letter from Petroni ! I had offered to him to set at work and attempt his escape. He thanks and refuses. He refuses the *individual* escape, and as to the *collective*, he believes, a puritan as he is, that the many *moderates* who are in prison with him would endanger the Roman movement onwards.

"Se domani fossi Roma capitale d'Italia, voi e Garibaldi padroni del campo, io vi supplicherei a non aprir queste porte senza grandi cautele e io stesso vorrei dar l'esempio di rimanere fino a sindacato [control, examination] compiuto. Qui Aspromonte si festeggia da parecchi. Qui tutto giorno si chiede grazia al Papa, si spera salute dal papa o dallo straniero o da chi ha messo l'Italia in ginocchio davanti allo straniero. Per riguardo a me, vi dico che se potesse evadere portando con me i pochi buoni, noi non voremmo. E bello esser maledetto a torto dalla canaglia, ma non e mai bello esser maledetto a razione; e secome quando alcune fugge s'aggrava assai la condizione di quelli che restano, vi prego di considerare se non uomo d'onore debba e possa patire che per colpa sua s'aggravi la condizione di molti e fosse pur d'uno solo, per quanto tristo, se mi credessi necessario alla salute d'Italia, è probabile che sagrificherei i 200 circa ai 25 milioni; ma io non sono delle tante vanità frenetiche, peste d'Italia, le quale si stimano quello che non valgono. Penso che rigorosamente in Italia non siano necessari che solo due uomini, voi e Garibaldi. Percio vi prego, vi scongiuro che abbiate tutta la cura possibile della vostra salute." *

And this puritan has affections. He speaks at the end of the letter of "una campagna piu attempata di me e logora dai patimenti, e d'un fanciullo e d'una fanciulla che sono nell'età più critica della vita e cui la povretà e l'abbandono possono esser fatali." †

Matilda writes a very desponding expression to Emilie: "she dreads the end" as if unavoidable. Still, what she writes about herself seems to me to prove a decided change for the better from what she was time ago.

About Clementia's sadness you now know everything. "Blackey" is at Bristol. Of course you made the conquest of the little dog. . . .

(A fragment.)

. . . But why did he refuse the £20? He had complained to Ros: about having no funds. How did James offer them? I fear that if the silly man thought that the sum was volunteered by him, he did not want to accept it. Let me know something about this.

Dear *severe* correspondent, are my numerous, always long letters, looked on favourably or unfavourably? I am never able to make it out. I give you my dreams, my impressions on lakes—anything that comes to me; never a single allusion is made to what I write . . . and I am left to imagine you uttering silently whilst reading, "Poor dear man, what trash he does write!" Never mind. I shall go on as usual; and trusting that everything I write, trash or not, is welcome. . . . There! is this sceptical—like the expression of my photograph! To-day, however, I have not even trash to write. There is a complete blank in my days: not a single letter from anybody; not a single information; and the only person coming every day from without, is gone, happy man! to the country. I hoped for an emotion from an impending storm. After a weak peal of thunder the clouds have disappeared: the sky itself has grown *moderate* in this land of mine. So that I feel *le vide* in my head—not in my heart. . . .

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* If to-morrow Rome were the capital of Italy and you and Garibaldi masters of the field, I should beg you not to open these prison doors without great caution, and I myself would set the example of remaining until an examination was completed. Here, Aspromonte was hailed with joy by some. Here, every day, favour is entreated from the Pope, and salvation is hoped for from him, or from the foreigner, or from those who have put Italy on her knees before the foreigner. As for me, I tell you that if I could escape, taking with me the few good ones, we would not do it. It is beautiful to be abused by the *canaille*, but it is never beautiful to be abused with good reason; and as, when a few escape, the condition of the rest is made worse, I beg you to consider how a man of honour ought to and would suffer if by any act of his the condition of many or even of only one, were aggravated. However sad it might be, if I thought myself necessary to the welfare of Italy I would probably sacrifice the two hundred to the 25 millions; but I am not among those frenziedly vain men—the curse of Italy—who think more of themselves than they need. I think that, as hard fact, there are only two men in Italy who are necessary to her—you and Garibaldi. Therefore I pray you, I adjure you, to take every possible care of your health.

† A companion older than myself and worn out with sufferings, and of a boy and a girl who are at a critical age, and to whom poverty and abandonment may prove fatal.

What a silly thing Mad. O. is? How [much] better, how [much] more suited now to Malwida would the scheme have been! Tell me about her eyes and give her my love. About Bucher you are rather too much laconic, dear; . . . Of course he is continuously with you. What principal subjects of conversation do you have? Where is Emilie? Where Bessie and William? Have they left? Are the Shaens still near you? Does Joe remember me? Kiss him and tell him that others may amuse him more, simply because they are more amused, but that after all none, out of doors, will love him as deeply as I do; and that I want him to love me.

Bless you—my evening star. I am always with you [passage that evidently means that the little English circle was constantly in his thoughts]: it is my only, often sad, still dear support and consolation in this dreary discouraged life of mine.

Your
JOSEPH.

To Emilie, from Lugano. September 10th, 1866.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Did you receive a letter which I sent to Mrs. T.? . . . I heard of you from Caroline twice since I left. Is Miss Cushman really coming to you for a while? I should like it very much if your tight financiary condition did not trouble me. I wrote the other day to Caroline about Garibaldi and my doings, not much worth repeating. I am plunged in details: trying to organize on a large scale and under a republican flag, the Party: whether successfully or not time will show. I shall soon send to you a sort of manifesto and other documents: they will put an end to the amnesty and may entail on me some trouble here: but I shall then be almost ready to leave.

Physically, dear, I am decidedly better. Under the influence of this Italian sky the pains have vanished as if by enchantment. They will of course come back in due time. Not only Giannetta* but Harriet too is with her mother. David is coming to-morrow. Joseph is back. The family is *au grand complet*. Adolphus is going to marry on the 21. Enrico is soon marrying at Florence. Quadrio is *pro tem.* away.

Things are in Italy unsatisfactory as much as possible. I have tried all elements for the possibility of action when the treaty of peace is published; but I found it a hopeless concern. Everybody is dissatisfied; but not ready for more than grumbling and threatening: an invitation from Garibaldi and the Volunteers would have followed, but I soon found that it was not to be hoped for, and he is quarrelling with me for my having proposed it. The only step in advance is a very strong increase of the republican party. And I try to avail myself of it for a future which most probably I shall not see.

Are you working? Are Tom Taylor and Annie in town? Do you see them? Do you see anybody?

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

To Emilie, from Lugano. September 16th, 1866.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I have yours of the 3rd and of the 11th. The first delayed; the intermediate was, without my knowing, in the country. The address is good: only Verzegnassi. I am glad you have sent the enclosed from America. To Daniel I have written. Yes, I would send the £1 to Harro† if I was in London; but I fancy, dear, without meaning offence, that even a pound may inconvenience you. If so don't send. Amongst other reasons, this monthly sending is a real weakness in me. Should you decide to send, then do it by P.O. from Joseph Mazzini to Harro Harring, Jersey, telling him so and telling him that although I have sent the pound from somewhere on the Continent, I fear that circumstances will prevent my doing so any further. Paia is a woman, dear; and if you kept the address she might as well have a few lines saying that I am away, had her letter, felt very grateful, but cannot undertake to answer.

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* Daughter of his noble Italian friend Sarina Nathan, in whose house he was then staying.—E. A. V.

† Harro Harring, referred to several times in Vol. I., remained faithful to Mazzini throughout his life of vicissitudes, and brought many German and other exiles into the camp of the Italian Action-Party. He was both a poet and a philosopher and wrote several prose accounts of events he had witnessed. His *Reminiscences*, which would certainly be valuable and for which Mazzini says he found a publisher, have never been given to the world. Harring fought more than one duel over politics, and carried to the end of his life a bullet he received in 1837 in an affair of honour of the kind in London. At the end of that year he went to live in Heligoland, but quarrelled before long with the Governor and retreated to Jersey, where he wrote a poem called *The Furies*. In 1870 he committed suicide in a poor lodging in London.

The "cognato" is very kind and I am glad of it; but he does not seem to say anything positive. Miss Cushman's idea strikes me as very good, dear; and it ought not to be altogether dismissed. Rome, I fancy, is the town for you, if any. Byron's feelings about her are truly right. There is something in the old sacred City which can make one—not forget individual griefs, but feel them in a different way, which is the right one. And there, with great cautions, you might be useful to a great cause; help and witness the transformation. I have a beginning of work there; and *now* it becomes important. At the end of the year, the Convention [of September, 1864] being, or not, violated, there is a chance of our doing something there. Matilda's objection is a good and serious one. Still, whatever happens for best or worse, do not reject entirely the scheme: even not going with Miss C. you might one day or other join her. I wish very much to have you near Caroline and myself; but I hate the thought of your loneliness in the house without anything really useful, for some great outward purpose, to do or to try. Thinking and living as it were in contemplation of grief is below a noble grief. Inertness in happiness is bad and egotistical, still there is some extenuating circumstance in one's happiness ministering to another's: inertness in solitude is moral suicide; and you *must* shrink from it for yours, ours and his own sake, dear one.

Remember me, dear, to Clementia and Peter: tell them that I do not write because I have nothing to say worth knowing, but that I think of them with grateful affection.

I am working the whole day on a wide scheme of organization of which you will have indications soon. And I am compelled to work fast because both from wish of being free to leave and a growing impossibility of remaining long, I must end quickly all I have to do. I have seen hitherto a few people, but I shall see more and be imprudent when I shall be on the eve of going.

I am very sorry for Mrs. Gillman if, as I believe, your conjecture is true. Sarina and all send love. The marriage takes place on the 21st, and even Enrico is going to marry, dear.

I shall certainly come back better as you wish; only it will not last. The sudden, complete disappearance of the daily pains is owing to the climate and a little to the Italian diet. Let me find you better too, dearest Emilie. Love your loving friend and brother

JOSEPH.

Did Mrs. F. ever say anything while sending letters? I shall write one word for her in my next.

September 16th.

To Emilie, from Lugano. September 23rd, 1866.

Many thanks, dearest Emilie, for your letter of the 16th. I cannot write because owing to having worked too much my head is swimming and threatened. I am very sorry for your fall, dear; but it is "cercare il male come i medici" [to seek the ill as doctors: to seek the cause], why climb or walk on uncertain boards? I trust the result has been nothing more than what you state, and that you are well now.

Poor Matilda! I know that the beginning of the winter will prove fatal. Will you send the enclosed to Caroline? You will receive a parcel of manifestoes. Will you take the bother on you of posting the two; another to K. Blind, 2 Winchester Road, Adelaide Road, N.W.—another to Clementia? Another to E. Oswald, 5 Park Place West, Gloucester Gate, N.W.—another to A. Bezzi, 27 Stanley Villas, West Brompton, S.W.—another to Bessie and William—another to K. Craufurd, Fairlight House, Oakley Square, King's Road—another to Tivoli, 50 Claverton Street, St. George's Square, Pimlico, S.W.—the rest, if there remains any, to Lama, 7 Osnaburgh Street, Regent's Park, N.W.? As I shall send or bring a few others, you may give them all as I say. Is Miss C. already with you? Please write a few words to Mrs. France to reassure her; my advance was ending on the 21st and she may begin to feel alarmed. Tell her that within two weeks she will be all right. I hope I shall hear very soon about Matilda and yourself. Were it not for the head I would be quite well.

Addio, dear, good, beloved Emilie. Your

JOSEPH.

Don't be frightened at the Circular. It is *not* for translation, but only for perusal, just to keep you informed.

The too much work referred to was probably the starting of his Universal Republican Alliance, for which he wrote a manifesto to be communicated with caution to those, only, who were to be trusted. He called it an "appendix expressing our faith" to a pamphlet published about the same time in which he elaborated the need of the movement. In the manifesto he briefly reviews the situation, deprecates barren talk, regrets having been obliged to refuse 150,000 frs. to the Serbs to help them to start the war; offers his brothers the remnant of his life, "entreating them to stifle all vanity and individual or local jealousies and merge themselves into the army of the future." He points out that without division of labour no Association can remain truly alive. Therefore there should be special Commissions to deal with diverse problems as they arise, and to organize the various activities through which the aim of the Alliance is to be reached. He sketches out his idea of how the work should be allocated and lays stress on the importance of supporting the *Popolo d'Italia* of Naples, the *Dovere* of Genoa, and the *Unità Italiana* of Milan. He declares that numerically, "we are stronger than we think. It is a matter of *knowing* and of *making known*." The thousands who are deluded must be won over, not treated with intolerance, for the purpose of the Alliance is first to enlighten, and then to lead upon the path of justice and truth.

The labour entailed by the initiation of the Universal Republican Alliance was not less than enormous, and it is grievous to have to add that it produced quite incommensurate results.

To Emilie, from Lugano. September 29th, 1866.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Writing to Caroline has made my head giddy and I cannot go on. I am better, but my head is still unsettled. I have been, these two days, flooding it with *eau sédative*. I am very sorry for the work I have to do. War has begun against our Republican organization. Poor David Nathan is the first victim! He is imprisoned in Como, but he will be released, I think, in a very few days. A search has been taking place at the *Unità* for the notes of subscription [to the Universal Republican Alliance: 500,000 notes of 1 lire were sent out]. "Caught anything?" "Nothing." I know that you are going about limping; bless you.

Love to Clem. and Peter. Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

September 29th.

The next letter is addressed to Emilie as the guest of Mrs. Hamilton King, at the Manor House, Chigwell, Essex. It is evident that Mazzini returned to London from his labours at Lugano during the month of October, for in her interesting volume, *Letters and Recollections of Mazzini*, Mrs. King mentions that she saw him for the second time on October 31st of this year, at his lodgings in Onslow Terrace. "It is impossible," she remarks, "to describe the delicate, chivalrous gentleness and sweetness which made his very presence a delight." His talk was largely of the Slavs, for at this time his mind worked much on questions connected with the Balkan peninsula, and he was on the eve of a fresh endeavour to waken Englishmen to their importance. But he also described to his visitor a curious and terrible nightmare to which he had become subject, and which withheld him from ever sleeping in the house of a friend. The nightmare took the form of three gigantic, veiled, female figures who advanced upon him. The sight of them filled him with an indescribable terror from which, as they approached, he awoke shrieking, and in a state of nervous prostration. What or who these figures were or what they signified he could never form an idea.

Mrs. King leaves an interesting record of her first meeting with Emilie Ashurst Venturi, whom she describes as being more witty and delightful in conversation than anyone she ever knew. She was also "generous and noble-hearted, true to the core, with all the courage of her convictions . . . the most faithful and devoted of Mazzini's friends." Mr. King, who had been fascinated by her conversation when they met over the business of bringing out Mazzini's writings, suggested to his wife inviting Emilie to Chigwell. Although so recently a widow, and bearing a grief within too deep for outward signs, Mrs. King says that her heart remained warm and fresh; that though she could no longer feel personal happiness she lived for others, allowing no gloom to creep into her manner, but showing herself "as bright and gay, as witty and apparently without care as it was possible to be. . . . Her visit was to me," adds this appreciative hostess, "a time of rare delight."

Mazzini himself accepted an invitation to Chigwell while Emilie was there.

To Emilie, at Mrs. Hamilton King's, Manor House, Chigwell, Essex. Dated by her, October 2nd, 1866.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Did you ever see such an anti-artistical receipt? it is for December.

Should you translate the "Roman" thing, do not send it to the English papers before having given it to me. I must have a copy for America.

Love to Mrs. King, and will you ask Mr. King if he will be so kind as to lend me the "Avesta"?

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

E. A. V. states in a rough footnote that the receipt enclosed was from a design by an Italian artist for the 1 franc subscription constituting the subscriber a member of the *Alleanza Universale Repubblicana.* It is certainly hideous and the drawing unworthy of a beginner-student. Two symbolic, very stout, female figures stand at opposite sides of a sea across which is seen plying a minute steamship. One figure wears an inflated cap of Liberty and carries a short sword; the head of the other is covered by a helmet with an eagle upon it, craning forward hungrily. At the feet of this figure, whose robe is adorned with stars, stands another eagle, also craning forward in an attitude suggestive of "a very tough worm" which it would be glad to dislodge. A scroll unfurled across the dividing sea exhibits the words "Alleanza Repubblicana Universale," and at the bottom of the receipt stand the words Colombo and Washington. Altogether the artistic effort is unworthy of the heading "Italia" that precedes the statement of the subscription being 1 franc.

To Emilie, from Lugano. October 6th, 1866.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Once more I must send my letter to Caroline through you. Addressing "Post Office," I always fear her having left, and the letter remaining there useless. I had yours of the 26th. I trust you are well, not limping, and gone to St. Leonards for one week as Caroline hoped. Why, dear one, should not every place in which you have been happy with him be a consecrated spot instead of being a *feared* one? Were you not happy with him in London? Will you not be sad on his account everywhere? I suppose you have Miss Cushman with you: will you remember me to her, *quand même?* *

I feel better of the head, though still wavering; but within two or three days I shall be well. Were it not for my head I would write to Clementia, whose welcome note I received days ago. Give her and Peter my love. I am trying to complete my organizing labour, seeing volunteers, writing a note, then walking up and down, then writing another. And so on, until I feel that even the intermediate walking will not do, and am compelled to give up. Still, bit by bit, I shall in a few days be free and then, etc.

Meanwhile, dearest Emilie, sincere, earnest love from your

JOSEPH.

October 6th.

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* See Vol. I. p. 276.

To Emilie, from Lugano. October 11th, 1866.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Caroline leaves me uncertain about her leaving St. Leonards on the 12th, or the 20th, therefore I still address my letter through you. I had yours from Matilda's; but I address to Milburne Grove, not knowing the time of your remaining there.

Sarina *has* written to you many days ago about the proposal, through Ernesto. *They* will come to you: not before Miss Cushman leaves nor stay beyond the time of her coming back from Rome. They are very good, both: the wife, Emilia, is simple and affectionate, and although belonging to a rich family democratic in her habits.

Did you keep the Picella letter, dear? Can you, from the stamp or something else, guess from where it came? You told me everything except that, the essential one.

How is Matilda? The symptoms *may* be very bad, as she fears; still, sometimes it is nothing.

David is still imprisoned. I am *very* sorry for it for many reasons.

You never had any other letter from Carlyle's brother?

I am better of the head, and hurrying on work and seeing plenty of volunteers and others. I want to be free and to leave, and here alarms are thickening. The Italian Consul, newly established here, is trying everything to do mischief, but I hope he will allow me to complete what I have in hands before succeeding.

How are you? Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

October 11th.

The end of the foregoing letter probably has reference to the persecution of the Universal Republican Alliance where its presence was suspected.

October proved a momentous month for Italy because it saw the end of Ricasoli's determined struggle to press upon the negotiants of the peace between Prussia and Austria Italy's claim to the Tyrol, and her resolve to receive Venetia, not as a gift from the hand of Napoleon, but through a plebiscite of her own people.

Not until he saw the uselessness of further contention, did Ricasoli relax on the question of the Tyrol; and then he held out over details in regard to Venetia, so that the signing of peace between Italy and Austria was delayed until this month.

October also brought to the Ashursts renewed sorrow through the death, on the 15th, of Matilda Biggs. For a considerable time her condition had apprised them that her journey onwards might begin at almost any time, but no preparation for the fresh gap in their little circle could mitigate the grief felt by them all. Of the Ashurst sisters it has been said that she was the cleverest; but, though that may have been true of her intellectually, Mazzini's deep love for her always bore a shadow, through the knowledge that she found herself unable to share certain of his most cherished, fundamental ideas.

Her daughters have all manifested marked ability, and a ceaseless desire to dedicate that ability to the service of mankind.

To Emilie. November 29th, 1866.

DEAR ONE,

I am since yesterday a little better of the head: but I have now a cold which confuses me. Why do you write in a different hand-writing? And why did you not come yesterday night to Thurlow Square? I shall come if I can at four o'clock.

Your loving
Jos.

To Emilie, at Mrs. Hamilton King's. December 10th, 1866.

DEAREST EMILIE,

When I come I shall come as early in the day as Mrs. King's wish, trains, etc., allow; but next morning I must come back to London early, at the hour at which Mr. King usually leaves Chigwell. I can do no more and am sure that they will not insist for an impossibility. Caroline will, I suppose, go to St. Leonards on the 23rd or 24th.

My head is not well. I must therefore leave off, having been compelled to write all day.

Ever loving
JOSEPH.

You will tell me in due time *how* one reaches Chigwell.

Monday morning.

To Matilda's daughter, Caroline Biggs. December 27th, 1866.

DEAREST CAROLINE,

I am rather better; but what of that? It is on condition that I do not write or read that I feel better: and what am I without that? Still, I shall improve, I think.

I do not write much, but I felt so grateful to you for your good, kind, loving words, that I liked to write it myself.

Love to Ashurst. A kiss to Maude and to Ada. I fancy I shall see you for two or three hours very soon. I shall go for the New Year's Day to St. Leonards, and I think of seeing you on my coming back. But I shall write again.

Remember me with affection to Mr. Biggs.

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

Thursday evening.

In December Mazzini addressed an earnest call to the Romans. The war had indeed been "one of disaster by land and sea, unredeemed by the small successes of the volunteers. Superiority in numbers had gone for nothing when crippled by bad organization and incompetent leading. Austria had yielded to Prussia, not because Italy had conquered her. The Trentino and Istria had been missed; Venetia had come as a present from the foreigner, and Napoleon's bounty was even more offensive in 1866 than in 1859. Italy, betrayed by an unscrupulous ally, discredited by her failure in the field, her tottering finances, her beaten diplomacy, was isolated and friendless. She woke from a dream of glory to a disillusioning that destroyed her faith in men and institutions. . . . Indignation with the leaders, anger at the incapable officialism whose carelessness had done so much to cause defeat, awoke a fresh discontent . . . civil war was often on men's lips; the prestige of the Government was shaken almost beyond recovery; the volunteers had again become an independent power, and during the negotiations for peace there had been a real danger that they would attack the Austrians on their own account." Mazzini's re-election for the third time by Messina was again annulled by the "intolerant folly of Parliament, the 40,000 signatures to the petition praying for his amnesty were signs of political discontent. . . .

"The King was no longer the nation's figure-head and idol; Turin was still venting on his head its wrath at the Convention; and the scandal of his gross life, his debts, his unwise meddling in party struggles, his diminishing regard for constitutional proprieties, made him a target of increasing criticism." *

Although, as the above writer points out, the expression of general discontent was not republican, the moment appeared opportune for once more endeavouring to raise before the people's

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* *History of Italian Unity.* Bolton King.

eyes the republican ideal, and Mazzini therefore reminded the Romans of their glorious past, laid stress upon the shame of the Convention of 1864 which forbade any Italian movement against the temporal power of the Pope, and which made Florence the capital, pointed out the duty they owed to Rome, to themselves and to Italy, and declared that they ought to *act*. The patience with which for sixteen years they had tolerated the presence of the foreigner was beginning to be misunderstood. It was giving rise to grave calumnies. Let them consult together and vote; then raise the only true and fitting flag, the flag which had floated from their Capitol in 1849; and let them decide whether or not Rome could allow herself to be disinherited by a monarchy that yesterday received Venetia as an alms and that bore written across it the names of Custozza and Lissa. When in 1859 and 1860 he advised the South to become annexed, unity did not exist: material unity is now founded, but it depends on the Romans to promote the Moral Unity still lacking, by making themselves an integral part of Italy in a manner worthy of their past.

Rome is an idea: the tomb of two great religions and the sanctuary of a third which is dawning. Rome embodies the mission of Italy among the nations. She is the Word, the "Verb" of the People; she signifies the gospel of Unity to all mankind. "Can I," he asks, "counsel Rome to cover with the wing of her glory, the sins, the errors, the servilities of a monarchy which has raised no protest against her servitude and which consents to abstain from approaching her save at the convenienceof France and the Pope? Rome alone, if she rises uncontaminated, can breathe the Soul into the Form of Italy—the Soul for which that Form is waiting." *

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* It is interesting that, in his *History of Italian Unity*, Mr. Bolton King, writing of the period after Sadowa, remarks: "Italy, divided between superstition and indifference, had lost her soul for a time."

1867

A LETTER from James Stansfeld, written in Halifax early in January, 1867, mentions Mazzini's having been down with them "for a few days in the intense cold, which he felt very much; otherwise I think he was tolerably well."

The year had closed in gloom and depression—bad weather conditions, bad harvest, bad general health, Fenian conspiracies and coercion. The new year opened upon labour troubles, unemployment, strikes and lock-outs, all aggravated by unusually severe weather.

To Emilie. No date, but seems to belong to early 1867.

DEAR,

I am and was sorry and sad for yesterday night more than you can believe. I have been rude in tone, not in meaning: I only was feeling disappointed. I had been very stupidly joking, but just with a hope of making you smile, as I had noticed that you were, especially the last hour, ill and dejected. I thought you were joking yourself until you said with the most serious countenance I ever saw, that you did "not see the comic in it." I thought I had been annoying you all the while, and having felt very anxious about you, I felt furious against myself and a little, too, at your misunderstanding me, which I must say is often the case. I spoke in consequence without even knowing what I was saying. And repented it bitterly after, when, spite of my attempts, you bade me farewell with downcast eyes. You will forgive me what of roughness there has been in my tone; but depend upon it, there is [not], there never can be, rudeness in my heart for you; only, there is sometimes disappointment at not having my feelings trusted by you, sadness and disappointment. Could I see you calm, and not *very* ill, I would feel happier and better. Will you understand and forgive me?

I have people already.

I suppose my men are to come to you.

God bless you! I long to see your face this evening, and see that there is no trace of sorrow for yesterday night.

Yours
Jos.

To Emilie. No date. Seems early in 1867.

I trust you, dear; I believe in you. What you call misinterpretation is as much on your side as on mine; and I do not want any other proof than your saying that I *left* you yesterday night with a look of reproach: which is *not* true—unless my looks express the reverse of my feelings. My being merry yesterday night when I came in—gloomy when I saw you: calm and at ease again as soon as you came near me smiling—ought to have explained more of me to you than the hurried words we had together.

Your
Jos.

To Emilie. No date. Seems to follow the two last.

A blessing, dear, from all my heart and soul. Why do you stand in great need of it? Whence all these uncertainties and phases of your spirit, which, after all, are nothing but little weaknesses? Is not affection for such as we are, for such as I am, especially, like a star, never to be cancelled by clouds or centuries? *Molto male.*

Ever and ever, your
JOSEPH.

To Emilie. Dated by her 1867, and seems January, as it was sent by hand to her address, 14 Milborne Grove, Gilston Road, West Brompton, with a volume of Flammarion.

This, dearest Emilie, is given with deep-felt perennial love, powerless, I feel it, to do much good, still, I feel too, welcome to you and slightly consoling now and then.

Bless you. Your ever devoted
JOSEPH.

To Emilie, as above. Sent by hand.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Caroline, who always forgets to speak in due time, expects you to dinner at half-past six. I would have come to tell you so myself, but it rains fast and I do not feel flourishing enough to be brave.

Your loving
JOSEPH.

I send an article on Byron; poor but well-intentioned. The crisis?

To Emilie, as above. Postmark January 17th, 1867.

Of course, dearest Emilie, Wolff told you that unless during the day I hear to the contrary, I shall be with you at half-past six. I hope I have not done wrong in thus boldly inviting myself.

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

In a letter to Mrs. P. A. Taylor, probably about this date, Mazzini says that Emilie's journey to Newcastle has had to be deferred owing to a strike. He goes on to speak of Swinburne, who "never did, spite of promise, make his appearance. I fear," he adds, "my influence will vanish before unfolding. He might be transformed as far as direction goes, but only by some man or woman—better a woman, of course—who would love him very much and assert at the same time a moral superiority on him. Between blind worshippers and blind revilers he will remain where he is. The 'Song' [*A Song of Italy*] I think appears to-day."

To Emilie, at 14 Milborne Grove, Gilston Road, West Brompton. January 19th, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Do you feel ferocious? Did you go to Bessie? I thought of the possibility; but we played at Loo, Reverend Malleson joining. I went out at eleven: I found a cab—being compelled to walk very slowly—a little before the church: had the old pains in my chest, brought on, I suppose, by the cold; was very much annoyed and could not front the possibility of not finding you and having to stop one quarter of an hour with William, and having to talk. So I hurried home to drink some *eau de Vichy*, the only thing which does me good. Still, I felt annoyed with myself; and I write to tell you so.

Ever loving
JOSEPH

To Emilie, as above. Seems February 21st, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I hope that nothing is wrong with you. I have had so much to write that I was unable to call as I wished; but one word by post would oblige me very much. I send back the letter, which is very touching not only on account of the poor old sick man but of the young inexperienced lonely girl. She is genuine, I think, and needing affection notwithstanding her believing herself bound to study "lo bello stilo" and going into phrases. You ought to write, and *darle del tu* [give her of yourself] as she wishes.

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

To Emilie, at 14 Milborne Grove, Gilston Road, West Brompton. February 26th, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I wanted to come to you yesterday, and want it to-day; but yesterday besides a great deal to write—I was desperately plunged into a last effort—I was feeling unwell, and I did [too] much in going after nine to Caroline, who is so near. And to-day I have—for the last time before her leaving—the Jesuitess, and it will be dreadfully late and I shall be dreadfully exhausted before she goes. Ah me! I am worried as much as a man can be; and God knows that physically and morally I want to rest—immovable as an Egyptian mummy within her Pyramid-tomb.

I am dreadfully worried and physically almost always unsettled, dear one, and that, remember it, ought to make me, with you at least, *irresponsible* for all my little excitements in discussions, etc. It is my way, and I cannot master myself always, much less when dissent is between me and somebody dear to me. It is regret that makes me nervous. It does you. But knowing one another fully, it ought not to go beyond the moment. I trust, dear, that you have not been sad afterwards on my account. You have quite enough of sadness for *real* motives, to add to it for imaginary or trifling ones.

Love from your
JOSEPH.

The painting cannot reach Glasgow before Monday; but I have written to McAdam.

Can we come to anything concrete about Cristini and the Meringtons? He should wish to *see* them. Is he to go? If so, where and when? If not tell me and I shall put him off.

To Emilie, at the house of her brother-in-law, Mr. Biggs. March 16th, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I did not write because I hoped to receive a letter from you telling me how you had found the cold, windy journey, how you were, how everybody was, impressions, etc. From here I had nothing to write: letters written, bores seen, tolerable health, and nothing else. This evening we, that is Caroline, Bessie, William and I, are dining at Aubrey House.

Cristini goes to talk Italian once a week to Mrs. Merington.

Our Elections leave the House much as it was. Garibaldi is more and more confused, but is going back for the present to Caprera.

Adolphus has found no house. Saffi is writing four lectures for some Institution: Georgina giving lessons valiantly. I have received the *Sole* from the "Tragical Muse."

Sarina and others are dreadfully alarmed, writing to Mrs. France—I don't give the letters—and writing lamentable epistles in watery ink concerning a man I never see and who nevertheless has very cleverly undertaken the task of poisoning me. These are the news. No: there is another, with some real importance to me and to you too. Swinburne, to whom I addressed a short commonitory epistle suggesting the "Lyrics of the Crusade" as the only good task he might undertake, has been already writing an ode on Italy in which, I am told, he mentions me! It will appear, I suppose, in the *Fortnightly*. If he goes on I shall feel very proud.

Do you come [back] on Monday evening, or on Tuesday, or when?

Love to Maude, Caroline, Ashurst and Ada. Remember me affectionately to Mr. Biggs.

I dare say you are very sad and will be so more and more throughout the month. It cannot, and is not, to be helped; but remember all the while how life can be still made use of for good; and those who remain and love you. I do. Ever your

JOSEPH.

The elections referred to took place on March 10th. Ricasoli, intensely patriotic, and intensely convinced of the need of reconciling Italy with the Church, had spent many months in elaborating a measure which should put the common affairs of the country and Rome upon an acceptable, if not a sound footing, but his Free Church Bill only offended the Church while it inflamed the country. In his anxiety to achieve a great step in advance he had actually neglected to lay the measure before the Cabinet, and, as his colleagues were not entirely in sympathy with his views, the result was serious. The Left suddenly found itself put in possession of a powerful weapon against him. Excitement spread throughout the country, and

Ricasoli, wearied, goaded by a desperate longing to reach a settlement, unwisely endeavoured to suppress some public meetings. A vote of censure (February 11th) made him dissolve the Chamber. His manifesto to the electorate "was a sensible exposition of Liberal policy . . . but he spoiled it by an intemperate and impolitic attack on the old Chamber; he was irritated and demoralized, and spared no governmental influence to secure a majority. But the country was too deeply roused to obey ministerial pressure. The credit of the Government suffered from the heavy taxes and the scandal of the King's private life. . . . The elections (March 10th) were fought with unusual passion. The democrats dragged Garibaldi into the electoral campaign in Venetia. . . . The new Chamber was as hostile as the old to Ricasoli's policy, and there was a widespread feeling that he had blundered too badly, that his overthrow was the only alternative to a dangerous crisis 'with bankruptcy at the door and revolution on the flank.'" *

Mazzini doubtless followed every fluctuation in Italy with characteristic thoroughness. On international matters his information was always detailed, and it is quite in keeping with his sense of a *mission*, not only to Italy but—though he never talked of this further aspect in explicit terms—to his fellow-beings in general, that he this year took up the idea broached by John Boyd Kinnear.

It may be well in this connection to recall the fact that a "Serbian Society of Great Britain" was inaugurated in September, 1916. The present writer drew Mr. Kinnear's attention to the announcement of it, begging him to make known Mazzini's ideas on the Balkan peoples. He replied as follows on October 1:

> ". . . I think it would be of much interest, and only due to Mazzini's far-sighted anticipations, that his ideas should be made known—and I am clear that you, and not I, are the person to lay them before the public.†
>
> "The origin of the suggested Balkan Emancipation Society was this. After the premature close of the Italian war in 1866, many of the Garibaldian Volunteers went off to Crete, which was

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* *A History of Italian Unity.* Bolton King.

† A letter on the subject sent to the *Times* and other papers in accordance with this suggestion was refused insertion, by all. For this refusal it was not difficult to discern a political reason much to be regretted.

then in insurrection against the tyrannical government of the Turks. I myself wished much to go but could not, owing to lack of funds, for the Volunteers had to provide themselves with everything. When I came home, I had many discussions on the subject with Mazzini and as there had been for a number of years an Italian Society of which the object was to arouse interest and sympathy for the Italian cause in England, the idea naturally occurred to try to found a Balkan Society of the same nature.

"You must remember that at that time (it was in 1866–7) the whole of the Balkan Peninsula, including Roumania, Bulgaria, Serbia, Bosnia, Hertzegovina and Albania and what is now half Greece, was under the Turkish domination, whilst Great Britain was still under the dread and jealousy of Russia and therefore a partisan of Turkey. It was also before the period of the 'Bulgarian atrocities' which at last roused our somewhat sluggish conscience and induced Gladstone to take the question up. And Carlyle had not yet invented the name of 'the unspeakable Turk.' Also Germany had just annexed Austria, and nobody knew yet what was in the future of Europe.

"Yours very truly,
J. Boyd Kinnear."

The Programme of the suggested Society is too long to print *in extenso*, but its salient points are still of great interest. It proposed the establishment of a federation or alliance of young vigorous States anxious to maintain friendship with Great Britain, to form a bulwark against encroachment by other Powers. It put forth a cogent plea for the withdrawal of Britain's support of Ottoman *versus* Christian rule—a rule which meant domination by one million and a half Asiatics, Moslem in creed and stationary in civilization, over fourteen millions and a half of Europeans holding the Christian faith, eager for education and commerce, energetic, earnest and progressive. The promoters pointed out that the true solution of the Eastern Question would be found in recognizing the right of the majority of the inhabitants of each country to settle its own internal affairs and establish their own form of government; and the duty of Great Britain to give moral support to the Christian populations, to soften the difficulties of the inevitable struggle to transfer political power from an armed minority to a long-oppressed majority.

Unfortunately, as already mentioned, the efforts to form a Balkan Emancipation Society came to nothing.

To mark the anniversary of Carlo Venturi's death, Mazzini sent the widow the following beautiful quotation:

"Il n'y a qu'une voile entre *lui* et vous : que cette certitude vous console. Nous nous en allons tous vers notre vraie patrie, vers la maison de notre père ; mais à l'entrée il y a un passage où deux ne sauraient marcher de front et où l'on cesse un moment de se voir : c'est là tout."

Lamennais. Corresp.

From your silently but deeply loving and communing

JOSEPH.

March 27.

To Emilie, either at Newcastle or Glasgow. Seems 6th or 7th April, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I had your letter of the 31st and I have this day that of the 5th. I have only to say that it is a true joy to me if writing to me or anything relating to me can give you even a homeopathic amount of consolation. I think very often of you with him [Carlo] of your actual loneliness, and of all you must and do feel : I do not speak about it because it leads to nothing ; but I most earnestly pray for your going on capable of fronting the battle of life ; for your finding opportunities in Italy or elsewhere, for your devoting yourself to something noble linked somehow to him.

I cannot exactly tell you how matters stand ; but I had my traveller back, and chances have decidedly increased ; still there are difficulties to be surmounted and which may require some time.

I do not entirely understand G. C. and the *we*. Has he got a partner? Is this mentioning £250 a proposal? If so the condition he mentions on my side might easily be fulfilled. . . . But the proposal, if it is one, is really too little. It ought to be more, but certainly not less than £500. There ought to be given immediately, the half ; the other half on the 10th of next month. And I would add a proposal that should nothing take place within the year, interest of the 10 per cent. yearly will be paid in quarterly instalments up to the moment of the movement. *Voilà.*

Mlle Colet's MS. is in the hands of Mrs. F., and I shall write to her to send it to Blind. Sarina, dear, is in London for a short while on family business. I thought you knew of it because she said she had something of yours which she would send you. She is, of course, extremely busy with the object of her visit there.

Remember me very kindly to Cowen and his wife. I don't know whether or not this will find you in Glasgow, but I suppose it will end by reaching. I am tolerably well although over-tired by work.

Your ever loving
JOSEPH.

Give always, as you do, news of poor Miss Cushman [who had been undergoing an operation for a serious disease].

The above reference to Emilie's finding a degree of consolation in writing connected with him may be to the beautiful translation made by her of his article on *The Religious Side of the Italian Question*. The translation appeared in the *Westminster Review* for June in this year.

To Emilie, at Stella House, Blaydon-on-Tyne. April 27th, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I in vain try to find out something interesting to say: I find nothing. The Queen's tapping the stone has elicited universal enthusiasm. Mill's speech you are just now reading. From or about Italy nothing worth. The circle here is revolving in the usual way, and that is all. You, who had Dora's novelty, make nothing of it. "Di Dora niente, un fratello, etc." Who cares about the brother? But Dora? Is she *niente?* A myth, a phantom?

On the 5th, great party at William's. I think I shall choose that day for Chigwell.

It has been raining day and night yesterday; it is raining to-day: an insidious, quiet silent rain without any apparent reason for falling or ceasing. I fear you are not able to renew your walks.

Tell me when S. comes to Newcastle. I am so glad, and had been so often thinking of him and wishing to find out for him some sort of occupation!

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

Tuesday.

To Emilie, at Stella House, Blaydon-on-Tyne. April 30th, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Your little summary is excellent. [Of his Creed, now in possession of the writer] I shall perhaps add two § and give it; but perhaps I shall *not* give it. Bessie is quiet in her own creed: she will never reach that degree of faith in ours which would make her better, and active for good. She will be unsettled, perturbed, uncomfortable : nothing more. Vedrò.

I saw Caroline yesterday night. James is poorly and with his eyes inflamed: from a cold, probably. The mad German is still here, but going to-morrow.

Mr. Craufurd died the day before yesterday e c'è sempre un vuoto lasciato dalla morte, anche aspettata, di chi si ama. Ma in verità meglio così : la sua non era più vita. Credo che Kate senta più degli altri quel vouto. [And there is always a blank left by the death, even when expected, of one who is loved. But in truth it is better as it is : his was no longer life. I think that Kate will feel the void the most.] They will end by going all to Italy ; but months are required. . . .

Your loving
JOSEPH.

To Emilie, at Stella House, Blaydon-on-Tyne. May 1st, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Impatient woman—and impatient for a praise ! I wrote it yesterday before suggesting your impatience. I send the photograph. I shall go only next week to Mrs. King. I am going to Blackheath in a few moments. James is better to-day. I shall write again soon, and praise the *Credo* again, I think.

Meanwhile I am your ever loving

JOSEPH.

The following, slightly condensed, is the *Credo* thus endorsed by Mazzini with approval and praise.

" Judging the doctrine of Mazzini from his work, I deduce that he—

DENIES	BELIEVES
That man was created in a state of innocence and bliss, from which he fell through the temptation of Satan ; eating of the tree of knowledge forbidden by God.	That God created man an imperfect but immortal and progressive Being.
That child-bearing, labour and death were *punishments* inflicted upon all mankind, and that the earth was accursed by	That child-bearing, labour, knowledge and death, are blessings of God to man : child-bearing as the link with the

God in wrath at the original sin which was the result of eating the tree of knowledge of good and evil.	generations, labour and knowledge as the instruments of progress, and death as the portal to the next stage of existence.
That moved by divine compassion for the doom inflicted in divine wrath upon mankind, God became incarnate in Christ, decided to accept his blood as the vicarious Atonement for the original sin of man (whose shape he assumed) and ordained that Man might be redeemed through faith in the Mediator (Redeemer, Saviour of Mankind).	That the Spirit of God is incarnate in every child ; that it is the progressive immortal Soul which animates Humanity ; first manifested in the inarticulate instinct which urges Man to progress ; then in his conscious recognition of an intelligent ruling Power, and in his gradually improving attempts to embody an Ideal dimly stirring within him in some religious symbol (Idol or Creed), the worship of and obedience to which constitute his first rude notions of morality and duty. The revelation of this incarnated Spirit of God to the individual is the voice of conscience, imperfect but progressive, and *always* pointing to something superior to mere selfishness.
That the Word of God as revealed by Christ, is the final revelation of God to Man.	That the revelation of the Word of God (Spirit, Logos) is continuous : that partial revelations of the Word have been given by all the Founders of the various religions of Humanity in the past ; each of these has revealed some new fragment of the Law ; the Gospel of Christ being one beautiful development of this progressive and infinite Revelation.
That Jesus was a Mediator or Saviour vouchsafed by God to Man : that the world and the flesh are things condemned to	That the condemnation of all mankind for the original sin of the first man is a fable inspired by the desire to explain

anathema by the *Fall* of Man, and that it is impossible for man to achieve *salvation* through works performed in a world accursed: that it is therefore his duty to renounce the world and put his sole trust in Christ through whose blood-sacrifice believers (but believers only) can be purified and 'saved from the consequences of the wrath of God.'

the existence of evil. That to the sources of eternal Revelation are now added the tradition and the history of Humanity and the discoveries of science, proving the existence of a providential Law of Progress. We now know that evil is in its nature transitory, since it can be gradually overcome by man; therefore as an imperfect being can only work out his own perfectionment through voluntary self-sacrifice for the achievement of Good, evil (the obstacle to be conquered) is the *necessary* condition of human *merit.* The further discovery and voluntary fulfilment of the Law of Progress is the Mission of Man on earth and beyond it, throughout an ascending series of existences. The earth, being one stage of the ascent, is sacred. Man's duty *here* is to strive to transform and purify the world according to the highest conception he has formed of Justice and Righteousness (the Kingdom of God).

Believes:

That the knowledge that there is a providential Law which has directed, does direct, and will direct the whole series of existences through which the generations past, present and future are destined to pass and which links them together in one sole Aim (the achievement of the highest development of which human nature is capable), teaches us that Humanity is not an aggregation of individuals, but a Collective Being. 'Humanity is a man who lives and learns for ever.' The knowledge that a common aim exists renders all privileged interpreters between the individual and God unnecessary henceforth: the best interpreter between individual man and God is Humanity. The Law of the whole body is the Law of every limb. ASSOCIATION is, therefore, the method of its fulfilment: Liberty was the word of the epoch of individuality: Voluntary Association is the word of the dawning epoch of Humanity.

The whole duty of man is, then, the gradual discovery and fulfilment of the Law of Progress through labour and voluntary self-sacrifice. All the religions of the past were sacred, inasmuch as they revealed a word or line of the Law; all imperfect inasmuch as they were individual, not collective revelations; and all false in so far as they assumed to be the complete and final Revelation.

Religions die; but Religion (the continuous, progressive aspiration of man towards God) is eternal."

To Emilie, at Blaydon-on-Tyne. May 6th, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I was beginning to feel uncomfortable at my not receiving a note this morning and was dreaming of telegraphing to Cowen, when at a later period, near two, it came all right.

I like Jenny very much; especially on account of the *coo*, which I find immensely preferable to *cow*. Please to give her a kiss from an old gentleman unknown to her but very friendly to her Mama and Papa. Bessie is merged in the hospitality duties towards Miss Budd. I had yesterday a note from Caroline. I did not go out in the evening; I shall not this evening; but tomorrow, ah, ah! I am going to "Fra Diavolo" with William! I had yesterday Swinburne! We spoke of Prometheus and of you: having stated in the course of conversation that you were an exceptional woman, the Poet said that it was enough to be five minutes with you to get that conviction. There! He was going somewhere in Wales: coming back, he would *certainly* go and see you! Meanwhile the "Song" is ignored in the daily Press: *la conspiration du silence*.

It is rainy and cold, here, at least. Things are *imbrogliate più che mai*, [in a greater muddle or entanglement than ever] in Italy. Something is brooding there with the Government. Should there be an alliance against Prussia, I shall go there undoubtedly and try what a man in a frantic mood can do to protest against the shame.*

I had seen the drawing in *Punch* and liked it very much.

Love to Mrs. Cowen and to absorbed Cowen. What will they do about Reform? Why was he, in his last speech, so eulogistic about the Queen? Addio. I love you very much.

---

* An alliance against Prussia who was, though wrongly, working for Unity, would mean siding with Austria who represented entirely the reactionary principle.

Your

What paper do you read? JOSEPH.

Friday.

By the end of March, Victor Emmanuel, no longer loyally supporting Ricasoli, whose policy proved as repellent to the new ministry as to the old, turned his face towards Rattazzi, and Ricasoli resigned on April 4th.

Things were indeed *imbrogliate*, for no man seemed able to rise above small party interests to the interests of the country as a whole. The King tried to form a coalition cabinet but failed. Menabrea, of the extreme Right, would not take office, so Rattazzi accepted Ricasoli's place. He, too, tried to bring the Left into co-operation, but Crispi—an important man in that section—had no faith in him; he had none in Crispi, and finally no man of any great ability came into the Cabinet. Even Rattazzi's tenure of office soon began to depend not on a definite policy but on the dexterity with which he could alternately exploit the various sections of the Chamber. Though Bertani, who led the extreme Left, would have nothing to do with him, Crispi, before long, managed to acquire some sort of hold over him. Naturally, with such a Minister, and such a cabinet in power, the one party to gain in force was the party that had remained faithful to a great conception. For besides the men who believed in Rome and loathed the Convention, and those who saw in the Syllabus the strongest reason for conceding no advantage to the Roman Hierarchy, all the hot-headed, all the short-sighted, began again to sigh for action under Garibaldi.

There were also others, impatient but intriguers, who believed that wire-pulling could obviate fighting; and of these was Crispi. He hoped in Prussia. Prussia could checkmate Louis Napoleon and enable the Holy City to rise to her natural, great estate.

Mazzini's policy about Rome had been expressed to Mrs. Hamilton King in a letter on April 1.

"A mere insurrectionary movement would lead to a plebiscite, which, addressed to every individual in the shape of 'Will you join Italy or not?' would produce annexation pure and simple, enthronement of monarchy without any term, and the falling of

Rome to the condition of a province town. I want Rome to be the Metropolis of the Nation . . . our programme would be insurrection and a Provisional Government treating with the Italian Monarchy on the basis of 'Rome the Italian Metropolis through a Constitutional Assembly.' Shall I succeed ?"

To Emilie, at Blaydon-on-Tyne. Seems May 10th, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Could you—it is a transient thought—be so silly, and knowing so little of my feelings towards you, as to have taken *sul serio* my joking about your wanting praise ? No ; still, I rather expected one little word this morning, and not seeing it, the foolish doubt comes to me. Clementia sends me Chapman's address for the MSS. I shall send it [the address] by and by.

James is better. I receive just now your note. What on earth has been blown into your eyes ? A fly ? A bit of coals ? You are so vague, dear. *It* is off [out] at all events and you are better, for I hope that if you are prudent the inflammation will soon subside. Did you find decent cigars for you ? Allow me to observe that you have already smoked 50 cigars of mine and God knows how many others.

I do not remember my having ever seen or corresponded with Mr. Chesney ; only the name is not unknown to me. Was he ever directing the Military College at Sandhurst ? Then I knew him through poor Stolzmann. If not, I am at a loss about him. As for Dora, why does she not give to the working men the Life of Lamennais instead of that of Lacordaire ? Then she would have a symbol of the progress of our age in the life of an individual and a symbol of the future instead of a symbol of the past. The sources would be plentiful, and why did you not suggest the idea ?

Swinburne left me going to Wales : did not go ; and Blind invites me again to a party where we are to meet. I do not go. There is not a shadow of use in seeing him before a crowd of strangers, and I do not like the *affiche.*

I am very uncomfortable about Janet Nathan who, whilst Harriet and everybody else were talking of her being stouter, etc., is coughing and spitting blood, having a constant pain between the shoulders and strong nervous attacks. I fear for her very much. Her death would be an immense grief for her mother who loves her tenderly : and for me too ; I like her extremely. She is going about, but I know that such is her actual condition.

Write one word to say that you are better. Maurice was yesterday here.

I had the £15. Thanks.

Love from your devoted

JOSEPH.

I am disheartened, although at work about Rome. Action, from me, is the thing now to be done—and it is impossible [owing, as he explained to Mrs. King, to lack of funds].

To Emilie, at Blaydon-on-Tyne. May 19th, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Of course you *know* by this time that I saw Cowen [who had a house in Essex Street, Strand] and you *guess* that I have given the finishing stroke and that the thing is settled. When? *That* I don't know. You will tell me. It will really be a redeeming occupation ; to be useful not only to himself but to his own country and his own principles, is an immense step ; just what he must like above all, unless he is sadly changed. And it will be a progressive career : if he sets steadfastly at work, I feel sure that soon or late his position will improve. Cowen is such a good man !

I hope I shall have a scrap to-morrow morning telling me that you are better of your neuralgy. The change in the weather—if it reaches Newcastle—will do you good. Bessie and William left on Friday for Tunbridge Wells ! They come back this evening. Mr. Biggs has decided that he will remove to either London or some place near. I am very glad for the girls.

I had the Neapolitan letter.

There is a great deal of talk about despotic, dictatorial schemes of Victor Emmanuel. I wish he realized them. It would at least be decided whether there is or not some latent life in Italy.

Sarina is unquiet about Janet from having seen a very recent photograph of her. Buffalini has declared that one lung is *ingorgato :* what he does mean by that word I do not know. He has ordered codliver, pills, seaside in summer, meat almost exclusively as food. Hm ! Sarina is going to Florence on the first day of June on account of Ernesto's wedding and she will see and tell me. Meanwhile Quadrio opens my letters to her.

Cattaneo is ill, through the Florentine struggle.

To-morrow or the day after I am to see Montecchi and talk about Rome. They have, supported by Garibaldi's name, put forward in their turn notes of 5, 25, 100 francs. They will in a certain class, place more than I have of one [franc].

Bless you, dear, sad one. Your sad, loving

JOSEPH.

Nothing from Swinburne. I shall one of these days write to him something about Prometheus.

Sunday.

To Emilie, at Blaydon-on-Tyne. Seems May 21st, 1867.

Dear,

What you ought to say, in a note appended to page 115, and in your own way, is this:

That Meyerbeer went, since the page was written, one step in advance towards the aim. The problem which was laid down in *Robert*—by the musical conception of Bertram and Alice—is approaching more and more the solution in the *Huguenots*. In *Robert*, the triumph of the good principle on the evil one is somewhat improvised: the two principles went on, as it were, on two parallels, represented by the two *rôles* and without pervading the *whole*: the solution is scarcely led; it is hanging on a thread to the last; and appearing more as fact than [as] a providential work brought on by the self-sacrifice and true, although rather barren and cold—protestant-like—faith opposed to persecution. Not so in the *Huguenots*. There the puzzle is intertwined with the whole musical conception: through the reappearing Choral and the stern, although loving, insisting, individualized melodic rhythm of Marcel, the voice of Duty sounds dominating the gay, light, royal or sombre, external, bigoted Catholic world, a promise, more and more increasing, of emancipating success. You guess from the first that Heaven will—through human self-sacrifice—triumph so far for the high parent thought; but in a secondary sphere, the joining, the blending, of the two elements which will constitute the Music of the future—Italian melody and German harmony—has gone one step forward. What you almost might, in *Robert*, separate and apportion to the two camps, is here inseparably united: the melody rises on the harmonic substratum: the one not to be singled out from the other.

Meyerbeer is the *highest* artist of a transition period, in which the High Priest cannot yet appear. He has given the outline of the musical Drama, and created musical *individualities* which remind one of Shakespeare. He has inherited from Weber—to whom he owes much—the rare power of reproducing in his music the characteristics of local scenery and manners—witness his truly Breton *Pardon de Ploermel*. And he has, as I said, moralized the Drama, making it an echo of the world and its eternal vital problem. He is not a votary of the *l'art pour l'art* music; he is the prophet of the music with a mission, the music standing immediately below Religion.

Born in the Italian Istria, from a German family, one would say that he was given to us as a symbol of the future union, a link between the two worlds the harmonizing of which will constitute the highest musical expression of the future.

And, servitore umilissimo

Joseph.

The above stands embodied in a Note placed at the end of Mazzini's article on *The Philosophy of Music*, published in Vol. IV. of Messrs. Smith, Elder's edition of his writings, of which there was a re-issue in 1891.

To Emilie, at Blaydon-on-Tyne. May 31st, 1867.

Just one word of love, dear. I have nothing to tell you. The day before yesterday there was a dinner party at Thurlow Square from which I kept aloof. Yesterday I had a box from Mangini, and we went, Caroline, Maria [James's sister] and I. This evening Caroline goes to a party.

Again and again I found the *Trovatore* not to my taste: the scene of the *Miserere*, etc., being an astonishing, wonderful, perfect inspiration, descended there I don't know how.

E del resto, nulla. L'idea di Roma si raggira, senza inoltrare nel mio cervello come uno scoiattolo in gabbia. Senza possibilità d'iniziativa mia, aspetto gli eventi e ciò che saprà fare il nuovo Com. Garibaldi-Montecchi.

[The rest is nothing. The idea of Rome whirls round in my head without going forward, like a squirrel in a cage. Without any possibility of initiative of my own, I watch events and that which the new Com. will do. Garibaldi-Montecchi.]

Mr. Biggs sent me yesterday the sad, touching, photograph [of Matilda]. It is dear to me; but as far as he is concerned there is not the spontaneity I wished for. Of course you wrote to him.

The weather must be warm now at Newcastle too. Is it? Do you walk?

Bless you, dearest Emilie. Your loving

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, at Blaydon-on-Tyne. June 1st, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Mine was posted when yours came. Thanks for the instructions given to Bezzi. I only write now to ask the meaning of what you say about Cowen. Did he call? And was he told that I was out? If so it can only be owing to his not having given his name. Of course I would have seen him and shaken hands with pleasure.

I shall write one of these days to Swinburne and ask about the *Saturday Review*. But why not write yourself? Cannot you do so with one who has been dining in your own house? I should like a certain degree of intercourse between you and him: it might do good, in our sense, to him. I wish I could do some good to poor Cristini—the young man of *one* lesson: how can he live? But really I cannot ask Swinburne to find lessons for him. *Nulla di nuovo.*

Now and ever yours
JOSEPH.

Did S. come?

To Emilie, at Blaydon-on-Tyne. Seems June 3rd, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Your two little notes came to hand. I hope your eye is well by this time. There will be nothing serious this evening in Hyde Park unless it comes from the Holborn and Clerkenwell Branch, who talk of going there with revolvers! I do not wish for any trouble, resistance, etc. The republican feeling spreads rather widely amongst the working men here; but England is not yet up to a radical change; and what is the use of fighting for a Gladstone Cabinet instead of a Derby one? What ought already to be done now is to establish publicly a branch of the "Universal Republican Alliance" on mere theory's ground, but training the working classes and the young people to the idea and to the word. It will most likely be done by a fraction of working men in London; but the men of the middle class, those I mean who at the bottom of their hearts are republicans, will be slow to come.

William and Bessie, followed by Miss Budd and Benwell, made their appearance yesterday night: nobody else. James is better and goes out.

MSS. can only be sent to the United States as letters or as parcels: I chose the second method; it is only some six shillings instead of twenty or more. There is no book-post treaty between the U.S. and England.

I saw yesterday Masson for a few minutes. No news from Italy: no news of my 8th vol. nor of anything worth mentioning—and I feel empty, dull and dumb—yet loving, and your

JOSEPH.

Monday.

Mazzini refers in the above letter to the struggle over the Reform Bill. The council of the Reform League determined to hold a meeting in Hyde Park. Mr. Walpole, the Home Secretary, with the concurrence of his colleagues, issued a notice forbidding the intended meeting, and warning all well-disposed persons to keep away from it. It was discovered, however, that the Government had no legal right to prevent the meeting from being held, and that all it could do was to prosecute for trespass those who took part in it. The council of the League therefore persisted in their resolution, and the meeting, or rather meetings —for there were several of them—were watched by a large array of soldiers and police, and passed off in a very quiet and orderly manner.*

The following, relating to possibilities concerning Rome, indubitably belongs to this time:—

To one of the Ashursts. Undated fragment.

And I wish—as I cannot act—that they all allowed Rome to be quietly of the Pope for two years more. I would then try to write something. But every day may bring forward a scheme, a possibility of action—however incomplete—there. I am compelled to discuss for and against. And I am in the constant terror of seeing an agitation under Garibaldi's cover, determining at Viterbo or Velletri, that movement which I fear. . . .

I had sent, on the 24th of last month, the *Song of Italy* to Sarina. She has not received it.

To Emilie, also June 3rd, 1867.

Are you writing or landscaping? Give my very kind remembrances to Mrs. Cowen.

It is dreadfully hot: premature and choloraic.

I receive now your good, long note, and before looking at the Owl I add a few words. I did not go to Blind; but Matilde, I think, is carrying on a love affair with another invisible man. I understand nothing about Swinburne and Maurice, dear. I am *almost* sure that I did not speak about "Byron, Shelley and I"; but I am *certain* of never having spoken the stuff you quote from Maurice. I remember exactly what Swinburne said, which is what you say. *If* I have spoken of that—*which I doubt*—Maurice has entirely misunderstood. And mind: you have repeated that bit of conversation to Caroline Biggs, and she, partially has misconceived it, taking it merely as an absolute equalization of himself to the two others, whilst—whatever he believes—he did not speak in *that* sense.

Dear, for God's sake, if you have not written to Sarina, do not [do so] as if Janet was dying or doomed. She does not know what I know, and having it from London it would have a double sudden effect upon her, which poor Janet would never forgive me.

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* See *History of England*, 1830–1874. Molesworth.

She goes about and rather conceals her state; but she yields to me and I have obtained that she puts herself under Buffalini. I think all you say is true.

I am really sorry for poor Holyoake. I remember having seen once Mrs. Holyoake herself and having found her sympathetic. The world is full of woes. Public and private concerns are looking equally grey and sad. I feel it intensely, and grow wearied, etc. For Janet, too, I feel, since I have *known* her, far more sad than I ever thought I would. There is nothing left but to make superhuman efforts every morning for the purpose of winding himself up—or oneself—for 24 hours, and do silently one's own little appointed task, hoping for the close.

Addio, dearest Emilie. Any *volume* from you is really welcome. Ever your loving

Jos.

To Emilie, at Blaydon-on-Tyne. June 4th, 1867.

Dearest Emilie,

One word, *per mancanza di meglio* [for want of better]. If you feel uncomfortable why not come back? At the seaside I hoped that lingering would make you stronger; but I do not think there is a great difference in that respect between Blaydon and London. Therefore, etc.

Clementia wrote yesterday asking after you. To-morrow—I write this late on Tuesday—I go to Mrs. King. I like her very much, but it is an effort. I am to be at the Fenchurch Street station at 2.40. I am told to get out at Woodford; but whether there will be a carriage or not I don't know. I hope, from there or so to six or so, we shall be free to talk anything, even Byron and future Religion. I shall do all my possible to come back the same night; there is a train at ten.

Caroline will invite Cowen on Sunday evening. It is not only the fact of S.'s arrival that I wanted to know, but the how he himself thinks of what he is wanted to do. You will certainly hear of the mutual impressions and tell me. I should be so glad of his settling there!

Am I to send back the *Atlantic*? Of course I shall within two or three days. The article has interested me very much.

A proposito di Byron, I am awaiting with real impatience the coming out of Mad. Guiccioli's book. It will be bad in itself; but there ought to be fragments, letters, etc., hitherto unknown, of Byron. *A proposito di* Byron again, did you not see how unsuccessful is the Nottingham proposal for a monument to him? Ah me! Ever your loving

Joseph.

Tormented as I am I must torment others. Do you know anything about one Mr. Green, 38 Oxford Street, a dealer in furniture? I have one of my best Romans, Mengarivi, very clever as *disegnatore*, etc., who had—procured, he says, by me—a letter of introduction for him; but the war began, he ran to the volunteers and forgot the name of the writer of the letter and all. He is now here without work—a second edition of Cristini, and he asks me, of course. From whom on earth, then, can I have got that letter? What can I try for him! *Consigliami se puoi* [advise me if you can].

Mrs. King has left a description of this visit of Mazzini's to Chigwell. It proved a disappointment to them both, for it offered no opportunity for private talk, the presence of other visitors demanding that conversation should be general. Mrs. King remarks upon the extraordinary courtesy of Mazzini through all the wasted time. Though he did not indicate what his plans were, he gave her to understand that he was preparing a very serious enterprise. This was, in truth, a national movement for Rome of such magnitude as to force the King to play the patriot in earnest—a movement which would be nullified before it could fully take shape if Garibaldi intervened in a hurry, and unprepared.

To Emilie, at Blaydon-on-Tyne. Seems June 7th, 1867. (Dated by E. A. V.)

DEAREST EMILIE,

Yesterday was a sad day.* I thought of it and communed silently with you. To-day I have nothing to say but I like to write a line. I was at Mrs. King's. Mr. King came at half-past five, and there were—visitors—two sisters of Mr. King and a cousin. I was compelled to talk to extinction, but except ten minutes in the garden, I was never alone with Mrs. King. Violet [the little daughter of about three] was delightful. She talked incessantly and was very friendly. I like her. She rambled too about the "lady of the bracelets" [E. A. V.] and asked where she was. Mrs. King looks rather better in health. Mr. King was, as usual, extremely kind. I spoke, of course, about the lad. I was instructed to send him there so that Mr. King should examine him and see if anything could be done. I wrote to Mrs. J. accordingly, and I think the whole will be agreeing to wishes.

I am going to dine at Peter Taylor's, Caroline and James coming, I think, in the evening. James and Joe are going to see T. W. to-morrow.

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* Carlo Venturi's birthday and their wedding-day.

I love you, dear one, very much and wish I could be able to do any mite of good to you.

Your
JOSEPH.

Friday.

To Emilie, at Blaydon-on-Tyne. June 10th, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

It *is* a bother; still, it must be done. I know what the few minutes will become; still, it must be done. Write anything you like. Of course Mrs. France's sister will take him; but we don't know the exact time and if in the interval she finds other lodgers, she will not refuse them. Write then what you like about the rest, and, about the rooms, that we shall do our best. Why should not the painter bring the canvas himself? Of course William will do anything you ask him to do.

No, I did not think of the book with Mr. King. I was busy since [after] he came in about silently calculating the hours still remaining, the whether I would go, and so on.

The *Atlantic* has not yet decided about your paper: mine they cannot publish because the *Westminster Review* is reprinted there as soon as the number has reached; and they cannot publish it before.

Green is not Green, dear; it is of Jackson and Graham, Oxford Street, that the man was speaking. I think it was William who gave me the introduction and I am going to ask him. I keep *en réserve* all your suggestions for others.

I doubt my power with Spartal: I shall think of it.

Do you really come on Friday? Do they allow you to go? I hope so. The absence has been long enough.

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

Monday.

To Emilie, at Blaydon-on-Tyne. June 15th, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Of course you come on Monday or Tuesday, not before. These few words imply this deep belief: they would reach late otherwise. It has been decidedly hot during two days; that's all. It is now cool, verging on cold. I cannot say much of me: I am so so; and at such a short interval from seeing one another, *bulletins* would be an exaggeration. I saw Ashurst [Biggs] yesterday, about leaving for Tunbridge Wells. She dreams of a journey to the Nile! Dear, did you understand anything about Carlyle's denials of Ruskin's affirmations? You never said one word about it. I dare say Swinburne is somewhere in the province. I have an unfavourable account of Janet from Sarina, who went there for Ernesto's marriage. Addio. I have literally nothing to write, my head empty, or full with things to be kept in and the hope of seeing you on Monday evening.

Your loving
JOSEPH.

Friday evening.

To Emilie, for her birthday, the 6th July, 1867.

VERY DEAR EMILIE,

The box has no need of explanation: it represents the utilitarian principle. I wish the idealistic one could be represented by the photograph; but it represents only a caprice of mine. There is for me in those three crosses without anyone upon [them], and in the sky, a little beautiful poem on *any* martyr of grief and duty, which has fascinated me somehow. Therefore I bought it for you. You have no room downstairs, but you will find a corner for it in your room or elsewhere.

Bless you, dearest Emilie. I shall see you this evening if you are at home.

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

July 6.

To Emilie. From abroad. August 14th. Seems 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

You will have received my telegram. I have been delayed by an incident and am still *en route.* Will you send the enclosed in an envelope?

I am tolerably, but dreadfully dull and discontented. And rain and cold take every fascinating appearance from nature, the one source of sensation and "direction" I might have found. All is dull, grey, and unpoetical. I hope you are well and that you will tell me your schemes, where you go, etc. I fear from the incident to which I alluded, that my being in Switzerland will not easily continue a mystery. *Pazienza!*

Give my love to Bessie and William. Did you write a little note to Mad. Louise Bulewski to let her know that all was right with one of my fellow travellers? God knows the unintelligible way in which the telegraph will have transmitted her name.

Addio. Ever your faithful loving
Jos.

14 Aug.

Please seal the little note. I have no wafer. I think you ought to write one word to Mrs. France telling her that you have received my news, and that I am all right as far as the 14th.

The premature, almost thoughtless, movement on Garibaldi's part, so much feared by Mazzini, began in June. It has been well said that in the "tangle of intrigue" of this year it is almost impossible to determine the motives of the several actors on the political stage, or rightly to assess their unwisdom.

France had been for months seeking to retrieve her self-respect after the Mexican fiasco (her deserted *protégé*, Maximilian, was at last shot on June 19th of this year) and the shattering of her ideas at Sadowa, by endeavouring to obtain Luxemburg or Belgium, or even a mere slice of the latter, upon Bismarck's curt refusal to part with an inch of German territory. Relations being strained between France and Prussia, Garibaldi persuaded himself that he might defy the Emperor, whose troops, in accordance with the terms of the September Convention, had been withdrawn from Rome. Garibaldi's intention seems to have been not a rising *in* Rome—"the one legal solution left possible by the Convention"*—but a raid across the Papal borders which was the very thing that by the Convention the Government had undertaken to prevent. A misleading message from Rome precipitated a practically unprepared movement to Terni, where the would-be raiders immediately found themselves surrounded and stopped by Italian troops (June 18th). Though the truth about the escapade baffles research, it is certain that its ignominious termination inflamed suspicion as to Rattazzi's good faith, and set the match to Garibaldi's passion. Presently, almost all over the country, there were kindled flames of widespread indignation on the discovery that Louis Napoleon had himself violated the September Convention in the most underhand way by allowing French regulars, in the disguise of volunteers, to enlist in the Pope's large army of mercenaries. Meetings demanding Rome for capital were held everywhere in the towns; volunteers enlisted freely and openly, and it was currently believed that some agreement, some plan of action, existed between Rattazzi, Crispi and the people's hero.

The immense danger to Mazzini's own deeper scheme for the

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* *History of Italian Unity.* Bolton King.

Nation and for Rome, coupled with Garibaldi's persistence in catching up every rumour supporting his ineradicable idea that Mazzini sought to thwart him, took the latter to the Continent in August.

One great source of peril to the cause of Free Italian Nationality lay, as Mazzini afterwards found, in Garibaldi's refusal to differentiate between two committees that existed in Rome, the National Committee, which "danced to the wires pulled at Turin or Florence and drew a subsidy from the Italian Government," and some of whose leaders "had mysterious relations with [Cardinal] Antonelli," and the Committee of Action. Even the last had not kept wholly free from insidious, corrupting influences; though in the main it was faithful to the ideas of its founder. Confusion between the two may have been easy to a person so amenable to Government flattery and so inveterately distrustful of Mazzini as Garibaldi had allowed himself to become, but in the imbroglio of this miserable year his error in not distinguishing between the two groups undoubtedly constituted one of the roots of his disastrous mistakes.

It is only possible to gather hints of what Mazzini's own actual movements and plans were from the few letters he wrote during the following momentous weeks. On September 4th, Emilie posted a few words to Mrs. Hamilton King:

> "I have this moment received a welcome line from Switzerland. I have been quite overwhelmed by the deep shadow over all, of the danger he was in. Send me back my little treasure. Now I cannot write more. There are so many to whom I must say 'Safe so far.'"

To Emilie, from Zurich. September 2nd, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Here I am, moving on to-morrow: tolerably well. The heat is intense: the sky clear and serene as a martyr's soul; but clouds are gathering every evening, they are every day increasing and promising a thunder-storm which I may see on the Alps. I have met with nobody knowing me as yet, as far as I can judge; but the Italians going to or coming back from bathing establishments are so many that on the lake of Lucerne I shall certainly meet with some. However, *à la garde de Dieu*. Meanwhile my intellectual faculties are cancelled. I tried yesterday, Sunday, not knowing what to do, to write something for the Congress of Peace of Geneva, which is taking place on the 10th, and although I feel bound to do so, having been invited, I could not express two ideas. The breaking of habits, the going from place to place, thoughts of you all, and then the sensations which always awaken for me in Switzerland, the mountains beckoning from afar, make me float in a vagueness of half or two-thirds of ideas exclusive of all writing. If you have not yet written, do so immediately, pray. I wrote yesterday a few words to Caroline. Write to me about yourself, then about what you know of her, of Bessie, of William, of the Taylors, of everybody. Write one word to Mrs. F[rance] setting her at rest about me, and tell her that I told you to do so. Did you see W[olff?]? I did not see him the day of my leaving, and he must be furious. My compliments and a few commonplaces to Leblock. Tell me of Miss C[ushman] and your final decision. Give my love to Mrs. King if you write to her. Do you receive the *Saturday Review*, and on the Saturday? Tell me any interesting thing of England, and should you find some article really worth being read, in an English paper, send it and write one word inside. Did you see "Regret," from Swinburne?

Dear one, love me, and trust, on either side of the Alps, the love of your *fratello*

JOSEPH.

Sept. 2.

To Emilie, from Lugano. September, 1867. Probably 12th or 13th.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I have nothing since your two first ones. I have nothing to say, but send you one word of love and hope that you are physically well. I trust I shall soon have something from you, even if you have no abstracts: it is of you and of Caroline that I want to hear. The weather is changed here: rain and coolness. The lake is stormy, unlike itself and losing its character in vain efforts to emulate the sea. Did you hear anything about "Byron" by Mad. Guiccioli? Did the papers abuse the very silly speeches of the Geneva Congress? Does Miss C. come to better senses? Do you hear from W.? What did Carlyle expatiate upon?

I am still hampered in anything I wanted to do or organize, by Garibaldi—"sword of Damocles."

Addio. Love from your Jos.

Please send the enclosed to Caroline. Let William know that I have—just now—received his letter of the 9th; that as to Garibaldi, *se saran rose, fioriranno.* [If there are to be roses they will bloom.] As to all the rest, all right; but that he must not send the letters of the frantic German lady.

Send your letters with "via Ostend"—eightpence, I am sorry to say, instead of five.

At the beginning of September Garibaldi, who was with the Marios near Florence, asked them to go to the Peace Congress at Geneva: "it will give time," he said, "to our diplomatists to find out Rattazzi's game," which, it may be remarked, was a difficult enough matter, for Rattazzi stood between, if he was not actually upon, the horns of a dilemma. While he dared not incur the wrath of Louis Napoleon, while he gave with one hand and took away with the other in the matter of guaranteeing the Papal frontiers,* while he would not openly check the National Committee, he dared not either disavow or acknowledge the Party of Action. His doings, if not his mind, formed at this time what Mazzini might have called a *brouillon*.

On the 9th, when the Marios entered the great hall of the *Banca Svizzera* in Geneva, they found Garibaldi finishing a resolution which he intended to present at the first sitting of the Congress. "All who wish to return with me," he remarked, "must be ready on Wednesday, the 16th." "Ready for what?" they asked. "To go to Rome," he replied.

Jessie Mario recalls that the French historian Quinet was at the Congress, also Leroux, Büchner, Bakounin and Arago. Garibaldi's entrance raised a storm of applause, but his speech upon the Pope—a violent indictment—was received with divergent feelings. He left upon the 16th for the house of the Cairolis at Belgirate, where he denounced "the Blacks" in unmeasured terms and declared the necessity of clearing out that "nest of vipers."

On September 16th Emilie wrote to Mrs. King:

"Only to-day did I receive another dear little note, and I had grown so uneasy at the delay. . . . I fancied all sorts of dreadful reasons, but it was only that he was in a specially dangerous place from which posting a letter might destroy him. Thank God, he is now with good and devoted friends, and as safe as he can be out of England. His note is short and sad, feeling that Garibaldi's attempt (should it take place), on Rome, will be a failure. . . . Yet Mazzini himself is longing for action and, I think, believing that if he and Garibaldi worked *together* they might make it a truly national movement. Divided, neither is strong enough. . . . He says, ' Moreover, even individually I long for action. I know that I shall not live long, and I hate the thought of dying in a bed of lingering suffering, *di peso ad altri*, *grave a me stesso* [a weight upon others and heavy to myself]. All my life has been a preaching of unity between thought and action, and I would be useful to my own Italy after death if I bequeathed to the growing generation a visible symbol of that unity. . . .' "

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* He even concerted measures with the Papal authorities, promising to use troops if necessary, and all the time he was tacitly sanctioning the enlisting of volunteers to invade them, and doing nothing to stop the Party of Action, whose object was a rising within Rome.

To Emilie, from Lugano. September 21st, 1867.

Dearest Emilie,

I receive, almost immediately after having complained to W. of your silence, your two of the 8th–16th.

C*h*ristini, dear, does not thank me for the *lesione*, but for the *lezione italiana.* Jessie has been informed about me, was to come on her way back from Geneva, but has not appeared, bent, I suppose, on sharing in the chief's enterprise. She has not written. The Milan Committee has read by this time the *parole militanti.* The enclosure marked X had already reached in a *duplicata* through another direction. Did the "Inflamed" of Mr. Brown reach? If so might you not write a few words to say that I am on the Continent, but shall have the pamphlet when back to England? Why copy so much of the vulgar madman's letter? I know the man and have refused to see him. I grieve for Bezzi.* I had already written a few words to Mrs. B. The son has not been, on the whole, a very worthy young man; but I suppose he really feels for his father; I shall write a few words to him as soon as I can. Miragoli is a good rather silly young man. I certainly shall not name La Guini's child, for the simple reason that I do not know him: it must be a different name [from Joseph]. The letter sent by Wainright was a Sicilian one, and cut through on account of the cholera only. Lama is honest and especially in things which I know and in which I take interest. I *think* Le Block can trust him; if he does, and when the time comes, I shall write or speak to him myself as an additional precaution. As to the painting [Query: a painting by Le Block], dear, I cannot for many reasons speak to Var: about it. Besides, I candidly declare that I would take the £65 for my Roman affair rather than, etc. The Con. came and are delighted. I am very glad; still, do you really mean to take lodgings? I cannot front the thought. There would not even be an economical advantage: you would spend in lodgings what they would give you.

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* Bezzi, who had distinguished himself during the siege of Rome, always remained faithful to the cause of Italy, and to Mazzini. He served in The Thousand and was one of the first to step on to Calabrian soil in 1860. From the time of Aspromonte he was always working in conjunction with Mazzini. In the fight at Bezzecca he was badly wounded, and again wounded at Mentana in 1867, after which he was sent as prisoner to Rome. He refused decorations and pensions and spent the last years of his life working in Milan, always in the hope of his native Trentino being liberated.

Now, the minor points being exhausted—they are all minor indeed except that of your house—I come to ourselves. I have no letters from Caroline and I fear the rheumatic attack of which you speak may be the cause. Tell me if it is. She was not at Dolgelly when she wrote, but at Llandudno: why do you name that place? Happy Mr. Ogle [father of Mrs. W. Ashurst] who dies *gently* away. There is sadness in parting even when age, etc., make it an expected thing; but what I can scarcely bear is the thought of death through a long very painful illness, like Bezzi and others: both for the one who dies and the loving ones round him. Give my love to Bessie and William. I shall write a few words to Bessie as soon as I shall receive another letter from you. Is Mrs. Cordingly seriously ill too?

Of our affairs there is nothing to be said just now. I am impatiently awaiting to see the turn things take. I shall at the end of the month decide accordingly my own course. Meanwhile I am annoyed, fidgety, and rather gloomy.

Addio. Love from your devoted

JOSEPH.

21 Sept.

Please to send the enclosed. I don't know where Caroline may, at this moment, be. She may have come back to London with Joe.

Dear, a bother: but it is so short! Do translate into English, to please M'Adam and me, the two scraps from Garibaldi and send them either to him or to me. Of course the line of Foscolo in prose. These things are to be put in a frame around or behind—I don't know which—the image of Wallace. He wants a few words from me too, bother the man!

Jos.

A few days after the above letter was written things took a very decided turn. Perhaps Garibaldi's own words will best explain what happened:

"I prepared for the crusade first at Venice and afterwards in other provinces nearer to Rome. The Governments of Paris and Florence were watching me . . . and though I had the support of many honest men in the enterprise, there were others who spared no pains to thwart me, especially the Mazzinians, who proclaim themselves without the shadow of a reason, the party of action, and will allow no one else to take the initiative if they can help it.

"At last, having travelled hither and thither all over Italy . . . I resolved on immediate action towards the month of September.

"At the same time that we were preparing for a movement in the north, we asked help of our friends in Southern Italy for a concentrated operation on Rome. I had, however, reckoned without my host; and one fine night, having arrived at Sinalunga . . . I was arrested by order of the Italian Government and taken to the fortress of Alessandria.

"From Alessandria I was conducted to Genoa, thence to Caprera, the island being then surrounded by men-of-war. I was thus a prisoner in my own dwelling, visibly, and indeed very closely guarded by ironclads, with small steamers and some merchant vessels, which the Government had chartered for the purpose." *

The fact appears to be that Garibaldi precipitated the raid because Rattazzi was at last deciding against any movement whatever. He had tried uselessly to negotiate with the Left, then, discovering that Louis Napoleon had mustered 40,000 troops at Toulon ready to go to the aid of the Holy Father, he hastily came down off his swivel-seat. But unable as ever to run straight, he endeavoured to nullify action on the part of the Volunteers by encouraging disunity among them.

Before the fortress of Alessandria closed upon him, Garibaldi had sent to the Romans an impassioned call to action. His arrest created immense excitement, so much so that in Florence Rattazzi went for a time in imminent danger of his life, and Genoa had to be occupied by the military.

In the beginning of October, Menotti Garibaldi, undeterred either by prudence or by fear, approached with his muster to within striking distance of Rome.

"Rattazzi's policy at this juncture, so far as it is possible to disentangle it, seems to have been to keep Garibaldi at Caprera

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* *Autobiography of Garibaldi.*

and check the raids, but at the same time to encourage a rising at Rome under the auspices of the Moderates, and thus give the Government a pretext to go there to preserve order and take a plebiscite of the Romans . . . Rattazzi sent pressing messages to the National Committee to rise at any cost; he sent them funds and promised arms. To preserve the fiction of a spontaneous Roman movement, he promoted the formation of a 'Roman Legion,' nominally formed of exiles, whose vagaries discredited the whole movement." * His hope was to keep friends with France by appearing to safeguard the Pope and assure him in the free exercise of his spiritual power. Louis Napoleon had no wish to embark upon another adventure in Rome, and Rattazzi reckoned on his being ready to consent to the intervention of the Italian Government if only things could be managed so that the Pope asked for it.

To Emilie, from Lugano. Only date 27. Seems September 27th, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

This Garibaldi turmoil has kept me nervous and unsettled and prevented me writing to you before. Whether there will be a reaction in the country, or they will say, "he has what he deserves," one or two days will tell. I feel inclined to believe that everybody will submit. In that case there will be discouragement for two or three months, but all those who really want to act will one by one come to me. The money question will remain the prominent one. What can one do without money? I am very unsettled, gloomy, tired, and seeing everything as surrounded by a leaden mist, which is anything but comfortable.

Can I help you, dear one, in the Celesia affair? How much would be required to enable you to do what you wish? Do *not* hesitate to tell me if you have really the thing at heart. To do a little good to those I love is the only comfort left to me, and God knows, I have it very seldom: generally when I want to do good I do mischief. On the other side, why be weak and cry? Why are you to be [need you be] rich as she is? And where is the evil of her knowing or guessing that you are not? Ought I to feel wretched because I never would be able to welcome Sarina in London with the same hospitality she gives to me? You ought not, therefore, whatever determination you take, to be too sad, dear. Were there not in existence—no, never mind.

Does Robetto Armenio give any address? If so send it to me. You cannot do wrong, and did not with Accursi. To

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* *History of Italian Unity.* Bolton King.

Carlyle you may say anything. Poor Swinburne! It is too late to change him. I am very sorry for Mrs. France and for myself. I hate the thought of new lodgers. No Guiccioli? Byron? I do not see any advertisement anywhere.

To Emilie. September 28th, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I have yours of the 23rd. I am *very* glad, although not astonished, of Caroline's offer. You have now mine too, and have only to choose. My compliments to M'Adam. I suppose that the late news will have damaged the fervour. They ought, on the contrary, to increase it. The Roman question is just where it was and—for them—inseparably linked with Garibaldi's liberation or triumph. Only I am going to substitute *my* own work to his own. The money *ought* to come to me. But I do not like to say so. Those who were disposed to give ought to see it for themselves. Tumults have taken place at Milan and Florence but I very much doubt their being followed up by anything serious. And if not, I am going to plunge into hard work and try a last attempt to get funds, organize, etc., for my own scheme. Of course it would, even succeeding, take time; and all this, therefore, has nothing to do with my coming back to England, which would even be more required to avoid suspicions. I suppose that if Shaen did not know that I am away he will have sent the money as usual to Mrs. France. If not he may as well keep it till I come back. To Bett[ini] I shall write, and to others. Poor Le Block! I never anticipated his troubles or his condition. I thought he was rather wealthy.

When does Madame Celesia reach London? How long is she going to stop? Why don't you suggest Miss W. to Carlyle?

I do not remember Garibaldi having ever uttered the *phrase en question*.

The cold here is astonishingly sharp. It has been proceeding considerably on the Alps and we have a wind coming from there.

I wish you had followed out the thought of translating the whole letter to the Peace Congress. The *Daily News* or some other paper would have probably inserted it. It is too late now. I don't know why it has produced a sensation in the French Press. Garrison cannot have been there. Nobody has mentioned him. Where is he? I should be sorry if he was in Italy without my knowing it. I want to have some welcome given to him by the Republican party. Do you know anything of him? It is very cold here. I hope it is not in London.

Love, dearest Emilie from your

Jos.

Nothing from the U.S.?

To Emilie. September 29th, 1867.

Dearest Emilie,

I have yours of the 26th. You wrote Dolgelly, dear, but never mind. Did you mean by saying that the paintings of Le Block were probably disposed of that they were sold? And if so why is he compelled to depart? I thought he was, by poverty, precisely because he could not sell. Yes, I understand your possibly going to Brussels, but why to Venice for three months? To become a colonist? I have, at times, a vague hope of succeeding in getting means. If so I think I would be able to organize, three months after having it, the realization of my scheme; and then you would willingly desert Venice for Rome. But I dare say it will be all a dream. Still, never mind what the people does or does not [do] now, I feel that the time has come for action and that it would be followed. I shall be doubly unhappy if with this conviction in my mind, I cannot act. Of course this last affair, lamentable as it looks, is rather favourable to me. Plenty of men, disheartened about Garibaldi, will rally around me. I shall certainly write to Mickiewicz. What is the inedited poem of his father? I wrote to Bessie yesterday, I hope you give from time to time my remembrances to Carry and Ashurst [Biggs].

The weather is gradually softening. When does Madame Celesia come and how long does she stop? Does Mrs. F. go regularly on with the *Saturdäy Review*, etc? Addio. Love your loving

Joseph.

Is Caroline gone to H.? I hope to receive a letter from her within a day or two; she had promised to write after her having seen you and before her leaving.

Sept. 29.

Will you send the enclosed to Caroline where she is? And then to Bessie? With love from everybody here, I give, most deepfelt, mine. You never say anything about your health but I suppose it is as it was. I wish all the rest *could* be as well as your physical state.

Your
Joseph.

What is the spirit of the English Press concerning Garibaldi's arrest? I write to B. separately.

To Emilie. From Lugano. October 12th. Evidently 1867.

Dearest Emilie,

I write very little because, amongst other reasons, I am visited by those old annoying pains in the chest, sickness, etc., which make writing harmful. I have all yours, and all other letters you sent. I hope I shall enclose a few words for Mr. King. Dear, the consequence of this movement is that the Government is almost decided to interfere : the result of the interference being, I suppose, that Monarchy will conquer the province and leave Rome to the Pope. In the scheme which I in vain proposed to Garibaldi, Monarchy would have equally interfered ; but then the interference would have been openly *against* us, and it might have revolted Italy [into civil war] and opened a chance to the Republic. Now, the interference will be apparently *for* us, nobody having anything to say or do against it : there is no flag. As I know that the thing is settled I wish that it took place quickly. I want a basis for future schemes and I have none : I cannot suggest anything when events may unfold in a different way from what we anticipate.

I suppose Madame Celesia has arrived. You will tell me of her and, *malgrado il far niente* [in spite of her having done nothing], give her, for the sake of the past, my love. When Peter comes back, give him the £25 to be added to my *general* fund which is already in his hands. I only wish there were many [Mr.] Kings on earth. Whatever turn the affairs take, money will certainly be wanted, if I am to do anything.

I had given a *hope* to Morley from myself, when I did not think all this uproar would arise : he must know from you that I am away and that my writing is, for the present, out of question. Libri was in contact with him when I left.

Bless you, dear one. It is dreadfully cold here, all the mountains around being covered with snow. I dare say this premature cold is partially the cause of my having the pains. Take care of yourself in this change of season. Your loving,

Jos.

Love to William and Bessie and to the Biggs.

Mazzini did enclose in the above a letter addressed to Mr. and Mrs. King, who had sent him jointly £25. Mrs. King reproduced it in her valuable *Letters and Recollections of Mazzini*.

". . . We are going slowly on. I cannot tell you what the positive result of the actual movement will be." He adds that monarchy has decided to interfere should the movement grow stronger—and then Rome will remain to the Pope. He begs her to remember that whatever has been conquered to Italy is due to insurrectionary movements, not to the institution of monarchy. To Emilie he wrote about the same date :

From abroad. No definite date.

You from afar cannot realize what this crisis is for us : the excitement, the anarchy, the dissolution of all that has been organized ; the doubt about the moral necessity of helping or not helping ; every committee asking for instructions, which really one does not know how to frame. Garibaldi was, as you know, arrested the second time, and I was delighted : kept at Caprera, and having said to the Italians "liberazione," he would have been a *flag* for the agitation without being able to mismanage ; and I hastened to write accordingly. His escape, if true, changes everything again.

On the 5th his men were to have acted in Rome, and he was so sure of it that his last proclamation of the 4th begins with the words, "To-morrow Rome will have emancipated herself." Nothing has happened there ; still, who knows ?

You say I must keep faith with you and not be rash, etc.* I believe that the future—as I understand it—of Italy, is depending on her shaking off the wretched, corrupted monarchy. I believe the thing to be possible ; I am therefore bound to attempt it. I shall not live long and I feel I *must* try to leave Italy free from this shame which is now rising on her flag—and see her placed in the right groove. For this I have certain plans to propose to our men which require this Garibaldian outbreak to be either successful or at an end. I may be detained more than I wished [arrested ?], but I think I shall not be. The crisis cannot go on indefinitely and I hope within a week to tell you there will be the long-predicted rising in Rome ; or that I despair of it.

The rumour of Garibaldi's escape from Caprera proved true. The sensational story of his slipping away on the night of October 14th in a tiny skiff, under the very eyes of his blockaders, can be read in his *Autobiography*. On the 22nd he suddenly appeared in Florence. Rattazzi, whose tergiversations were equalled by those of the King, had been driven to resign by his Majesty imposing a veto on the very movement for which he was thought to have been covertly playing. General Cialdini, at the moment of Garibaldi's dramatic re-entrance upon the scene, was endeavouring to form a ministry. He besought Garibaldi to keep quiet and to lie low, for he himself intended to fight the French if they landed in Italy; but Garibaldi was not the man to lie low after he had startled the world by such a feat as his evasion from a beleaguered isle, and "with Rattazzi's inexplicable connivance he left for the frontier. Perhaps the ex-Premier hoped that he might find a French bullet; if another and more suspicious version be true, he had allowed him to be assured of the support of the Government.

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* Emilie believed that he actually went at this time into the Papal States, where danger of his total and permanent disappearance was very great.

"Next day (October 23rd) Garibaldi crossed the frontier at Passo Corese." *

To Emilie, from Lugano. Dated 25th. Seems October, 1867.

Dearest Emilie,

One word only; I am poorly, sicklish, etc. It will pass; but it is just like the last attack in London and it will take time. Shaen did not send to Mrs. France the money he received. Send the note. Keep the money, but give three guineas to Mrs. F. I gave her only down to the first of Nov.

I had yours with Mrs. France's, etc. No, I cannot give *that* sum to Mrs. Carbonell. I would gladly give my £1, but I cannot now. Please send to poor Mrs. Bezzi. Write: tell me *how* you are and *where* you are. Addio. With love.

Joseph.

25.

Should Mrs. Bezzi ask for some money of mine, give it on the £20.

To Emilie, from Lugano. Only date 21st. Seems October, 1867.

Dearest Emilie,

I have yours of the 15th. I am very sorry and disappointed for what you say about G. C. [George Cooke ?]. He had written to me giving the form of the telegram, but stating that he could not give the money because his man was out of town: strange enough. Still, I thought it was only a delay. I wrote back urging him to send and pointing out the simplest way. Since then I heard nothing; and I consider it now as a lost affair. *Pazienza!*

About the volume, dear [of the English edition of his writings], I thought that you were inserting the "Parole ai Giovani." It is political in its bearing, but literary in form, and you ought not to be too particular; you will not be able to manage an equal number of literary and political volumes. Still, do what you like. Insert the Byron, etc. About Byron, any possible note you like. But be shorter and less anathematizing in your note on G. Sand. I have still a weakness at the bottom of my heart for her and grieve more than I condemn. Say merely that the writer has, to your knowledge, since 1851 modified his appreciation of her and that he has sadly convinced himself that what he once hailed as the utterance of a High-Priestess was only the transient, passive, changeful evolution of an *artistical* power, yielding, like the statue of Memnon, sounds—harmonious but unconscious sounds—to the influence of the Sun, etc. Do not speak of apostasy. Let me be gentle in my blame.

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* *History of Italian Unity*. Bolton King.

It *may* be that I still write the notes [for this edition of his writings]; but it is not likely. I am merged in such an agitated, stormy sea, where one wave rises only to dissolve on the shore, another rising immediately after, that I feel unable to write a word of good sense on any subject, or even to think of any other thing. We are going two steps in advance and one and one-half backward : still we advance, and I have a feeling that within the year, the actual year, I mean, we *shall* reach.

The cold has become suddenly intense : snow is whitening all the mountain tops around. Everybody has been, or is, ill with colds, influenza and similar complaints : even Sarina has been two days in bed : Janet is; Maria has been alarming. I too have got a rather unusually prolonged cold ; but it is of the prosaic genus.

I do not yet feel so changed in my mind as you are about the "Byron mystery," but I feel shaken. I had ordered the *Academy;* and I had it already when your copy came. Read the *Quarterly*, please, and tell me what comes out of it. It will be against him, of course, but there may be some facts worth knowing.

You do not say one word about your health. Try to be well.

Remember me to Cowen and his wife. Love from your

JOSEPH.

Do you see Sydney often?

No answer at all to your letter, from M'Adam?

To Emilie, from Lugano. Dated 20th. Seems October, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I am ill from those old pains, and writing brings them on. Only one word therefore. I have Belcredi and I shall get better. Don't be uneasy. The only tormenting thing is that it has come on whilst I need all possible activity.

I cannot explain the position ; but if there is a mixed interference, our troops [being] in the province and the French [being] in Rome, must—if I can stir—appeal to insurrection. Has Peter come back? If things come to a close I shall telegraph for him to send me all the money he has from me—the T. fund excepted,* and £30 of mine excepted too. Then you will tell him that any offer of his own added to my own money will be more than welcome, and you will say the same thing from me to William and M'Adam for Townshend, P. Stuart and Malleson and the few others, if they have not been exhausted by Riciotti [Garibaldi].

Send the enclosed to Caroline, please. Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

Love to William and Bessie.

If I do telegraph, let the money be given to David Nathan, Rood Lane, Fenchurch Street. That will do.

Illness of a character to inflict upon him terrible sufferings had overtaken Mazzini before the news of the Roman rising reached him. His prevision as to attempts in the provinces minimizing chances in Rome, by putting and keeping every adversary on his guard, proved only too true. There did occur possibilities, even opportunities, in which Garibaldi might have repeated the almost miraculous prodigies of 1860; but Garibaldi was no longer the tireless, unconquered and all-conquering figure of those days. Also, far more now than then, was he hampered by political entanglements, and by his own unreasoned prejudices. His flight from Caprera and the fighting in Rome, quickly brought the French element again into the arena, notwithstanding the vacillation and uncertainty of Louis Napoleon's will up to the last instant.

Cialdini, who yearned to fight the Emperor if he turned invader, had been unable to form a Cabinet, and Menabrea had come into office with a ministry drawn from the extreme men of the Right, who at once issued a proclamation against the Volunteers. This, together with the landing of the French, fired the Republican spirit throughout the country, and even the Moderates cried out against the proclaiming of the Volunteers, preferring war with France to war upon their own fellow-countrymen.

But Garibaldi found himself hampered by every conceivable circumstance—confusion, want of arms, want of discipline, want of ability in his officers, want of steadfastness in the rank and file, uncertainty as to the number and identity of his opponents. He took Monte Rondo after a terrible struggle (October 25–26), and as the Papalists retired upon Rome he was able to occupy Viterbo and Velletri. He almost reached the city in spite of an added difficulty in the horrible weather, and intended to enter it, believing that a movement simultaneous with his entry would take place within the walls. But that rising was delayed, his position became too perilous, and he saw that it would be necessary to retreat. This was the signal for insubordination among his followers. They could not or would not understand his reasons for not attacking Rome, and many deserted him. He, in his turn, could not believe that the French truly meant to attack him and when, finding the position at Monte Rondo impossible, he planned to take ground where guerilla fighting would be practicable, he was not carefully obeyed, so that he and his little force marched straight into a trap at Mentana. The French came to the assistance of the Papalists, and their *chassepots* decided the day (November 3rd).

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* Probably the fund he kept for the Tancionis. See Vol. I. pp. 44, 45, 148.

"Garibaldi had blundered as politician and as general, and his foolishness wrought an unrelieved disaster. Mentana was a great moral blow to Italy. . . . It raised the prestige of the Papacy; it humiliated Italy; it left behind the seed of civil dissension and foreign complication. But the prevailing feeling at the moment was one of passionate wrath with France. . . . Mentana raised the hopes of the Catholics, and the clericals clamoured for France to recover Bologna and Ancona for the Pope. . . . The Emperor dared not offend the Catholics by withdrawing his protection of the Pope, and though his troops left Rome before the end of the year, they only retired to Civita Vecchia." *

The Italian Government arrested Garibaldi and sent him back, after a brief lodgment in the fortress of Varignano, to his own island-rock.

To Emilie, from Lugano. November 8th. Seems 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I send another proclamation. The others were admirably translated. Remember that the *Morning Advertiser* and, I dare say, the *Observer*, will insert. Tell all my friends, our London friends, William, Shaen, the Mallesons, Wainwright, etc., that the Garibaldi shipwreck does not end the movement but brings a new, more defined period; that now I want to be helped in every way, Press, anti-French-invasion meetings, and some money if possible. If we come to action, I shall be in it. Tell them that I cannot write because I am ill. Did you keep Mrs. Phillipson's address? She ought to help too, for Garibaldi's sake, if for nothing else.

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* *History of Italian Unity.* Bolton King.

Swinburne has written on Rome. Is it good? I can see nothing here. Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

Nov. 8.

To Emilie, from Lugano. Seems November, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Will you post the enclosed to Guérrant de Mussy? I have not the address, and Belcredi wants to know something about his prescriptions. I am just the same. You know what it is—one of those complaints which require time. So have patience, as I have.

Love from all here. Your own devoted brother

JOSEPH.

I do not speak of Rome. You know all.

I have given an address to Guérrant, so that there is no need of any further contact from you. Give me your address, dear.

I am so glad about Sydney! Is W[olff?] in London? If so tell him to keep there. There is unfortunately no hurry now.

Whatever turn things take, money in my hands will now be more important than ever. Remind M'Adam and others of it.

Did you read the criticism of Swinburne on Gra: O.'s poems?

Saturday.

To Emilie, from Lugano. December 3rd, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

You will receive from D[itio] or Ad[olphus Nathan] £4. I accept of course, and gratefully, your £3 subscription. But I had given to Mrs. France only up, or down, to the 1st November, and we are now in December, and besides, Harro: therefore I send this little help. Do write yourself to Swinburne that I am ill, *cannot* write, but read, mark each step of his, feel grateful and admiring and touched. I am physically bothered, dear, in plenty of ways; morally just in beautiful harmony with the physical condition. Never mind; all this will pass away—or I shall, which amounts to the same.

I am of course surrounded by affectionate cares.

How are you in health? Do not believe that because I do not write I do not think or love.

Thank Peter for the £100. Love to Mentia, to Ashurst and Carry, to William and Bessie. And love to you, dearest Emilie, from your devoted

JOSEPH.

On December 10th Emilie wrote to Mrs. King:

"I had a very few lines from Mazzini yesterday. He seems no better, and the lady in whose house he is staying assures us, however, that the doctors say he is in no danger and that his extreme weakness and depression are his worst symptoms. I hope in God they are not mistaken, but I have had terrible cause to doubt physicians, and cannot but feel very uneasy."

To Emilie, from Lugano. Seems December 17th, 1867.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Once more, will you forward the enclosed to Caroline? I have no letters and feel rather restless. But a few days more and I shall have no letters to write or to long for. I dare say you have already seen Adolphus and Ditio. Please send the enclosed lines to Clementia. I trust you are well, bless you.

Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

Love to W. and B.

17.

The inroads of this terrible illness, the culmination of some years of suffering, were such that Jessie Mario, who as soon as possible went to Lugano, scarcely recognized the invalid. The perfect oval of the face had gone, its colour had turned from warm olive to an earthy pallor, the hair, once so abundant, had become scanty and quite white. Only the passing brilliance of the eyes and the peculiar beauty of the smile assured her that the inert, recumbent, fragile form, was indeed Mazzini's.

Quadrio was with him, and the still beautiful Giulia Modena—with whom he had always felt linked in sympathy; and after a time he allowed Bertani to be asked to come to him professionally. At times he was able to rise and even to join the family at table, and to learn from Jessie details of all she had seen during this confused, unhappy year.

In November he sent, through the Prussian representative in Florence, a note to Bismarck which it is well to quote as showing his feeling about that statesman.

"I do not share the political views of Count Bismarck; his method of unification has not my sympathy, but I admire his tenacity, his energy, his spirit of independence in face of the foreigner. I believe in the unity of Germany and desire it as I desire that of my own country. I abhor the empire and the supremacy over Europe which it arrogates to itself. And I believe that an alliance with it of Italy against Prussia, to whose victories we owe Venetia, would be a sin that would put a lasting stain upon our young banner. In order, reciprocally, to preserve our independence in the future, I think, therefore, that there is room for what may be called a strategic alliance against the common enemy between the Prussian Government and our Party of Action."

But Bismarck, though impressed, distrusted any revolutionary or republican element.

In December, Mazzini, believing himself to be well enough, undertook the trying journey across the Alps, accompanied by Joseph Nathan—a devoted nurse—and in due time arrived in London, to the relief of his friends there.

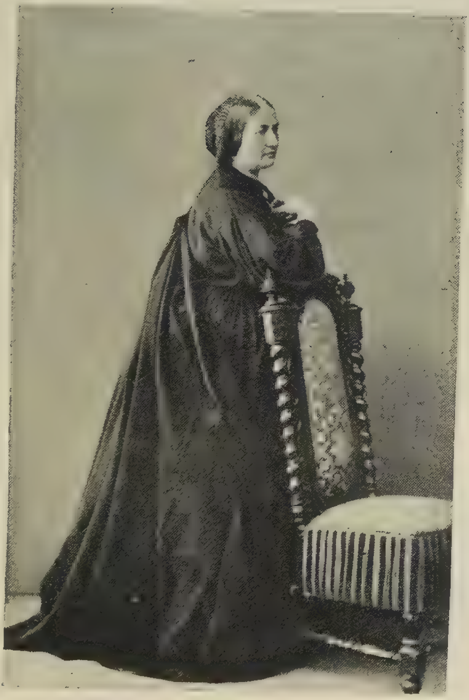
To Emilie. Seems from Lugano or from somewhere on the way to England. Dated 24th and probably December, 1867.

Dearest Emilie,

If nothing keeps me on the road I shall be at Mrs. France's on the 30th, perhaps on the 29th. Where shall you be? Let me know by a note there. I hope you have received the £6 from Nathan, and that I shall find what you bought for Caroline.

Ever your loving
Jos.

24.



GIULIA MODENA

1868–1869

MAZZINI remained ailing and suffering all the Spring of this year, and it is probable that the absence of any notes or letters to the Ashursts is due to his having been compelled to refrain, as much as possible, from writing.

A passage in one of James Stansfeld's letters, dated February, 1868, says that "Mazzini has been a little better the last week."

He seems to have been living in his former lodgings at Mrs. France's, Onslow Terrace, Fulham Road.

To Emilie, at 35 Marine Parade, Brighton. From London. April 10th, 1868.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Many thanks for your little note. I hope the change will be beneficial and that your head will get stronger. The things came. What are they?

If I came for one day to the [spare] room in the house, I would have, through mere courtesy, to remain and dine with Mentia and Peter. Now, I must dine with Caroline, James and Joe, on account, especially, of the 19th. Remaining [with you] *days* is out of question.

I have not seen W[olff?].

Swinburne is going to act on the stage!

Love to Clem. and Peter. Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

Friday.

To Emilie, at 35 Marine Parade, Brighton. From London. April 13th, 1868.

I am very sorry, dearest Emilie, to hear you are so *giù* [down]: if only morally, alas! I can say nothing; but if physically, that is, if the condition of the head is the same as it was here, I am sadly disappointed. I hoped that the change would do good, and I do not like the persistence. Do you go to Dr. Blakiston's after Brighton?

No news: I was yesterday at Blackheath with the Nathans.

I have to convey special thanks from Mrs. France. Do not play at all, regardless of chivalrous feelings, whenever you have not either two trumps or the Queen; and conquer, although ignobly, the fates.

Give my love and thanks for her remembering, to Mrs. Taylor; and love to Clem and Peter.

I had just now one hour of conversation with one of my old *employés* in Rome: a good, faithful, still young Roman.

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

Monday.

To Emilie, at 35 Marine Parade, Brighton. From London. April 16th or 23rd, 1868.

DEAREST EMILIE,

No; I did not ask Swinburne about the stage or the double photograph: I really cannot play the part of a spiritual father to him except when he himself offers me an opportunity. He talked about Art and poets: recited—almost unintelligibly for me—*Siena* and *La Via* which is going to appear first in the United States then here: has evidently no *mannotta* reaction, wants to see you as soon as you are in London and speaks of you often as of a chosen sister and as an exceptional woman. Unless you decide to be in London, in which case welcome, you ought to stop a fortnight where you are and then, to the end of May at Chigwell. The very short excursions and changes will do no good to your head and health. I send three *Unitàs*, two of which have been seized; but dear, if I am to go on wherever you are, you must have the trouble of posting again, four by four, to Mad. Filopanti, 39 Great Coram Street, Russell Square. I have pledged myself to send and cannot break my promise. If you do so you had better cut off my *envoi* to you.

To-morrow we are to dine, Saffi, I, and perhaps Caroline, at a quarter to seven, at Clementia's. Yesterday night Edwin Arnold came at Thurlow Square. The conversation happened to turn on religion and I talked with him on the subject. I was glad I did, merely because, although having met him four or five times, I had never spoken to him, and I was feeling it rather unkind. He is very intelligent, but within a certain phase; not beyond. Good, I think; very much self-satisfied and optimist. I was glad too that I conversed, because I feel now, except on the religious question, too much inclined to silence, which again, looks unkind. I am very sorry for it, but nothing interests me; I feel dull, out of place on earth, sad at almost all things, and oppressed by a sense of *désenchantement* which grows on me more and more—spreads a *tinta grigia* [grey tint] on everything and makes me feel that I have no business here. It is ungrateful and I feel really remorseful for it, but I sink under a sense of loneliness which makes this last period of life uncomfortable. It is of course partially owing to the moral, or rather immoral, condition of Italy, which is, too, a *désenchantement*. I try to keep myself up with a faint hope that I may still be called to unfurl the republican flag there and die, like Cooper's Corsair, whilst unfurling it.

Addio, dearest Emilie.

Your loving
JOSEPH.

Thursday.

To Emilie, at Brunswick House, 22 Marina, St. Leonards-on-Sea. From London, April 22nd, 1868.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I have your note, thankfully. Dr. Blakiston is a jewel of a man; Mrs. Blakiston ditto.

Swinburne has been here one hour and one half. He spoke of you highly and affectionately. He says that he is now very well.

There is nothing new in Italy: dissatisfaction growing: great tumults at Bologna concerning the economical question, but with a political character. Ceneri, Caldesi, etc., taken to Alessandria. I am at work with the army. If Garibaldi was explicitly *with* me we might very soon begin a republican movement in the South: alone, I find difficulties which it requires time to overcome. Ricciotti [Garibaldi] is here: good enough.

I have pledged the Italian papers to different people; and can scarcely send you anything. M'Adam speaks of leaving the house during the first fortnight of May: very vague. Mrs. King has written to me, too, urging me to go; and I shall, one of these days—but coming back the very evening. Visiting so far is rather a bother to me for various reasons. However. . . .

Try to restore your head to the primitive condition: that is the main point now. Then, we shall get a Republic in Italy and you will come there.

How long shall you be at Hastings? Have you any idea?

Remember me to the Dr. Your loving

JOSEPH.

Wednesday.

I am tolerably, although I feel the threatening—only the threatening—almost every day. The *Pop. d'It.* is a horribly badly written paper only it sometimes gives news from other papers. I have never seen, from a thinker, such a silly sophistic speech as that of John Mill.*

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* Probably on the Irish Church Bill being brought forward by Mr. Gladstone.

To Emilie, at Brunswick House, 22 Marina, St. Leonards-on-Sea. April 29th, 1868.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I had all your notes and enclosures. I sent the *series* to the Poet; I do not know whether or not he will write—was your address there? But I know that he admires you as he ought and that he must be pleased with your *envoi*. From the printed scrap you read, you have seen that my German lady is bothering, far or near. The *Moderate* Press is already declaring that my contact with Jesuits, retrogrades, and what not, is proved.

It is all very well for you to shake your head at Garibaldi; but *I* who as leading, or believed to be leading, the republican party and bent on *trying*, am thinking of making a last attempt towards him. If he could be led to whisper republic, and alliance with me for a fortnight, I would have the Neapolitan provinces, as I have Sicily, and with that basis I would not hesitate to unfurl our flag. Garibaldi is still very powerful in those provinces. Ricciotti, whom I am going to see again on Tuesday, is well disposed, and declares that Menotti is so too. I want to try if I can send to him a deputation of his best officers headed by Menotti, to declare to him the wish of the Party. I shall not succeed, but I think I ought to try, *per debito di coscienza* [for conscience sake].

Do you remember the station at which one must come out of the train when going to Chigwell?

It is foggy to-day as if we were in November. I lost, the other evening, more than two pounds at Peter's.

Your ever loving
JOSEPH.

Sunday.

Caroline and James took me yesterday night to hear *Fidelio*. It is a *wonderful* harmony encircling a broken, wavering, undeveloped melody—a few exceptional concerted bits excluded. There are great beauties; but the symphony from him, played before, not belonging to *Fidelio*, is superior to them all. There, in the instrumental music, is the Kingdom of Beethoven.

To Emilie. Postmark May 13th, 1868.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I am *very* sorry; but I *cannot* come to Mrs. King before Saturday. Why does she not like the day? On Saturday, if there does not come anything against it from Chigwell, I shall come at a rather early hour. I do not as yet know the trains, but I shall inform me and will endeavour to be at W[oodford] at four or so. If you can give me instructions so much the better.

Of course there are trains back to London in the evening. I shall take the latest.

I enclose a note from Dr. Bird.

You ought to write one word of thanks and encouragement to Swinburne. I shall, most likely.

I have had people and letters to extinction. I have no time for one word more.

Ever your loving
Jos.

Wednesday.

From Dr. Bird, 19 Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W. May 12th.

Dr. Bird presents his compliments to Signor Ernesti and by request of Mrs. Venturi begs to report on Mr. Swinburne's case.

Dr. Bird is most glad to say that for five days past Mr. Swinburne has avoided "the perilous stuff" and is consequently very much improved in body and mind. No doubt Signor Ernesti will agree with Dr. Bird that under these circumstances it is better to postpone writing to Mr. Swinburne's family. Mr. —— the artist (a staunch friend of Swinburne) undertook to write to his father, but Dr. B has taken steps—he hopes in time—to prevent him for the present at least carrying out this intent.

To Emilie, at 14 Milborne Grove, Gilston Road, West Brompton. August 19th, 1868.

DEAREST EMILIE,

No; but come to me at half-past six; and submit yourself to a *chicken*. I reserve my rights for Susan next week; but having to go to Hampton, I cannot now go and give instructions to Susan.

I am so glad of any chance for Mrs. King.

Swinburne did not come yesterday.

Ever your loving
Jos.

Wednesday.

(Same day or very soon after.)

DEAREST EMILIE,

I think I shall leave on Monday; therefore we can go to Aubrey House on Friday on condition that we win. I fear that I shall have to dine out on Saturday. But to-morrow and on Sunday we shall be together. I have [a letter] from Caroline: the heat intense: they are well: she thirsts for letters.

Ever lovingly yours
Jos.

(Endorsed by Emilie "Received August 25th, 1868.")

Dearest Emilie,

All right—rather good passage. Love from

Your

Jos.

To Emilie. Superscribed by her as from Lugano. Dated, by Mazzini, August 31st [1868].

Dearest Emilie,

I had your letter of the 26th. Here I am since two days, and I have been perfectly unable to write. The people of the house are so many ! Add to the number the outsiders, Libri, the Pistrucci and others, and you may understand what the first days must be. They are all tolerably well : Janet too, although the old symptoms are there : Quadrio too, although with increasing paleness and deafness. They are all very loving. To Sarina, who inquired eagerly about you, I gave all your messages. I am tolerably, but would not be astonished at my getting unwell. The journey was good, only the photographs are my ruin : I was recognized and forced into conversation by not only Italians but Russians. The weather is hot, still bearable : there is a breeze from the lake and mountains, softening the action of the sun. This is for the present, the summary of my tale.

W[olff ?] went his way, but to reappear. Except Miss. [Missori ?] I have seen nobody from the interior ; but I shall begin, and when I do it will really be difficult for me to write long notes. But if you have time do not act according to the *legge del taglione* [law of retaliation] : your letters will always be a great comfort.

I had told Mrs. F. to send a *Spectator* to me ; it has not come to-day. But at all events write one word to her telling her not to send, therefore not to take *my* copy. They receive it here.

Maria Gnerri is tolerably well.

I am far more grateful to Whistler for his having helped you for a time out of a fit of sadness than for all the good opinion he has of me. I am glad of his being in London. I really feared mischief from the winds. Thanks for the letter copied, which is rather interesting to me. Unhappily I have lost, I fear, the small book where all my addresses were and it is a serious thing, interrupting all my correspondence. I have a faint hope of having forgotten it in London, although it is really a very faint one. However, I have written to Mrs. F. to look for it and if she finds it out to reassure me by telegraph. If it is lost I shall have a great deal of trouble in re-linking with my people and a great deal of uneasiness concerning two or three *military* names.

You must, dear, take the additional trouble of giving my news occasionally to the Taylors, Bessie, William, etc. I don't know—even if I knew how to reach them—how to find time for writing. Tell me of them, too, when you write.

I grieve for Mrs. Shaen. She is doomed, and it would be better for her if she died. Tell me if you receive on the Saturdays the *Saturday Review.*

Is it the husband of Madame Celesia who died? Of course she will be consoled, whatever she writes, very quickly. But I hope he has left her comfortable in life: she had nothing of her own.

Addio. Try to be physically well. Paint if you have time; write when you can, and trust the real deep affection of your

Jos.

Please, dear, to send to Mrs. Bezzi the enclosed.

Aug. 31.

Mrs. Shaen, who had been stricken by an incurable malady in the autumn of 1862, became so ill this autumn that her life was almost despaired of. She did not succumb to her sufferings, however, but lived exactly seven months beyond her husband, who passed away on March 2nd, 1887, leaving a blank for many that could never be filled.

The state of things in Italy during a long period following upon Mentana may be summed up "as a confused record of domiciliary visits and arrests, of conspiracies—a few real but more imaginary—of sequestrations of the liberal journals, seizures of deposits of arms, etc., worthy of notice merely as a proof that, in spite of the gradual moral disintegration of the popular element consequent upon the corruption of the Government, so long as Mazzini lived the spirit of nationality and the instinct of unity could never wholly expire in the hearts of the Italian people." *

As soon as Mazzini reached Lugano he asked the various republican centres to send delegates to confer with him. Twenty-two attended and reported well of republican feeling throughout the country, but agreed that time was needed to prepare before action could be planned.

To Emilie, from Lugano. September 6th, 1868.

I ought to have written before, dearest Emilie, but the fact is that I never had so little time free as now. So many belonging to the family, and all coming to me by turn; others from

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* *Joseph Mazzini: a Memoir.* E. A. V.

Italy; letters, circulars, etc., to be written, absorb the day: I cannot write in the evening. I had all you sent; I feel very grateful but almost remorseful at your *extracts*. Do not send any more the lithographed correspondence. Do not trouble yourself about Harro: I sent before leaving and left to Mrs. France for two months more: she will send P.O. orders. You will not be lonely and dumb for a long while [for long] dear. You know by this time that Caroline and James must be in England before the month is over, on account of the contested election. For them I am very sorry: they feel disappointed and the Swiss excursion would have benefited their health. Whether Caroline will remain in London or go to Halifax, I do not know. Your account of Mrs. W. is rather touching. Mrs. France has been neglectful to me too, rather. I told her to send the *Daily News* every two or three days; and I had only two. I do not care much about it, however. The *Spectator*, which is here, is quite enough to keep me *au courant*. I did not look attentively to your envelopes; but remember that for Switzerland *five* pence only are required. I am more than glad at Sidney's success; I knew by instinct that *that* was his position. I am glad, too, at your being satisfied with the servants.

Here it is very warm; not unbearable. I feel strengthened by the air; but I have little pains almost every day—which I would not care about if they were not a threatening of the old complaint. Sarina is not well; she looks pale and worn out; and she complains of pains in her head. She has been tormenting herself of late with pecuniary losses in the family. I rather reproached her; but what she would not care about for them, she does for the other families. She dreads their being enabled to say that her sons live on what belongs to the wives. You will see her, I think, before the month is over. Janet has had a fit nights ago, then spitting of blood; and the two red spots on her cheeks are certainly more frequent than I should wish. Quadrio is not flourishing; still, less *giù* [down] in health than I had been told.

Things in Italy are going rather favourably as far as organization is concerned: from that to action there is an abyss, however. War would give us an opportunity; and I still believe that war is very probable within the year.

Alas! dear, the German lady—the feminine Harro—is here again. I certainly shall not see her; but bothers and scenes may become unavoidable. W[olff?] is here too—from Lindau, if you please: good, but so noisy! I fear he has put in his head to await for me: if so, a *little* illness of Mrs. W[olff] is desirable.

I wished for certain reasons to see the Italian *avocati*'s letter, and I am glad you sent it.

Do you see much of the Biggs? Do the threatened luncheons take place? Do you really hope to get rid of Morris' invitation with one or two days? Do you have any news from Mrs. King? You did not mention her in your last letter.

Libri is here, already strengthened by the air: he is living still in one of the four houses; but he had taken a house somewhere for a year, I think.

Belcredi is invisible.

Try to keep well, dearest Emilie. I hope your head is right. Do you paint? Did W[histler] see the two sketches? Remember me to Swinburne if you ever write to him; and to Munro and his wife if you ever see them. Love to Clementia and Peter if they make themselves alive to you.

Ever your loving, devoted,
JOSEPH.

Sept. 6.

Did the *Réveil* ever insert my little Polish letter?

In October Mazzini addressed a letter to the Italian members of the Universal Republican Alliance in which he urged the necessity of concerted preparation for action, and gave his reasons for considering the Monarchy as morally dead.

"Republican aspiration is on the lips and in the hearts of most. The obstacle is fear of the foreigner which a war would do away with. Any month might bring an opportunity. It is necessary to be prepared to seize it." He reminds the members of the Alliance that between the fall of one established order and the rise of another there must always come a moment in which the Nation positively affirms its faith. Then should be spoken the initial word of the new Epoch, and the character of that word depends in great measure upon the preparations that have gone before. The duration of this dangerous period depends on the work of a small nucleus of men, for if the initiative be left to the uneducated instincts of the multitude it is easily led astray by some popular personality or the prestige of a name.

"The foolish catchwords *republican-monarchy* and *citizen-king* put before an unprepared people by Lafayette in 1830 cost France not only 18 years of mistakes and the necessity of a second revolution, but sowed the seeds of that rancour, distrust, and exaggerated pretension which brought ruin upon the republic of 1848.

"Men conscious of their mission do not await events, they mature them."

Mazzini emphasized the fact that the Alliance was not a secret society, and only acted secretly when Government coercion drove it underground; also that it sought only the triumph of a *principle*. The great need of the Italians was constancy of purpose—only to be acquired by working from a profound conviction of Duty. "The language and sentiments of the Alliance should be tolerant and conciliatory. Intolerance belongs to the weak, as terrorism is the offspring of fear; and the Alliance is certain of the future." It should make known the condition of Europe; allay in Italy the fear of a French invasion, and point out the effect on France of proclaiming the republican principle in Italy, for an Italian republic would be followed by Spain, Germany, and the Slavo-Hellenic peoples, who hold the key of the Eastern question. Mazzini gives a sketch of his ideal republic, and the works it would set out to do. But freedom, he says, must be merited by the spirit of sacrifice, and he desires Rome to come to Italy through *National* enterprise.

To Emilie, from Lugano. October 8th, 1868.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I have all yours. It is well that when they look unintelligible, you send the letters at once. I have so many correspondents that I cannot tell them all where I am: I forget them. You therefore still receive more letters than you ought. Have patience. I do not write as I wish: the correspondence, visitors, the family—so numerous and so good—take all my time. And then I have only the day hours. In the evening I *cannot* write; scarcely read. My sight loses ground, and the effort, if I make it, upsets my head. I am very glad to hear of the lodger and of his inoffensive behaviour. If you can go on having protection without the bothers of it you have reached the beau-idéal.

Bertani is forthcoming. He has announced his visit. Giulia Modena writes negatively: the letter is very sad: she has been under some medical treatment near Cuneo and is worse. I fear they treated her, on account of her cough, for consumption, whilst the heart is the seat of the disease. She is one of the very few—perhaps *the one* amongst women, whom I would have liked to see.* Jessie does not come; her letter seems to imply this; she speaks of seeing me in England next year.

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* Jessie White Mario mentions in her *Life of Bertani* that Giulia Modena passed away either during this winter or in the spring of 1869.

Has anything been done by Quinet about Meyerbeer's autographs? I am delighted at the *spell* [of ill-luck at cards] being broken, and hopeful that the £1, etc., is only a first instalment. Here, too, we play, and I do invariably lose; but it is a question of centimes.

Spain? I wrote to Caroline about it and about the hopes we can have if, without any *escamotage*, they fulfil the compact and go to a Constituent Assembly. All contact with the Republican leaders was out of question up to this moment: I did not know where they were nor did they know about me. Now that one of them is in the Cabinet, I am trying to correspond, and I shall summarily report if I succeed.

I trust you will somehow go for a few days to St. Leonards whilst Caroline is there. She tells me that she is better. She has been worried a great deal about the contested election; but I think there is no doubt of his [James Stansfeld] being returned. My cough is gone, but I have a *soupçon* of my old pains. I hope it will vanish when the weather changes, if ever it does. As yet, it rains whilst I write. Give my love and thanks to Mlle Galeer if you have any contact. Keep the £1 for Harro when [till?] I shall tell you. I wonder at his keeping so quiet. Sarina's leaving is adjourned *sine die*: the *montagna* cannot be crossed. Poor Munro! I pity him and his wife with all my heart: I wish he had established himself somewhere, at Pisa for instance, and kept quiet there. He *might* have benefited by it; travelling back and working anywhere cannot be good for him. Carlyle is unbearable. I wish he told you clearly *what* he wants. Meanwhile I only fear that they will not elect Odger. Everybody who can ought to support him. Dixon is, I fear, what Cowen says: still, his tendencies are on the right way.

I certainly shall write two little notes to B. and to Clem. perhaps to-morrow. What have you been reading? It is the only thing you are silent about. I read nothing: some bit of an old book whatever,* in bed.

Addio, dearest Emilie: love from your devoted

JOSEPH.

Oct. 8.

Did you ever see Mrs. France?

In the above letter Mazzini refers to the troubles in Spain, where General Prim, believing that he would have the army behind him and much support in the country, had raised a revolt in September against the priest-ridden Queen, who was little more than a puppet in the hands of three persons : her lover, her confessor, and a woman who exercised enormous influence over her. Many generals with republican leanings had been exiled, but nevertheless there was so strong a republican feeling in the army that shortly after the standard of revolt had been raised Isabella fled.

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* Mazzini's occasional quaint use of "whatever" has been pointed out in the earlier letters.

Carlist wars had been distracting the country, but now a sort of provisional government formed itself in which Prim, evidently the man to whom Mazzini alludes, took the office of War Minister. Not until the spring of 1869 did the electors decide upon constitutional monarchy as their permanent form of government; and it will be remembered that the final selection of Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen to occupy the risky throne became the precipitating cause of the war in 1870 between France and Prussia.

Fortunately during this autumn Mazzini was with the Nathans, for he became so ill that Emilie went out to him, and Dr. Belcredi —of "the iron will"—again attended him. A Milanese friend, who was utterly devoted to Mazzini, nursed him, sleeping in his room and doing for him all that skill and affection could prompt. It is to be regretted that the name of this excellent friend is not discoverable in the papers at the writer's disposal.

Emilie remained at Lugano or in Italy until the summer of 1869.

To Emilie. Seems from Lugano. January 12th, 1869.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I have yours of the 10th. I am certainly not against the *piede libero* attempt. I was when we were told of the probable amnesty ; then, a concession already granted would have most likely prevented the other. For the rest, I cannot believe what Marc[ora] says about the Nov. I shall at all events try myself something in his favour, concerning time, I mean—for I would not ask, for his dignity's sake, any other thing—through some influential men, now.

The citizenship is a dream, dear. I explain this to Sarina, who will tell you.

I am very sorry for poor Munro * ; and fear from all you say that the journey there would be useless or sad for you without any advantage to him. Still, it must not be what you say about money that keeps you from going. I have money *of my own*, which I can advance and receive, if needed, in London or anywhere, at a later period. Do not hesitate, dear, for one moment if you have the least inclination for going or think you would do some good to a poor dying friend. Write, and you will immediately have; and don't calculate about Antwerp, long passage, etc., unless you like it. I am sadly of William's opinion, that Swinburne will not last long. But as for the incident, William's weakness, the hours and all he says, prove that he allowed him to drink too much. I wish very much that he would, before vanishing, write something, giving up, for the sake of the young people to come, the absurd, immoral French "Art for Art's sake" system, and relinking Art to Heaven through Earth—to the eternal Ideal through the transitory Symbols. But he will never do this.

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* The sculptor, Alexander Munro, with whose family Emilie was intimate, built a house called "La Tourelle" at Cannes, and died there on January 1st, 1871, his wife and sister being with him.

I saw Tauchnitz's *Byron*, but I cannot dream of buying it. Janet sent me *Manfred*, etc., and I find that, even here, where I have been absolutely alone the whole day, I could not write a single line on my own account. Letters as usual—of which I had carried an *àrrièré* with me—have taken all my time.

Nothing decided; and, although the slow tide is generally towards action, nothing positive and practical will, I dare say, be decided for some time. I may be enabled to determine something about myself almost any day or week, or may be kept lingering here for months.

I have never said one word to Caroline about the Impiety,* although I have been on the very point of doing so once or twice.

The *Temple Bar* is, I hear, dreadfully against Byron—a vindication of Lady Byron.

It will be a severe blow to poor Quadrio if the *Unità* is doomed to fall. "Othello's occupation." For his own sake too, should action be indefinitely postponed, I shall *perhaps*, reluctantly, try to replace it by a weekly theoretic publication, in which he and Brusco [Onnis] might work; I would insert there, by instalments, the book on the French Revolution and other things. But even this, I fear, will turn out to be a dream. I dare say pains, etc., will come back. Actually, however, I am tolerably right. I wish you were so, and hope from journeying and England. Love from your devoted

JOSEPH.

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* Probably a reference to a clever poem written by Emilie to distract his thoughts while he was ill. It treats of the decay of the at-present-accepted-form of Christianity, and would certainly strike the average orthodox mind as boldly iconoclastic, even irreligious. It was not intended for circulation.

On a scrap of paper, carefully preserved, and dated by Emilie, March, 1869, there are the words :

All right, dear—that is, rather wrong for me, right for the others—and I hope for you.

Yours
Jos.

5.

To Emilie. March 27th, 1869.

Do not come, dear one; it is cold and rainy. I have been and am tolerably. When I say do not come, I mean do not if you do not come to dinner.

Nothing came, the *Daily News* excepted. News of Garibaldi coming on the Continent are afloat; but I scarcely believe it. He *has* sold the *Golette*,* to the Government.

Addio : struggle bravely. Such an anniversary is sad enough, still, *the* sadness is not in it !

Your loving
Jos.

Love to Maria.

In the spring of this year the Italian government, finding it still impossible to destroy Mazzini's "fatal" influence, once more had recourse to the weapon of calumny, and accused him of preparing a vast conspiracy of assassination and pillage. Representations were made by the Minister at Florence to the Swiss Government which obtained his expulsion from the Ticino, and he felt compelled, for the sake of others, to leave Lugano.

To Emilie, from abroad. May 27th, 1869.

Here I am, comparatively settled, dearest Emilie; and you may write—unless having to speak high treason—to E. Z. Manari, Schwert Hotel, Zürich. It will be better, and quicker. Walter [Nathan] is busy and rather far. I see him, however, every day. I am tolerably well, have a room viewing the lake and pigeons likely to be friendly. I have received hitherto only a *Daily Telegraph* with a few words from Caroline, come from Lugano. I write only a few words, fancying that you are in Italy. I shall write when I know of you. I really wish you were in England. I consider the state of your health to be very unsatisfactory; and I think that your own country's air and habits will do you good.

I have no news and know nothing therefore of my future decisions. I trust you have had a welcome sensation—seeing your great Bertani—and have forgotten that you ought to reproach him for throwing cold water on Action. He *ought* to have answered Bixio a Spartan letter : *Ci proveremo* [we will try, or prove it]. But he cannot.

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* The yacht which had been presented to him.

Write when you are back, and love your loving

JOSEPH.

Affetto, ben inteso, costante e profonda a Maria.* Ditemi come stà [Love, constant and profound, to Maria, of course. Tell me how you are].

A note written by Caroline to Jessie Mario on June 2nd says :

"Mazzini is, as you know, sent out of Lugano, and has gone over the Alps and is therefore so much the nearer to us. I fancy, although he has not yet taken his decision, that ere long he will be here again for a few months. At one time I never thought he would live to see England again, and I was prepared to go to him if Emilie telegraphed the necessity. That blow has been averted for a time, and he writes that he is now in tolerable health—living alone and seeing a son of Sarina's daily, who performs commissions for him, etc. I think Emilie will also be home again by the end of the month. She was, at the end of the month of May, with her friend Madame Celesia, and making a little tour with her. . . ."

James mentions, in a letter of the same date, that Mazzini "appears better, not worse, for the effort [the move and the journey] writing a long letter, which he has not done for months before."

Writing to Mrs. P. A. Taylor, on June 5th, Mazzini mentioned that he hoped to see her before long : "I feel I could not plunge into the abyss without seeing the few faces I love in England. The decision will take place in a few days and I shall start immediately."

To Caroline, from abroad. June 6th, 1869.

I have your words and the *Daily News*, and the article, I suppose from the *Daily News* again, for it *cannot* be from the *Daily Telegraph*.

No, there is nothing for the moment but a succession of checks, delusions, imprudent, wavering doings, making the realizing of my plan impossible : and it is a wonder that I have been able to send counter-orders everywhere in time. But to show to you the truth of the binding position I describe to you, the other corner sends news of readiness. If so I shall certainly try to reach ; but you will know of it beforehand. You have heard of Joseph Nathan. He is, I think, safe again in Switzerland. He will be there submitted to a trial and at least sent away from the Canton. They have, already, in her absence, searched Sarina's house ; I hope they did not find documents, receipts, or bills for arms. There might be troubles for her too. But everything is better than their probable—had they persisted—slaughter for nothing. The scheme was concerted between them, Quadrio, Sarina, etc., *se montant la tête à l'envi*, believing that 50 men would determine a general rising. Joseph is brave : Sarina truly heroic ; Quadrio is silly : frantic for action anyhow, anywhere. I have been half quarrelling with him all this time, and I really wish he would limit himself to write for the *Unità*. There is no possibility except through a first brilliant success, and *that* in a strong, important town like Genoa, Milan, Naples, etc. They kept silent. I protested as soon as I knew, but too late. I have been since in perennial alarm, now, I hope, at an end.

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* Probably Madame Maria Gnerri.

Thanks, dear, for Lady A.'s Lecture. Give my sincere congratulations to her if you happen to meet. I see everything concerning *your* movement—for I know you are in it—only I persist in what I once said to Clementia—the necessity, whilst you speak to men as you do, of speaking to women a stern language about the indifference of the many and the frivolity, vanity, superficial aims and tastes, and stupid fashion-worship of almost all. Depend upon it, nobody conquers unless deserving, and the majority of women do not. That, only that, kept me rather cool and disheartened. My poor working men *are* deserving, sharing, at least since half a century, in all the perils and sacrifices for every good, sacred cause, not *their own*. And even here, how few are the women who feel anything or act for our national cause ! I am glad to hear Shaen's activity in your movement, and am very sorry for Peter's crochet. What of poor Matilda G. and of Mrs. Shaen and of the inhabitants of Notting Hill Square [where Mr. Biggs and his family were now living] ? You did not tell me, dear one, how long before I am to give notice to Mrs. F. ? I really cannot go on with that heavy weekly payment.

Ah dear ! how tired and morally worn out I do feel ! And —as far as material life is concerned—fancy my being unable to go to the window of my room ! Some new people have got possession of the lower part of the house and of the garden. Physically, I am really tolerably : only getting again rather often out of bed in search of imaginary enemies and awakening at the other end of the room. Your head? And cough? And how is James now? And Mr. Stansfeld? And Bessie? Do you see her often? Are her two sisters always with her? And how is Julia Christian? Your removing haunts me often as an almost impossible thing. I cannot conceive the going of so much furniture and books and little dear trifles and the rearranging of everything again. Who will survey all that? How long it must take before all is settled! Does Joe like the house? What means of going to his daily labours are existing? Bless you fifty times.

Your loving
JOSEPH.

A good kiss to Joseph. Shall I call him to head a band? What does Mrs. Gillman do, and what is happening to Julia Bouvet?

In Jessie's Mario's *Life of Mazzini*, she refers to the episode in which Joseph Nathan was concerned as follows:

"Unknown to the Master, he had fitted out at his own expense a band of refugees in the Canton Ticino, and commanded them; but after holding for a month the mountains round lake Como, and finding themselves quite unsupported, they were obliged to take refuge in Switzerland, where they were disarmed, and imprisoned in Coira."

To Emilie, from abroad. Dated only 6th. May be June 6th, 1869.

DEAREST E.,

I receive both yours at one time; and have only one minute to catch the post if I can. I have not even time to read Joe's letter; but I shall write immediately to Marcora for whom I have a safe address, and say what is needed. The telegram to Varese had, I think, no signature from him. What have they to explain? Bless you for the good you did. I do *not* believe in the four months. We shall see.

For God's sake, if you are—as you ought—to go to London again, do not delay too much. What is the use?

Of myself I know nothing as yet: I am in the same doubtful state. I am tolerably well: very glad at your being somewhat better. Love to Mrs. Maria. I receive from Caroline.

Yours lovingly,
JOS.

To Emilie, from abroad. June 8th, 1869.

DEAREST EMILIE,

You are at Lugano, and painting: giving the finishing, I trust. I have sent answers to both Joe and P. and given the suggested advices, which are the right ones. I have written to Marc[ora] too. I am rather in fear that the smuggled correspondence will increase too much: it is imprudent. Intermediaries, in a moment of terror, may yield: any little incident can reveal the thing and it would do mischief. Accordingly, I have felt compelled to write in an inoffensive way, should the note fall in the hands of the wicked. But he ought to write only when he believes he has some essential thing to say.

I cannot believe that he [Joseph Nathan] is not—whatever they say—restored to freedom when the trial begins, and it must begin before long. Why accept an undoubted failure? Still, what can one say when one has to deal with both wicked and stupid people?

I had to-day a good letter from Caroline. Nothing of importance to communicate. She gives me a list of parties, etc., more overwhelming than ever. She reckons on you being soon with her. I had one too from Clementia about Woman-agitation, etc. You know that J. S. Mill has published a book on the question.*

I have had no *Saturday Review* or I would send it; but it has been destroyed at Eastbourne.

Something of what you have translated must have—as far as I make out in Clementia's note—been published in the *Star*. But what? *Your* publication? . . .

I am so glad, dear, about your being somewhat better; it is clear that Lugano is not suiting you much. You saw, of course, Quinet, who had nothing valuable to say. But does he know or imagine anything of the trial? How did Joe manage to converse about me, etc.? Is not the Judge always there? Was conversing in English allowed?

There is in *Temple Bar* another article of revelations on Byron. There must be something in the memoranda of Robinson; something, of course hostile, in Forster's book on Landor, etc. It will be yours [will be for you] to ransack all this if you go.

There is no change in my position, politically, I mean: still bound and uncertain.

"Rather much," as you say; still I am rather glad that Bernase did his duty.

I am really well, which I attribute to my working near a large open window giving on the lake. But I am tired to death with writing, which I must do still for the sake of a hypothesis.

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* *The Subjection of Women*, published in 1869.

Your loving
Jos.

8th June.

To Emilie, from abroad. June 15th, 1869.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Well! Nothing decided about your journey?

From London nothing came to me in the shape of a letter since the 3rd. The *Saturday Review* came—I sent it—with one word. Concerning Joseph, I shall try myself my influences on the Moderates; I am only waiting for a few days more to learn whether or not there are chances for the trial.

Here it is *very* cold, and since two days raining. I am, however, tolerably well. Nothing decisive concerning my own affairs.

The French agitation is subsiding and it could do nothing. It is, however, a very serious symptom; and if they would only submit to some preparatory work like mine on the army, they might seize a first opportunity. As in duty bound I have given all possible suggestions, which they have been reading to whole circles, being therefor arrested, as Lemoine, or ordered away, as Cluseret. But in my own mind I dream of our initiative compelling them to follow. Only there are Bertanis and others in the way. How are you physically? How is Madame Maria Gnerri? Did you succeed in persuading Mary to sit? Is the portrait of Sarina at an end?

You have heard the crisis of the *Unità?* Sad, for Maurizio [Quadrio] especially and Brusco [Onnis] who is poor; but they have been so often moaning "Al lupo! al lupo!" that I doubt their actual tragic declarations.

What will the probable collision between Lords and Commons bring on in England? Will G. J. H[olyoake] proclaim the Republic?

Am I to send what I offered, and how much? You will, dear, give it back to me in London where soon or late I must be. Remember me to Swinburne and to Mrs. King if you write. Did Caroline ever see her? Bless you, ever your loving

JOSEPH.

Mazzini returned to England for a few weeks, as letters to Mrs. P. A. Taylor and to Mrs. King show.

It was during these weeks that he again laid stress, to Mrs. King and others, on his creed of Duty, which was, as he explained, a correlative of, and arose from, his belief in Eternal Life being an ever-expanding, progressive conception, an ever deeper draught of Truth, of comprehension of Law, of apprehension of God. He felt that the fulfilment of duty, when once duty becomes clear, is the method by which to make our life on earth a step in the ladder of Eternal Progress: hence the great importance of our life here, and of all the experience it furnishes. The apprehension of duty—of our *task*—reveals the nature and the value of this phase of our progressive existence: reveals that the world is the arena of effort undertaken for a purpose which does not find its fulfilment here; but we advance towards the apprehension of that purpose by promoting its—possibly distant—fulfilment.

Mazzini went back to the Continent early in August, purely from a sense of duty; not because he felt any real hope of success.

To Emilie, from abroad. Summer of 1869.

Dearest Emilie,

I have your two notes—24th, and another without date. I asked you about MacMillan's. I know now, from the *Spectator* and the *Daily News* that I was right in my guess of 1832, when I had nothing but Byron's works to judge from. I see the outbursts of virtuous indignation, etc. But will there not be an Englishman or an Englishwoman—you or another—writing to a paper a protest: against the suppression of the memoirs? The secret is out: every reason for silence is cancelled by Lady Byron's voice coming out of her grave to justify herself and explain her conduct.* Shall not the voice of the accused come out of his own grave and say what he may have to say in explanation, extenuation or remorse? Is it justice—should there be extenuating circumstances—to stifle them and leave the soul of a Great Poet under the stigma of baseness and hypocrisy? Is it moral, should there be only a cry of anguish and remorse, to suppress it and with it a warning? Can a man like Dr. Lushington persist in stealing the defence, in gagging a Soul when the accusation is hurled against the silent defenceless tomb? To me it seems now more than ever a monstrous thing altogether. A general outcry would, if there was true morality in England, compel the thought-and-soul-stealers to yield the violated deposit. *I* would, if only I was young, plot to reconquer the stolen property with the same activity with which I plotted during thirty-five years to reconquer the stolen liberty of my country.

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* *Lady Byron Vindicated* was published in this year.

Well, it rains, it thunders occasionally; it is very hot; and the flies are changed into torturers. How long will the Taylors remain at Ilfracombe? You would be comparatively so well with them! Of course I shall, if the Professor goes, give instructions for Pisa. You will keep me *au courant.* Mrs. Cowperthwaite is a bore; if she writes again tell her that I am on the Continent, France or Italy. There will be no harm in the enemy thinking that I am there. And to Accursi, should he write again, hint about Italy; but to him I shall most likely, one of these days, write myself. To Gicard I shall write. Yes, I dare say Flüntnau is right. Aless. Parico is utterly unknown. Let him remain so: it is the best, I dare say, for him and me. No news as yet from the important point. Did you see a useful letter of Garibaldi about Persano's Memoirs?

Nerve yourself, and do the battle bravely.

Love from your
JOSEPH.

I am tolerably in health. Think of the change of the season and get rid of your cough in time. What has Blind to say—in two words—about Russia in the *Fortnightly?*

Translation of a fragment dated September 22nd, 1869.

On reading again certain pages of mine after almost twenty years of study of the religious problem, I see that perhaps my affirmations may have gone beyond what was postulated by Jesus in his doctrine of the unity between heaven and earth, and that some may here discover a contradiction of what I have elsewhere said as to the inefficiency of Christianity to define our mission here on earth, and as to the dualism—implanted in the germ by its Founder—which has dominated its development.

I addressed those pages to the priests, and having at heart to prove to them that the Pope not only gave the lie to us but also to the doctrine of Jesus, I collected exclusively the texts that favoured my assumption while not mentioning those which might have weakened it or necessitated a longer discussion. We should suppress a little and add much to these pages to-day, if I had leisure to re-write them.

The contradiction between this and some of my later writings is, after all, more apparent than real. Jesus, blessed by immense love, and a perfect harmony between thought and action, could not fail to feel within himself the unity of life and the inevitable accord between earth and heaven. Hence all the instinctive truths and the grand presentiments of the future that are sown throughout his teachings, and which I gathered together in these pages upon the Encyclical. He was, and still is, unique and supreme, among the transformers of religion, in the way of *love.* But in *intellect* he did not pass beyond the need of *one* Epoch : and the need of the Epoch of which he was the initiator was the Affirmation of the Individual, the inviolability of Conscience, equality between all human souls, and the possibility for *every* soul to redeem itself from sin and rise towards God.

Placed between the influences of Israelitish tradition and the impossibility of finding within his own period the idea of the *collective* life of Humanity—and therefore the true idea of God—he remained, when confronted with the *how*, uncertain, and not at the level of that which is becoming perceptible to us.

To a conception founded solely upon *individuality* he could not adjoin the idea of the God-Educator : of Progress decreed by Him as the Law of Life : of Association as the means whereby slowly but infallibly Progress is to be realized : of the harmony between life on earth and future lives, brought about by *realized* Progress. Hence the hypotheses of the Fall : of Redemption through a Mediator : of Grace, with its correlative of eternal punishment—grafted by Jesus upon his own doctrine, germs which were developed by his followers during the first three centuries, and constituting the Christian Dogma. Hence also that because of the fact of dogma always reigning supreme over the *practical* realization of the Moral Law, Christianity is inefficacious to verify the grand presentiments of Jesus and to solve the problem of terrestrial life.

If my readers will bear these few lines in mind, they will perhaps more easily reconcile apparent variations in some of my writings. (October, 1868.)

Oh, how you will inwardly abuse the writer of these notes! It is unintelligible, un-English, untranslatable, etc. I cannot write any other, and it is less unintelligible than many pages of Hegel, who has been translated and admired. My advice is that you don't bother yourself, but translate it literally and leave it and the readers to their fates. I have most thankfully received all your laborious letters with enclosures, etc. I suppose and hope that with the knowledge spreading of my being here, this painful task will diminish.

Sarina will leave, I think, Monday next, the 27th. I forget now the time for your excursion, but I hope you will be able to see her. She will take to you the revolver—there is only one, dear—but I thought you had said that it was to be given to some one who would use it in a sacred struggle. [The revolver had been Venturi's.] Such a struggle would take place should a war come and *may* take place even without that opportunity. Your asking, however, is positive, and she will take it back.

Anything of Mrs. King? Did Celesia leave any fortune to the widow? Was not Miss Cushman coming back? Did she? Does she? What of Swinburne? Is he in France? Ricc[iotti] is in Genoa but does not make himself alive; the father, therefore, is dumb to my "last appeal." *Bon.* Thanks to the amiable Roecker. How did you find Caroline—in health, I mean: all the other bothers I know; but I hope that James will surmount all oppositions.* Peter and Mentia? The Biggs? William and Bessie?

I think I said that America would split, in my article on Italian Unity. Tell me when you go to the Nichols. And tell me how you are physically. I have been coughing a great deal, especially by night through the severest and most persistent cold I ever had, but I think it begins to diminish.

Love to the Biggs, *quand même.* Now and ever your loving

JOSEPH.

Sept. 22.

Please to send the enclosed.

Of Mazzini's movements in October it is impossible, from the Ashursts' materials, to form any precise idea, but a letter from Emilie to Mrs. King expressed the fear that he was in great danger.

To Emilie, from Lugano. November 17th, 1869.

DEAREST EMILIE,

There is nothing, dear, in my repeating a question that you have already answered: only a miscalculation of time: eight, sometimes nine days between the two letters. I received some of your answers when I had posted my little note. G[eorge] C[ooke] must have been very poor for a business man: you had told me of his troubles, but £250 are in England so little that I thought there was still a chance. Never mind. For his sake more than mine, I shall send, if we come to the point, the telegram: in your last words. Joseph [Nathan] must at last be out, whilst I write; and I think we shall see him perhaps before I post, in which case I shall add a line. Fancy the expectation and feelings here! About myself I shall say nothing : it may be : it may not be : meanwhile I have all the work and trouble which the affirmative would require ; and I shall have all the blame and reproach for the deception [disappointment] if we have the negative. For me, individually, the latter would be better. I would most likely, in the mood in which I find myself, vanish into some secluded spot and try to write a book, which is a duty too. But I cannot forget my life's aim—the Italian initiative ; and when I see the absurd behaviour of the materialistic set in France, and know that a French initiative would cause the old prestige to revive and we would copy anything of France during some twenty years, I feel that something must be tried.

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* James Stansfeld, after being at the Admiralty, and the India Office, and Third Lord of the Treasury in 1868, was made Financial Secretary to the Treasury in 1869.

I am very sorry to hear that you still cough, especially because you were coughing when I left. I hoped that Scotland and travelling would put an end to it before the winter came. Take care of yourself, dear : a lingering cough is very bad in every sense. Why on earth does the lodger pay half ? I disapprove of him and of your lenience, severely.

Deutsch's art is rather stuffed and confused, but very good : he certainly rises. Krasinsky is the most powerful poet of latter times, since Byron and Goethe. And I rage at his being so unknown, still in agonies when I think of some Bowring or like undertaking to translate him. I long for the second volume and *Iridion* of which I only know a few wonderful fragments. How is Ashurst [Biggs] out of health ? By what is she threatened ? Now, if you were tolerably well and in a tolerable mood and not too busy either about the book or about the orange trees or about Whistler, I would ask you, and you would ask, for me, Caroline, Bessie, Clementia—anybody, everybody—to patronize an Italian girl, Da Bono, so as to prevent her from starving with her old mother in London, by helping her to a career which she is well qualified to go through. She is an artist in all senses, not only, I mean, a clever, executing *tour-de-force* player, but an artist in soul. She is a wonderful violinist : her brother ditto. He plays on the piano too and composes for her : they are fond of one another : they are pure-minded, very young, republicans, etc. They are very poor, and I do not know what would have happened of them had it not been for Bernieri. They are living somewhere in Leicester Square, but Bernieri knows the precise address. They want to be known so as to play in concerts and get lessons. I would try *anything* myself if I was in London to help them : do yourself *something* if you can. See them. Let B. call them to be heard in her parties if she gives any. Speak of them. Put in motion the artists with whom you are in contact. Caroline has some good—in this respect—acquaintances. I shall be very grateful.

Joseph has not come. He will be free, but the order must come from Naples and there will be one or two days lost.

Ever your loving
Jos.

17 Nov.

To Caroline, from Lugano. November 30th. Seems 1869.

I am entering the decisive month. I have declared to myself that on the new year beginning, I shall either be in the midst of action or cease and withdraw from a so-called leadership which leads to nothing. I have organized the whole of Italy so as to enable all the secondary towns to follow an initiative; the looked-for initiative to come itself from the principal towns. Had I been answered in the negative the position would have been clear; but I have had formal promises; arms have been collected or bought: preparations made for a movement at ten days' distance: then, from hesitation from [in] the leaders, some underdoings [underhand doings] of Ricciotti and Menotti [Garibaldi], who do not want me to lead—some promise of wonderful achievements in the House coming from Bertani and others, some talk of Garibaldi, have ten times caused hesitation and indefinite postponement.

The thing we aim at is so serious that I do not want a rising if the decision does not come from an earnest deep conviction that the moment has come; but I want to know whether, positively, they want to act or not.

I cannot keep, as I do, since nearly one year, the whole Party in a state of excitement about an imminent initiative: it demoralizes, it engenders an additional degree of scepticism; and it hands over to prison or persecution plenty of our men for no purpose. I have therefore declared that if within the year we do not act, I shall have come to the conclusion that the Party do not wish to do so, and leave them to their fate. I feel tired, exhausted, worn out, and I cannot go on with the mass of letters, notes, circulars, instructions, travelling expenses, collecting, etc.

I want, if nothing can be done, to try to write one or two books before I die, and put there ideas which may be useful to the Italians to come. I shall vanish to all, and break every political correspondence, every tie with the political organizing work. . . .

No, dear, I do not dine downstairs—except when no stranger is there. On Sunday I take meals and live the whole day in my room. Every now and then visitors come in and I would have to run away and most likely betray my presence. No one, Mrs. Maria excepted, not even the Pistrucci, knows of my being here. I am compelled to keep strictly secret: the violation of the Central Decree would involve my being driven out of the whole of Switzerland now, and I want to be near and ready to fulfill my promise in case of action. I go down very often between nine and ten in the evening when visitors are away; and we sometimes play at Loo or some other game, the gains being put regularly in the Cassetta, the Cassetta being devoted to help some of our people having fled here and having nothing to live upon. I have two or three living at the Pistruccis' for whom I pay regularly every month some eighty or one hundred francs! They belong generally to the army and cannot go back without undergoing the *half*—according to the amnesty—of their punishment, that is, two or three years of imprisonment. Tell Emilie that, owing to secrecy, I am not any more in my usual room, but elsewhere, where I can more easily escape observation. Emilie tells me to write to Bessie and to Clementia about my violinists. I shall try to do so to-morrow or the next day after to-morrow, but I really think *you* might have obtained the same amount of interest for them. Every additional letter is rather much for me now: I have so much to do for our affairs. . . .

Is there any chance of some opera of Wagner being given this year? Is Madame Nielsen singing? And *à propos* of Nielsen, has anything been heard of my German cracked woman? She must be in England. Another similar woman—a girl—has come out from Lombardy declaring that Italy cannot be saved without our joint work; only wanting me to marry her—a condition *sine qua non*—to some patriot-Roman Prince. Heigho! She does not know where I am and cannot visit me except with letters. How is Mrs. Shaen?

I think that the two men of my annuities will be satisfied with two letters of mine without any legal deed, which, here, it would be impossible for me to send. I have, however, received nothing as yet since poor Bettini's death.*

Do you or James hear from Jessie? I never do. Mario tries his best to replace Cattaneo as the High Priest of Federalism.

You must decidedly remember me very affectionately to Shaen, to Olympian Davis, to Kinnear and to Mr. Biggs. To Caroline and Ashurst [Matilda's daughters] I feel I ought to write a few words and I shall seize the first moment free.

Your letters are a real comfort. Something is dead within me and I feel as if I had nothing to do with even a shadow of earthly happiness, but . . . your sweet affectionate letters do me good. About myself I shall write on the beginning of January, when the decision will have been taken. Now I know nothing of what I shall do. Bless you.

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

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* Bettini was one of the executors of Signora Mazzini's will, and her trusted lawyer.

Cattaneo—a great intellect, as Mazzini had said—died this year in the arms of his staunch friend and follower, Dr. Agostino Bertani.

The inability of these men and of Alberto Mario to understand the key-note, the pivot, of Mazzini's life, was a deep grief to many. To Jessie Mario the "split" that severed her husband from the great apostle of Italian Unity formed the cruellest of her trials; and it is to her everlasting honour that, devoted as she was to Mario, she did not allow personal and passionate love to blind or mislead her. To the utmost of her capacity she strove to comprehend and follow Mazzini's political beliefs, giving them active expression through her work in the volunteer armies.

The cleft between the school represented by Cattaneo and that of which Mazzini was the exponent can best be understood through Mazzini's careful summing up of the views against which he all his life contended: views advanced by men who were far nobler than their depressing creed:

> "There are *materialists*—illogical, and carried away by the impulses of a heart superior to their doctrines—who do feel and act upon the worship of the ideal; but *materialism* denies it. Materialism only recognizes in the universe a finite and determinate quantity of matter, gifted with definite properties and susceptible of modification, but not of progress; in which certain productive forces act by the fortuitous agglomeration of circumstances not to be predicted or foreseen, or through the succession of causes and effects—inevitable and independent of human action. Materialism admits neither the intervention of creative intelligence, divine initiative, nor human free-will.
>
> "Recognizing no higher historic formula than the alternation of vicissitudes, it condemns humanity to tread eternally the same circle, being incapable of the conception of a spiral path of progress upon which mankind traces its gradual ascent towards an ideal beyond.
>
> "Strange contradiction! Men whose aim it is to combat the egotism instilled by tyranny, to inspire a sacred devotion to the fatherland, to make of the Italian people a great nation, present as its first intellectual food a theory the ultimate consequences of which are to establish egotism upon a basis of right.
>
> "The same men who urge upon people the duty of shedding their blood for an idea, begin by declaring to them: There is no hope of any future for you: faith in immortality—the lesson transmitted to you by all past humanity—is a falsehood; a breath

of air, or a trifling want of equilibrum in the animal functions, destroys you wholly and for ever. There is even no certainty that the results of your labours will endure: there is no providential law or design, consequently no possible theory of the future: you are building up to-day what any unforeseen fact, any blind force or fortuitous circumstance may overthrow to-morrow.

"They teach these brothers of theirs, whom they desire to elevate and ennoble, that they are but dust; an unconscious secretion of I know not what material substance; that the thought of a Kepler or Dante is dust, or rather phosphorous; that genius, from Prometheus to Jesus, brought down no divine spark from heaven; that the moral law, free-will, merit, and the consequent progress of the *ego* [beyond this one earth-phase of existence] are illusions; that events are successively our masters, inexorable, irresponsible, and insuperable by human will."

Mazzini had long given up the attempt to open the mind of Cattaneo to the *logical goal* of his own materialistic ideas—ideas that found their political expression in the doctrine of Federalism; a system which, had it been put in practice, would have ended in the negation of Unity and in dropping Nationhood out of sight.

To Emilie. Received by her December 30th, 1869. Seems to have been much delayed. Written probably before the 20th.

It is an age since I wrote to you; but Caroline must have told you that for the whole month I have declared myself like your Queen, irresponsible. I *cannot* do what my heart and wish suggest. I had scarcely time to write, and not frequently, to Caroline; and you were wandering, and had no fixed headquarters. I think now that on the 25th I shall know my fates. On that day I reckon upon an answer to a decisive message I have just dispatched somewhere. Meanwhile the result of my over-working myself is that since five or six evenings I have pains, more or less, and last night I *was* sick in the old style. Very annoying; still, I have a feeling that this attack will gradually vanish. I am taking quinine *intanto* [in the meantime].

You wrote to me some time ago about the "European" article.* Did I answer? If not, the one answer I can give is that I have a vague recollection of something having been added at the end by the Editor concerning America and England. But then, dear, is it not easy for you to suppress all that seems to you irrelevant, or not in harmony—mine or not? Are you not, with full powers from me, a sort of Dictator over my writings? I really cannot, *a questi lumi di luna* [in these critical times] give a thought to them, and feel much inclined to despise them all and the writer, *in un fascio* [all in a bunch] for their not having produced a shadow of the Italy I dreamed of. How are you physically, dearest Emilie? That is far more important. Has the cough gone? Or is it still there? Did Brighton good? Give me a little detailed account of yourself when you write. And tell me always of Miss Cushman and of Whistler and of the poet. Is the volume coming out? I receive the "Shakespeare," curious enough; but the question, under *that* aspect, has been, as you say, nearly exhausted. I have seen somewhere the announcement of a new article on the subject from Mrs. B[eecher] S[towe]. Tell me of it if it comes out.

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* An article on "Europe: its Condition and Prospects," first published in the *Westminster Review*, April 2nd, 1852.

Here things are going better, only Sarina seems to me to be unwell and cast down. Joseph is here; always in high spirits, very good, very affectionate. I suppose he will go to Zürich, or do something else towards his career after the New Year's Day; but I heard nothing as yet. Do you see Carlyle? Do you see G. Cooke? Is he getting out of the scrape? Did you see my violinist? Did you speak to Clementia after my note about her? It is always cold here, the snow visible everywhere around. Sp. is, I think, leaving for an employment which some friend procured: I am glad of it for his own sake: he was feeling very much the sting of living here and doing nothing. That does not influence your addressing as usual to his name under cover when you write to Saski or otherwise. Addio, dearest Emilie. Try to take care of your health and to get strength for travelling. Whatever takes place *now*, our question, even leaving me out, is a matter to be unavoidably solved during next year, and Italy may still deserve your coming to her. Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

Bertani has written a very bold article on the *Presente* of Parma, showing that no hope can come from the Left [or] legal parliamentary ways, etc.; only ending by stating that his part is to say to the ones, "Don't be too slow," and to the others, "Don't be too quick"—a very harmless, agreeable duty.

Please give the enclosed to Caroline. Who is the Brown of Rab—and our dogs? Is it a real name?

To Emilie, from Lugano. December—probably 28th and 29th, 1869.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Even if I can, as I begin to hope, be with you on the New Year, I would be late for my little purposes. If you can, therefore, advance for three or four days, will you buy something for Caroline, so that either I find it ready for the New Year's Eve, or I write to give it? I am far, and cannot choose or even suggest. If you can dream of something—value two pounds or so—likely to please her, *bien:* if you despair, buy the Flemish Relics of Churches or Monuments—a book which you may ascertain the title of from the table of Aubrey House—and which I know she admires very much. Then a book or something—value £1—for Joe. Then something value £1 or 30*s.* to two, for Bessie. Then some little thing, value £1 or £1 10*s.*, collectively, for the Biggs: or a book—but what? for each: Flammarion *Dieu dans la Nature* might be one; an English *very serious* one at your choice might be the other: a trifle of a few shillings for the little ones; and I have done. And now I think that I might risk to send enclosed the half of £5. The *excédant* you will have in due time.

I give you these little bothers because I know that you do willingly anything for me.

The next paper or note will tell you positively whether or not I can come. Ever lovingly your

JOSEPH.

Tuesday.

Another change, dear. Instead of the Bank Note you will receive to-morrow £6 from the tribe of Westb. Park. When you have bought, please deposit at Mrs. France's. Either I shall be there or write instructions for her, but hope still that I shall be able to leave. I shall write again before.

Wednesday.

To Emilie. December, 1869. Thought by her to have been written from Genoa.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Will you, for tradition's sake, accept this little gift from me?

I write one word of remembering love, wishing it to reach on the first of the year, but scarcely believing it will. Yours reached two days after Christmas. Everything is delayed on account of the snows accumulated on the Gothard. To-day snow is falling again here.

I am better of the old complaint. But between a cold, perennial pains in my left leg, and other little things, I feel cramped and annoyed with myself. I hope you are physically better than you have been of late. Morally, dearest Emilie, do not allow yourself to fall in the despondent fits you allude to. They would be disapproved and grieved at by *him*, as they are by me. Front the short life in a way worthy of him, love, and yourself. Do not be weak: have you no faith in God and the future? You are capable of strength: summon it out as a duty to your faith and to all those who love you and whom you love. I would not say so to anyone else, for fear of being misinterpreted; but read again, when you feel the storm coming, the few pages I wrote on myself in my fifth volume, from page 207 downwards. I wrote them with my soul, and they contain all that I might repeat to you about life and grief.

I have not yet received the book: it will not reach you, therefore, in time for the first of the year.

Your very loving
JOSEPH.

A letter from Emilie written about this time shows that, though Mazzini was among his loving and beloved *popolani* in Genoa, he was obliged to move about from one poor little hiding-place to another, never staying more than two or three nights in any, and feeling "like a thief" in his own country because of the furtive character of his actions. He was very far from well, suffering a return of the old pains, and being nipped by the cold, which of course aggravated his malady. The winter of this year was unusually severe. Added to other trials and sorrows the year worked more gaps in the group of friends devoted to him and to his cherished banner. In June, the ever-to-be-depended-on Florentine baker, Giuseppe Dolfi, succumbed to an illness. In September, death claimed the adventurous, ever-active Giovanni Acerbi in the flower of his age; and another of the heroic Cairoli brothers, Giovanni. He had been wounded, and his brother Enrico had been killed, in Rome in the fatal days of 1867.

1870

To Bessie, from Switzerland. For New Year's Day, 1870, but delayed. Received January 2nd.

Dearest Bessie,

Will you allow me to please myself by keeping the dear yearly tradition and sending a little token of remembrance? I feel very sad at not being with you all on this New Year's Eve. Think of me on that evening and especially if you are all together, as I hope. A thought of deep lasting love will wander from me amongst you. Give my love to William and all your sisters. Have my thanks for the interest you take in my patronized violinists.

Try to be well during this very severe winter, and love your very loving friend

Joseph.

To Emilie, from Genoa. January 7th, 1870.

Dearest Emilie,

I send a note of Quadrio, who does not know your address. He is at Milan. It is very cold. Things continue to be in the most unsettled state possible. I am in Genoa, threatened by a second edition of the Milan April: one element wanting to rush into action, another refusing. I, between them, appearing cold and deserting to the first, enthusiastic and rash to the second; wanting to go and have an end of it, and still not wanting to countenance an attempt which, if deprived of union amongst all our elements in the town, will fail, I am therefore trembling at every letter I receive, or at any paper coming, fearing a premature outbreak.

How are you in health? Is Caroline back from St. Leonards? Please give or send the enclosed scrap. I do not write any more, not only because I have very little time, but because I am in a temper—*d'un umore nero d'inchiostro* [black as ink], and God knows what I would write.

Ever your loving

Joseph.

To Caroline. Dated by Mazzini, 21st, 1870. Seems from Genoa in January.

I have, dear one, your sweet, sad letter of the 17th. Quadrio is here: he came from Milan one hour ago to report, ask, etc., and I have scarcely five minutes to myself: he leaves again this evening.

James is better, Joe well, and you tolerably: so far so good. I am tolerably too. The rest is in the hands of God. And on your birthday [January 28th], dearly loved Caroline, I fancy I shall be slowly journeying, not however for some decisive things immediately, but for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not something can reasonably be done. Before leaving, at all events, I shall write again: every day can bring a change.

I am very glad the little chair is a success. I read some numbers of the *Revue*, not regularly. Why did you not send for the violin girl on the evening on which you had the Oswalds? I sent the introduction for Naples to L. R. and I shall send in due time those for Florence.

It is, I hear, not Garibaldi, but Ricciotti who is in London, for the purpose, I dare say, of ransacking the Chambers.

Give my love to Mrs. Gillman, to Bessie, to William, to the sisters and to Clem. and Peter. To Emilie I write a few words to-day through Mrs. France, to whom I must write for other things.

Bless you, dear one. Your ever loving

Jos.

To Emilie. January 21st, 1870.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I had your letter from London with Mr. Whistler's note, and the other from Chigwell with the enclosed.* What is this £5 claim? I think I sent the last bank note from Lady Grey to Dassi at the very time I left London; Dassi now asks me to send the £5—and he adds a little annoyance to many others. Ask Lady Grey, if she writes again, the when of her sending it to me. Does she not know I am away?

Of our affairs I shall not speak unless there is an absolutely positive decision; but I wish—and it is a very unsatisfactory feeling—I was out of them altogether, and had never spoken about action to my Italians. I am in the position of the magician-adept in Goethe, who had learned the formula for compelling sticks to go for water, but had not learned the one by which they could be compelled to give it up [leave off]. He was in danger of drowning, and I can neither send my Italians to rest nor make them act in a probably successful way.

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* Emilie stayed at Chigwell with Mrs. Hamilton King from Jannary 11th to January 22nd.

The contradiction you find in Mrs. —— is a true one: she is a good woman, but there is in her an incompleteness, a want of balance between her aspirations and her intellectual faculties which dooms her, I think, to barrenness and powerlessness. I still think that had she met with another partner it would have been different. She is a beautiful, deviated, stifled plant. . . .

I shall order the *Gazetta di Milano*, but why desert the *Unità ?* Everything that is important is now, more than ever before, given in it. Mrs. Stowe ? Do you hear anything about her book ? [The true history of Lord Byron's life. E. A. V.]

Snow has been falling the whole of the day. The cold is perennial and intense. I am, however, tolerably well, and astonished at my having hitherto escaped the usual yearly attack. How is your cough ? You never say anything about it. Remember me to Mrs. King, to Whistler, very thankfully to dear, good, believing Mrs. Whistler, and to the poet [Swinburne]. Write where you are and how long you will stop with the Blakistons.

Ever loving
Jos.

Referring to this time of toil and stress undergone by Mazzini from a semi-despairing sense of duty, Jessie Mario says that in her belief the accounts that reached him, from many quarters, of the profound and widespread discontent, were somewhat exaggerated. That there was ground enough for dissatisfaction with the government is certain ; that the symptoms constantly meeting Mazzini's eye were grave enough is also certain ; but that the spirit which was finding vent in impatient protests, criticism and party bickerings possessed sufficient power to be concerted into a masterly force was indeed extremely doubtful. Scandal and corruption, poor expedients, timidities and injustices, characterized a government faced by extraordinary difficulties, not the least of which was the possibility of bankruptcy. The quarter from which the strongest, most unified republican appeals came was Sicily. Messina had done the utmost possible to honour Mazzini and repatriate him. A blind and dour government had each time nullified that town's election of him as her representative. Now he was entreated to go and fix his residence in the island whose old traditions and whose modern sons had done so much for the liberty of the mainland. But Mazzini felt that he must watch over certain matters in Genoa, and deferred for a while his southward journey.

To Caroline. April 1st, 1870.

I have nothing from you, dear one, since the *Daily News*. Did you receive the paper with the few words? I do not like to go into explanations of what has happened. The post is extremely unsafe and your name is too much known. Only *one* of the attempts was agreed with by me. Strange to say, another unauthorized attempt took place through an imprudent excitement of part of our men, the same night on a different spot: it [illegible] telegraphic messages which damaged the chances of the *one*. A victory or a prolonged struggle was to be followed [up]; an unsuccessful attempt was not; therefore in the great centres every body kept quiet. *Voilà tout*. The fatal consequences, and which make my heart bleed, are on the non-commissioned officers. As for the general conditions of the thing, they are not changed: a little disorder, a little feeling of discouragement in the organized elements: nothing else. The proof of my conviction is in my remaining in Italy. I must, before deciding about myself, ascertain the moral results of this partial outbreak on the different points. The Government is extremely alarmed: changes, patrolling during the night, sharpshooters reinforcing the central points and what not? The fact of the army being partially with us, which is now for them [the Government] out of doubt, is a serious one. In Genoa, Milan, and other important towns, searches and arrests were proposed, but the fear of giving rise to open resistance made them abandon the thought. They may resort to it as soon as they believe every scheme of action abandoned. Were particulars related by correspondents in the English press? Of course universal blame will have been expressed.

I am tolerably well, but labouring under a severe prolonged cold, which makes me uncomfortable night and day, with cough, etc. The temperature is rather cold again, and snow has been falling on the mountains: no sun.

And you, dear one? Were it not for those few words on the paper, remember, I would be absolutely in the dark since a fortnight. I know from William that Emilie was tolerably well one week ago, but he did not see you nor any other; and besides I could not trust his reports: he is an optimist, and for him everybody is flourishing and blooming if not laid down in a coffin. I am thirsting for a detailed letter from you. *Then* whilst I am in this rather doubtful position, I shall be content if I receive from time to time a paper; or I shall tell you where to write. Tell me first and mainly about yourself; then about the whole family and circle. Did Kinnear go to Italy, and to what spot? I am literally without one single book, except Emerson's

English Traits which I found lost in an old cupboard. The volume of Miciewicz would have been a treat, but either you forgot to send it or it is lost. Did you read *L'Autre*, a recent comedy by G. Sand? I am sure that now that I am far nobody thinks of keeping you *au courant*. Do you peruse the *Revue*? Is it interesting? I shall perhaps try, during these six or seven days of comparative inertness, whilst I shall have to await for reports from two travellers, to write something which it has been long in my mind to do, about the Council *; but I doubt my being able. I feel unsettled and as if I was on Ixion's wheel, unable to sit down quietly and write; and then God knows what will come in the interval to harass me. I feel worn out, and dreaming during nights of nothing else—ungrateful as it may look—but of perfect solitude during one last year or six months amongst pine trees and night-birds in some secluded spot of the Alps.

How does the Brewery go? Is Mr. Cordingly still there? Where is Miss Cobbe? Do you ever see her? Is there anything striking—not from her—recently published in London? Is the Byron controversy at an end? Did you see the book from Mrs. Beecher Stowe? You avoided it, I dare say? Did factitious Tennyson publish any new thing to put Clementia into ecstasies? Did Swinburne—to put Emilie in raptures? Did John Stuart Mill, to put you *all* in a like condition? What has become of Mr. Seely and his rather abnormal wife? Now that I think of it, what is to happen, since he will not take honestly his leave, of [to] poor Harro Harring? You know that I am, since an immemorial time, supplyimg him with £1 every month, on the first. W[olff?] remained entrusted with the task when I left and I was from time to time settling with him. But now W. is away, and I fancy to hear Harro crying out from some Jerseyan rock, worse and bitterer cries than those of Philoctetes in Lemnos or somewhere else. Could not Emilie undertake the charitable task? Could not the address be sought for at Mrs. France's or elsewhere and the pound be sent? I would send three or four pounds at once to Emilie. Ask her, will you? The poor man is [end missing].

The spring of this year was marked by small outbreaks in different parts, foolish and mischievous, but revealing the startling fact that republicanism was making considerable way in the army. Nicotera had joined the Universal Republican Alliance, bringing in others, no doubt; and after a good deal of wavering, Garibaldi joined it also. As Garibaldi was Grand Master of the Southern Freemasons, his adherence carried much weight. In fact, a month after the above letter was written, a band of Garibaldians proclaimed the Republic in southern Calabria. Mazzini had nothing to do with this outburst, but Garibaldi's sons, Menotti and Ricciotti, both entertained thoughts of falling in with it. However, it very quickly collapsed, and meantime anti-monarchical feeling steadily spread, affecting even the press, and it was known that secret drillings of Volunteers had become extensive. It was not this futile Calabrian outbreak to which Mazzini referred in a letter to Mrs. P. A. Taylor, dated April 11th, 1870, but either an affair in Piacenza or a plan to be carried out in Genoa: ". . . I have been ill and suffering continuously, and all the while with a burden upon me which you cannot weigh. . . . I may be, within one week, in the midst of a movement which in my actual physical condition will exhaust me in three days. The movement will be, if taking place, premature of two months, and against my wish; brought on by a fraction of my military element under the terror of discoveries. But if it takes place as announced, I must help: I cannot do otherwise. . . ."

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* He did write about this time his magnificent *From the Council to God*. It was in this year that a General Council of the Church was convened in Rome (the first for 300 years) the chief business to come before which was the proclamation of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility.

To Emilie. April 27th, 1870.

One word, dearest Emilie. I have the letter, the papers, and, moreover, copy of the letter you wrote to —— who, of course, falls on me for what you ask. I shall read the papers, and see if I can write a few words, but you are really wrong in not doing what I said. Upon my word, I would feel really grateful, and perfectly safe in your hands.

As for the article, I can do nothing. But for '59 too, you ought to peruse *Pensiero e Azione*.*

Either you or Caroline, or I in my room—the sitting one—had the bound collection. Read, especially, a double number, a sort of manifesto at the end, signed by me for all. Oh, why did nobody in London keep the collection of the *Unità!*† You would find all you want there.

The *Dovere* too, whilst weekly, was an excellent source. As for the kingly invasion of part of the Roman States in 1860, I think, don't you remember the Nicoteras' expedition fitted up by us for Rome at the time? And for their coming to Naples, don't you remember that after my interview with him there, Garibaldi had announced in a proclamation that he was going to march on Rome? But, dear, I cannot go on. Quadrio, I hope, will send something.

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* His paper, conducted by Maurizio Quadrio at that date.—E. A. V.

† The same Journal, under its new name.—E. A. V.

Remember me to Swinburne and to Whistler and—with an old affection—to Carlyle. Are you in town now? Are you tolerably well in health?

Your loving
Jos.

To Emilie. April 6th. Seems 1870.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I am cribbled, as Medici was saying [used to say], with remorses towards you: remorses for my silence and even more for not having fulfilled your little wish about the letter you wanted. But I have been and am going through such an ordeal that I really feel I am unanswerable for all possible sins of omission. Besides, letters are extensively opened. My handwriting is known: these men are quietly looking for me and I do not want, if possible, to give them the satisfaction of getting rid of a nightmare. As for the letter—ah me! Even you, I fear, will not be able to understand my inner condition; but I *could* not, nor yet *can* write it. I left the old spot almost immediately after having received your request and printed documents. I fancied I was leaving for what was to take place two days after my arrival. Since then there has been for me an almost abnormal impossibility of writing, thinking, dreaming, except of one thing. I could now, as far as time is concerned; but I cannot as yet, for other unexplainable reasons: I tried twice, and could not find thoughts or words. My mind is decidedly incapable except of what does not come spontaneously. There is a volume, *Pensiero o Spirito* (*o Dio sà che, di M.*),* printed already at Milan—a popular edition—and not published, only because I have months ago promised a letter to the editor: I cannot write it, and I sent word to the editor declaring that for the life of me I could not write it now. Of course I left behind the documents and [illegible]. Now, if the thing were still needed, and you were a true, trusting, unprejudiced and reasonable friend, you would write a short letter, containing anything you like as far as the woman-emancipation and the special question † go—it would not go beyond what I really feel—and sign it with my name. The thing would remain strictly *entre nous* and I would feel relieved from a remorse. One or two thoughts will do; and one word alluding to the subject absorbing now my mind and forbidding my being long. Do so, dearest Emilie, and I shall feel really grateful. If not, write one word and I shall make an effort again. Did the great men, Victor Hugo and others, answer? I saw W[olff?] and had your news: only once, and I dispatched him. I had already sent away Joe, and that very day sent away the other friend, C., so that I am since then, perfectly alone.

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* Or God knows what, of Mazzini.

† The question of the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts.

Send a note when Caroline writes, if ever she does; it will be well to not multiply letters for the present.

Ever your
Jos.

To Emilie. May 2nd, 1870.

(Regarding the Female Suffrage Movement and the movement for the Abolition of the Contagious Diseases Acts, recently started in England.)

My dear Friend,

Can you doubt me? Can you doubt my watching from afar with an eager eye and a blessing soul, the efforts of brave and earnest British women struggling for the extension of the Suffrage to their sex, or for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts, which is only an incident in the general question—Equality between Man and Woman—sacred for any sensible, logical and fearless man who fights for any question involving Equality to whatever class or section of mankind it applies? Could I ever feel safe in my right and duty to struggle for Equality between the working men and the so-called Upper Classes of my own country if I did not deeply and warmly believe in your own right and duty? Is your question less sacred than that of the Abolition of Slavery in America, or of serfdom elsewhere? Ought it not to be even more sacred to us when we think of our mothers and remember that the most important period—the first period—of our education, is entrusted to you?

Are not all questions of Equality groundless—a mere selfish rebellion—unless they derive their legitimacy and strength from a single, general, all-embracing principle—the oneness of mankind—the basis, the soul of your Religion? Do not those who deny the righteousness of your claims bow to the words of St. John: "That they may all be one; as Thou, Father, art in me and I in Thee, they also may be one in us." And to those of St. Paul: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

Those words, they say, apply to heaven. Don't they know that what is decreed in heaven must and will have to be fulfilled on earth?

Yes, we are all the children of God, free and equal in Him; and it is high time, after eighteen hundred and seventy years since the word was spoken, and whilst new religious truths are already dawning on the horizon, for its being practically understood and applied in its direct consequences to human life and society.

One God, one Life, one Law of Life; this is or ought to be our common belief; and wherever God's baptism lives, wherever the stamp of Humanity is on a created being, there we find Free-will, Educability, tendency to Association, capability of indefinite progression, a source of the same general duties and rights, a leading principle to legislation in all branches of human activity.

No question ought to be solved without our asking ourselves: *how far does the proposed solution minister to Moral Education?* And is not the feeling of self-dignity, the deep conviction of a task to be fulfilled here down for our own improvement and that of our fellow creatures, the initiatory step to all education? Must it not start by repeating to those we want to educate the words you quoted: *you are a human being; nothing that concerns mankind is alien to you?* Crush in man the innate sense of self-respect: you decree the helot. Sanction to any amount moral inequality: you create rebellion with all its evils—or indifference, hypocrisy, frivolity and corruption. Punish the sinner leaving the accomplice untouched: you suppress, by fostering in the punished one a sense of being unjustly dealt with, all the good and the educational that there is in punishment. Claim the right of legislating for one class without that class being heard and somehow sharing in your work: you cancel at once the sacredness of Law, and instil hatred or contempt in the excluded class.

In these simple, and to me obvious, principles, lies the justice of your claim concerning either the Suffrage or the minor point about which you are now agitating.

And in these, if you do not forsake or neglect them, you will conquer. Your cause is a religious one: don't narrow it down to what is called a *right* or an *interest*. Let duty be your ground. Children of God as we are, you have a task to perform towards the progressive discovery and the progressive fulfilment of His Law. You cannot abdicate that task without sinning to God who appointed it, and gave you faculties and powers for its accomplishment; and you cannot fulfil the task without liberty, which is the source of responsibility. . . . Your claim is the claim of the working man—of Nations cancelled, like Poland, by brutal force from Europe's map: of races dismembered, like the Slavonian, between foreign masters and doomed to silence. Like them all, you want to bring to the common work a new element of life and progress: you feel you have *something* to speak, legally and officially, towards the great problems which stir and torture the soul of mankind. *There* is your real ground for being heard; there your strength. Keep on that ground firmly and do not allow expediency, unconscious selfism, or a fragmentary view of the struggle to lure you away from it.

There is a holy crusade going on through the world for Justice, Freedom and Truth, against Lies and Tyranny. You are—battalion-like—fighting in it. Feel it and act accordingly. Sympathize with all who suffer and bleed, and you will be sympathized with: help and you will be helped. There is no right unless a duty has been fulfilled; and the emancipation of the working class is now at hand because the working man has, thank God, through the last half-century, shown himself ready to any amount of sacrifice for any noble cause summoning the efforts of the good and brave.

I am, dear friend,
now and ever, yours
Jos. Mazzini.

To Emilie, from Lugano, 1870. Before May 21st.

Dearest Emilie,

I had your letter yesterday. You will give the £1 for Harro, and you will give something to go on with to Mrs. F. if you receive anything from anybody; if not, I shall send. I send a circular *pro forma* so that you know what I do.

Caroline will give you my news and the substance of my letter.

Tell me if you go anywhere. I have the acknowledgment from Dr. F.

Don't reproach Sarina [illegible] seeing that, ill or not, I write to Italy, she thought I was writing to you oftener. In fact I have sent papers every two days; do they reach? Then what is there to be said? You saw me ill in London. It is the same thing, no better or worse to be stated: pains either every day or every other day.

Ever your loving
Joseph.

Love to Mentia, Peter, Bessie, William, the Biggs, Mrs. F. and all who inquire.

To Emilie. May 21st, 1870.

Dearest Emilie,

I have your letter. You have achieved a great deal with Morley. *Ce que femme veut, Morley le veut.* It is not only on account of the anti-Christian—allow me to hate your Xtian—

pages, but on account of the attack against materialism that I feel astonished at his submitting. When it will have appeared you will tell me whether any paper speaks for or against. Had it appeared in one number Morley might have been asked to allow a few copies to be drawn independently and distributed to a few friends; but it is more difficult so. Welcome to the additions. The secret will be faithfully kept by me.

Of our affairs here better not to speak. I cannot in a few words explain the state of things. I have nothing to do with the bands of Calabria * and of the Tuscan Maremma. They are Garibaldi's doing, and letters which must have been seized on Galliani will, if published, prove it. Seeing what Carlyle would call "dinner ready," he thought that he would avail himself of it and destroy any *initiative* of *mine*. Had he taken up boldly my republican flag, I would have left him to rule and reap all the fruits of my labour; but to try to deviate the stream by this absurd, pretended attempt on Rome is really unbearable. Nevertheless I *must* keep silence and tell others to do so. Of my plans I cannot speak in a letter. But whilst I am here you *may*, some day or other, receive news of something more serious than what has hitherto taken place. The wonder for me is that I am still free. Either from W. next day, or from K. who ought to receive it, you ought really to see the *Unità* which every one of you has given up. It contains all that marks degrees of our agitation, and then addresses, answers, etc. The labour you go through is really meritorious [the campaign against the Contagious Diseases Acts; or the agitation for Women's Suffrage], but go on bravely and do not shrink; it is an important and moral one. I am sorry about Peter's opposition: it is inconsistent, which is not generally his fault.

Do you ever hear anything of M'Adam, Cowen, etc.? Of Sydney? What of Miss Cushman and of your Brighton friend?

Addio. I am tired to death: I have been writing the whole of the day and am still to go on. Remember me to Mrs. W., to her son, and to S. if you ever see him. Love from your

JOSEPH.

To Emilie. June, 1870.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Through causes of which Caroline will tell you—or most likely the papers—I cannot write. But I had already written, before a very troublesome message, to Morley: therefore I send. Thanks for Protoplasm and the two worlds, which revealed to me the forgotten day. If ever I can read it I shall send the message as you wish. I am very glad that Will. liked my Essay: I have for him an old fondness which makes me value his approval. How could you believe that I could write anything except deep enmity to Comte? Preach to Caroline what I do preach—to not make herself ill through furniture. Thanks, dear, for the cheque and the gift.

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* See *ante*, p. 231.

Love from your
Jos.

Sarina has been at Coira, seen Joseph, etc.: she must now, I think, be back at the old place.

To Emilie, from Lugano. Dated by her May or June, 1870.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I have your letter. Morley is a hero. I never dreamt of payment. If it turns out to be a reality—I still doubt it—please to keep the third for the translation. Let the welcome remainder be sent to the same man to whom you send letters or papers, and try, without bothering yourself too much, to do it with a certain degree of quickness: I *might* have to change place. *Chi lo sa?*

You want, evidently, to excite me by relating praises, etc. I wish you could. However, should the niece have not exaggerated—which is most likely the case—I would feel *rather* glad of Carlyle's praise.*

Mrs. Malleson† I remember; the Frank puzzles me—I never was able to keep the names by heart. But I like them all, so it is all right. Still, is she not, now that I think of it, the one who lost a dear child years ago, the wife of Malleson, our old "friend of Italy"? In that case I am really glad if the little book can do the least good. I sent a writing of mine for our papers, "The Agonia," to Caroline a few days ago: did you see it? It has been seized; and I have answered the seizure with another, stronger thing, which I send, through a paper on a proof sheet. It has been seized too, of course. Then the Ministers say to the House: "Why do they resort to bands and plots? Have they not the Press?"

I know nothing of Joe Nathan since Chur [Coira], but I suppose he will be taken to Bern or Zürich. There will be some sort of trial which may end in his being sent away from Switzerland. Much will depend upon the *where* they armed themselves, which I do not know. As for his sudden silence, I cannot explain it, but it began doing the last two months, he was so completely absorbed in the secret preparations—secret from me too. Whatever his mistakes may be I am truly happy at his being in Switzerland again. His death—with no result—would have been a fatal blow to his mother and to Janet, and I was trembling every morning whilst unfolding the papers.

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* This relates to Emilie's translation of Mazzini's *From the Council to God*, which Carlyle read with deep interest and found "beautiful."

† This remarkable and gifted lady, an intimate friend of Emilie and a tireless worker in educational matters, in the question of social purity and in the Suffrage movement, died at an advanced age at her residence, Dixton Manor, Gloucestershire, at Christmas, 1916.

I have already told Caroline days ago, spontaneously, to express my feelings to Shaen; but I shall do more on the first opportunity.

Yes, dearest Emilie, you are right, and my feeling inwardly frantic and wretched at a series of sad deceptions [in the sense of disappointments] which you do not know, does not change the position. The Sicilian insurrection is coming; and that is the reason for which I cannot leave. But why on earth they [the Italian Government] do not try their whole might to have me, I cannot understand: they have in their hands proofs and documents entitling them to shoot me twice should it be possible.

Has the volume of poor Swinburne come out? I did read Harrison's article. It was extremely good. . . .

To Emilie. June, 1870.

Dearest Emilie,

I have yours with the Review, where I see with astonishment the whole [of Emilie's translation] in one number.* The faults are trifling, dear. The translation is, of course, very good; better than I deserve. Only owing to systematic English necessities, the little energetic conciseness is gone. For instance: "V'accuso di non *vivere* se non d'una vita di fantasmi ch'errano, etc.," rendered by "I accuse you of living no real life; of having no other existence except that of *the* phantoms *seen* wandering, etc."; and our Italian bold "Keplero quando *apriva*" (the power of Genius made a creating, god-like one); "all' Universo i campi dell' infinito," rendered by the weak "when he *taught* mankind how, etc."; and "com'oggi" by "as is the case at the present day," and so on throughout almost every sentence—constitute a sort of enervating method, suggested, I still believe, by want of boldness—a boldness which the reader, I think, would not object to.

For God's sake, dearest Emilie, do not dream about rooms, quietness, Rosa, honest sailors and forbidden fruits. You do not understand either Italy, the position of things and the perennial agitation which will go on, or myself. Take me at once as doomed—as a phantom of the past, or rather as a dear—if you can—loved remembrance; and don't make me, by indulging in calm Elysian proposals, burst out into Hamlet's "Zounds, etc.," on Ophelia's grave. Don't you see that if ever I can run to London, it will be for twenty days? That I shall most probably run one of these days to Sicily? Or that if not, if everything turns powerless and shameful, I shall feel Rachel-like and vanish into some wild country corner without telling anybody? I am wrecked and lost: I carry with me, buried in my heart—as old Poles were carrying through their exile a handful of their country's earth—my love for the very few; but more I cannot do. "Finis Joseph."

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* Translation of his *From the Council to God.*

I am *very* sorry, not astonished, at Swinburne's relapse: I was hopeless from the beginning. He will not last more than one or two years.

What a pity that there is no direct road, with omnibuses, between you and Caroline's house!

You have heard of Joseph's [Joseph Nathan's] *boutade*. He has made me tremble more than he believes; more than I thought I would. He is, I think, safe now. He acted, of course, against my opinion and prayers—for the second time. Nothing will succeed except a strong rising in an important town, Genoa, Milan, etc., and if I have not been able to obtain it, nobody will. But with our very good few, Action has become now a sort of "art for art's sake" affair. The *aim* is forgotten in the fever of protesting action; even in the best souls—Quadrio, for instance—anger has taken the upper hand.

Evidently Morley comes to your side [is coming to Emilie's view on the woman question]: his Condorcet's translation and notes prove it. I shall, if I can, write a few words to Peter, but what is the use? Peter is not Pietro: he is Pietra. Can I do what Clem. cannot? Did you, after all, read Mrs. Stowe's book, and if so, was there anything new in it? Do you see or hear anything of poor good weak Morice? Do you go on writing the article for the new Review?

Your ever loving
Jos.

I hope Mrs. W. does not read the *Fortnightly*. What does William say about it?

To Emilie. Written for July 6th, 1870.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Will you accept this little offering from me on your birthday? I *like* to keep a dear tradition up.

With it I send a most fervent blessing. May you live in strength and work; and die, as late as possible, in faith and love.

Your loving
JOSEPH.

To Emilie. Seems to have been written about the date of her birthday, July 6th, 1870.

Dearest Emilie,

I had yours of the 6th. You know by this time that I had sent the few words, and that it was not my doing if you had them not. I would have sent them straight on to you, but I feared delays of the post and I wanted them to reach on the very day. *Trop de zèle.* Poor Miss Cushman! I knew that it would come back [the illness for which she had, some time previously, undergone an operation], but I hoped for a longer delay. How sad it must be for her—who loves life—to know herself doomed and see the Damocles' sword getting gradually down on her head! I really feel reproachful to myself for my having ever been rather hard and uncharitable in my judging her.* I was going to ask about Munro when I read of him in your note. He looks ghastly, you say; still, this prolonged struggle, with rather a step in advance, gives hope, unless it is consumption, which has never been decidedly settled as far as I know, by medical men. Will you give him my love if you see him again? The brothers Whistler! I never saw but one, *the* Whistler. From whence does the other come out? What is he, and how is it that no *poet* was there? Is he in such a condition as to be out of question? Or are there other causes for this desertion? Joe [Nathan] has asked for two days at Lugano, then for being sent to England.

Yes, dear, the leader is to be Quadrio.

Maria Mozzoni is very good, intelligent, writing, lecturing for woman's cause, sharing my religious beliefs, only she is addicted to table-spinning, etc. I am glad she wrote. Mario has again attacked me in two articles on Cattaneo in a Review called *Nuova Antologia*, Florence, but I have not read them. Jessie wrote alarmed about possible new troubles or violent answers. She means to be in London in October. *Ma chi sa?* Are you better now?

Ever your loving
Jos.

On August 23rd, he wrote to Mrs. P. A. Taylor that he was tolerably well but strictly a prisoner, "looking from my room at the beautiful solemn, death-teaching sunsets . . . I cannot as yet speak definitely about my prospects: the probabilities are for movement [in Sicily]; but a few obstacles are still to be surmounted, and it will be only in a fortnight that I shall be able to see clearly through the yes or no problem. Thank Peter for his interpellation [in the House of Commons] concerning Joseph Nathan. I dare say nothing will be done of what has been suggested, but it may shorten the persecution. . . . Mrs. Nathan will post this in London ; she will be there for a short while, and I regret your not being in town : you would have seen her. She is the best Italian friend I have, one of the best women I know, pure, virtuous, sweet, devoted—and unconsciously so—to all that is Beautiful and Good. . . ."

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* See Vol. I. p. 276.

To Emilie, in Glasgow. Seems from Lugano. August 26th, 1870.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I had in due time yours of the 19th, and you must in the interval have received scraps from me through W. But, dear, do not—and write accordingly to G. Cooke—address Rachele : it is betraying my secret and forgetting that I am now in an absolutely different position from once : there have been searches in two or three houses before my coming ; and nobody —not even Adolph and Emilie—know anything of me. G. Cooke writes on the undercover my name in full ! Address to Carlo Saski, fotografo—under, per Spreafico—or to Frau Doctor Glaus Billiter, 190 Platte Flünken, Zürich—under cover, Herr J. Nathan.

I hoped that you had yielded to Clementia and Peter and postponed for a while your visit to the worthy Professor. You are at all events affectionately treated and allowed to smoke ; *è qualche cosa ;* but to have to work together ! It would be, to me, utterly impossible. Remember me, nevertheless, very kindly, to Prof. Nichol.*

Did you see M'Adam? I hope so. He will grieve very much if he hears of your being in Glasgow without contriving to see him. I have as yet nothing to say. Like the messenger from the Ark, my own *inviato* there down has not come back: only it is not a sign of the *land* rising. I have had a letter from Caroline since her reaching Switzerland. All right except her health which, from various things, appears to be very unsatisfactory. Mine is rather good on the whole, although I have been sick one day and am tormented by pains in my left leg. Sarina is by this time in London for a short period. I have been hitherto unable to write the *note* or anything except letters, etc. As I try [am trying] for the last time, and feel determined to give up any *practical* work if I do not succeed within the year, I must try conscientiously and actively. Has the 8th [vol. of his writings] appeared? I saw advertised in a magazine—I forget which—an article on Truth on Lady Byron's life, from H. B. Stowe: did you see it? Does it contain anything new and worthy? Do you cough still? Or are you improving? Nothing new concerning Joseph since Otway's answer to Peter. The Press ought to have taken up the subject: it ought to notice now the practical refusal of our Government: the provincial Press too; M'Adam and Cowen, etc., might be useful. The *civis Romanus sum* of Lord Palmerston ought to be commented upon. Will you post the enclosed note for me? What are you reading? Do you have fresh news of Mrs. King? And of the Poet? Try to gather strength for the winter, dear Emilie.

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* Nichol, John (1834–1894), son of the astronomer J. P. Nichol (1804–1859), was born in 1834, and educated at Glasgow and Balliol College, Oxford. After taking his first class in Classics, he remained at Oxford as a coach. With Albert Venn Dicey, Thomas Hill Green, Swinburne and others, he formed The Old Mortality Society for discussions on literary matters. In 1862 he was made professor of English literature at Glasgow. He had already made a reputation as an acute critic and a successful lecturer, and his influence at Glasgow was very marked. He wrote the article on American literature for the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—an article which is a good example of his pungent (sometimes unduly pungent) style. He left Glasgow for London in 1889, and died in October, 1894. Among his best works were his drama *Hannibal*, 1873, *The Death of Themistocles and Other Poems* (1881), his *Byron* in the "English Men of Letters" series (1880), his *Robert Burns* (1882), and *Carlyle* (1892).

A Memoir by Professor Knight was published in 1896.

Love from your
JOSEPH.

26th Aug.

The secret of Mazzini's persistence in seeking to rouse Italy must be sought in the political intricacies of Florence, Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. Feeling in Italy ran high against France after Mentana. Italians were waking more and more to the fact that their debtor and creditor account with Louis Napoleon dipped decidedly to the wrong side. The little he had done for them was far outweighed by what he had done against their highest interests. His *chassepots* of Mentana could not be forgiven—their shots were, instead, to ricochet on to his own head at Sédan—and the realization by the Italians of what French influence meant in Italy found a perhaps unlooked-for expression in the enthusiastic popular welcome accorded to the Crown Prince of Prussia when he paid a visit to Florence. Victor Emmanuel and Rattazzi leant strongly to Louis Napoleon, but the nation would have even preferred an alliance with Austria to fresh links with France, the mainstay and servant of the Temporal Power.

A few men in Europe saw, as Bismarck saw, that having subdued Austria to her purposes Prussia would before long have to try conclusions with France; yet France did not dream of the greatness of her own danger. But Mazzini saw, and was almost alone in seeing, that however wrong were Bismarck's methods the future would be with him because his aim accorded with the law of national development. He perceived also a moment when the Italians might successfully have turned out the powers that, to use Garibaldi's parlance, degraded Rome into "a nest of vipers" and made Florence the scene of miserable squabbles, unworthy intrigues and of royalty besmirched with private vices and characterized by anti-constitutional indiscretions.

It was perfectly recognized, even by some men in the Government, that either the Temporal Power must become fatal to Italy or Italy must make herself fatal to the Temporal Power; yet neither King nor Ministers did anything. Every one knew that the Temporal Power depended upon French bayonets and French Catholics, for the Empress of the French voiced not merely her own sentiment when she passionately declared that the Italians should *never* possess Rome.* But the perilous weakness inseparable from a period of religious transition was undermining the spirit of a people who had not yet gained sufficient moral strength to emancipate themselves from the immoral atmosphere created by the Roman Hierarchy. In this year the imminent Declaration of Papal Infallibility was perturbing every country, yet none protested against it with sufficient energy, although Liberals trembled lest the freedom-slaying doctrines of the Syllabus should be erected by this last effort into a binding Dogma.

"'The reconciliation of the Papacy with modern civilization,' said a book of the time which was approved by the Curia, 'is a damnable heresy'; and it maintained that the Pope had the right to depose kings, that he was supreme over temporal sovereigns, and that therefore clerical privileges existed by a higher right than by the grace of the state." †

The attitude of the Governments of Europe towards these pretensions is on the whole typified by that of M. Thiers who, visited by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster as the latter passed through Paris to attend the Great Council, declared in one breath that the principles of the Revolution formed the very backbone of the French, and in the next that he had always supported the Temporal Power of the Pope—to which, certainly, the principles of revolution, whether expressed in 1798 or during the nineteenth century, were positively opposed. If any men saw clearly in this important moment, none succeeded in acting in accordance with that vision. Yet the vote of the Œcumenical Council, taken during one of the most tremendous thunderstorms on record, really destroyed the Temporal Power by casting for Papal Infallibility: every Government then realized as never before what that Temporal Power would stand for. The unlooked-for reception accorded to Mazzini's splendid indictment —his *From the Council to God*—proved that it was not want of sight or knowledge, but want of courage, that kept men silent on this great subject, which the outbreak of a frightful contest gave them a pretext for practically leaving aside.

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* Even after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, she is reputed to have exclaimed that she would rather see the Prussians in Paris than the Italians in Rome.

† *History of Italian Unity.* Bolton King.

Two great declarations mark the July of 1870: this astounding assertion from the Vatican (July 20th) and the declaration of war between France and Prussia (July 19th).

Meantime Mazzini, rendered doubly cautious by the futile, uncontrollable outbreaks of republican feeling in various parts, and seeing that the contemplated movement in Genoa could not take place, decided to accede to another pressing entreaty from Sicily and to journey thither. "We are ready in Palermo, ready in Messina," declared the emissaries sent to him, "but we want a leader." His presence among them would, they said, be a guarantee that the separatist tendencies he had always deplored and sought to convert would be translated into activity for the Unitarian Republic.

Mazzini sent Wolff in advance of himself, against the urgent representations of his friends, who, moreover, though yearning for action, entreated him to refrain from going to Sicily. They distrusted Wolff's report of the situation—with excellent reason, as the event proved. Nevertheless, five days after the bloody field of Worth had driven the French armies to retreat towards Metz, Mazzini started, accompanied as far as Leghorn by Narratone. Thence, with Castiglioni, he journeyed without incident to Naples where, although orders for his arrest had preceded him, he put up unmolested at the home of Carlotta Benedettini, the wife of his friend Giacomo Profumo. The Prefect of Naples, unwilling to carry out the arrest, allowed him to embark for Sicily on the *Florio*, but instructions had been given to prevent his landing in that island.

Since the brief account written of this period by Emilie Venturi and since Mrs. Hamilton King made her valuable notes, an important booklet has been published by Colonel G. Fassio,* who, for a short time, had to mount guard over Mazzini in Gaeta, and from it can be gathered a few interesting details.

The *Florio* arrived on the morning of August 14th in the waters of Palermo, in which city Medici was acting as Governor. From information received—it is believed through Wolff—he knew that the insurrectionary movement had been fixed for this very day. A small vessel, therefore, belonging to the Mediterranean squadron approached the *Florio*, Inspector Pietro Bundi boarded her, and drawing near to a gentleman of medium stature, with white hair, and whose general air and brilliant eyes indicated his identity, asked him for his passport. Colonel Fassio's description of the little scene does away with the mistake made by Jessie Mario and repeated by others, that Mazzini undertook this journey in disguise. As mentioned elsewhere, Emilie assured the present writer that Mazzini never but twice resorted to what could be called disguise.†

Mazzini was presently conducted with great courtesy on to the *Ettore Fieramosca* and told that he had still to take a short voyage. He asked leave to send a note to Medici, in which, writing as one man of honour to another, he requested to be told his destination. But before Medici's answer could arrive the boat started for Messina. Out at sea, sealed orders were opened, and the vessel headed for Gaeta, where it arrived late the next night. During the passage Mazzini took his meals with the officers and sat at table next the captain.

It is perhaps unnecessary to point out that as a place of imprisonment the fortress-town of Gaeta affords immense security. Jutting out into the sea from a wild, precipitous coast to which it is joined by a short neck of land, it offers practically no chance for an *evasion* even by the boldest athlete, unless through a network of collusion. The greater part of the connecting neck is occupied by a *Piazza d'Armi*, constantly in use by troops. Three entrances lead into the town; the one through which Mazzini was conducted being called the Porta Mare. He had slept on board the *Fieramosca*, and after leaving behind several notes of thanks to those on board, he was received with every sign of respect by the commander of the *carabinieri* and by the colonel of the fortress, who, although the way was so short, had ordered a carriage to take him to the residence of the first-named. Major Bartolomeis had married the adopted daughter of Riccardo Cironi, one of Mazzini's heroes of the Five Days of Milan, and who had also been with him in London. The Signora Giulia Bartolomeis already felt affection for the guest thus imposed upon her; but, perhaps because too firm a friendship between the prisoner and his custodians might have proved perilous to the authorities, Mazzini was not allowed to remain long under their roof. In two days he was moved into accommodation prepared within the Castello Angione.

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* *Mazzini a Gaeta*, Società Co-operativa Tipografica. Sorbina, 1912.

† See Vol. I. p. 127.

In the south-east angle, on the second floor of this stronghold a suite of three rooms had been turned into a convenient and not too gloomy prison. The first room, from which the second opened, was allocated to the officer in charge of the prisoner for the time being. The second, which Colonel Fassio alleges to have been suitably furnished and very light, formed a bed-sitting room, the bed being situated in a deep alcove. A narrow passage, constructed in the thickness of the wall, led from this apartment to a circular turret chamber lighted by two windows and fitted up for the toilet. The sea bathed the feet of this turret and fretted the rocks beneath the windows of the sitting room. No iron bars obscured the view from these apartments or imparted to them the aspect of a prison; in fact, everything seems to have been done to mitigate the fact that they formed a closely guarded cage, the immediate custodian being, not a jailer but an officer on the most friendly terms with his charge, and within whose duty it fell to accompany him during unrestricted walks upon the ramparts.

Mazzini's meals were sent in from a small inn near the fortress, l'Albergo d'Italia, kept by Lorenzo Gioia;* and to this inn,

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* Who died in 1896.

GAETA

THE BATTLEMENTS OF THE MOST DISTANT BUILDING FORMED MAZZINI'S PROMENADE

early in September, there came an Italian-speaking lady, soon known to the Castle officials as the Signora Emilia. Furnished with credentials by General Medici, she was given a certain amount of access to the prisoner, whose hours of tedium she must have solaced in no small degree.

Colonel Fassio has given a description of his own introduction to Mazzini, of the latter's charm, and of the delight of their brief intercourse—brief, because such was the unconscious fascination exercised by the prisoner over all around him that the guards had to be frequently changed, for "all became his devoted worshippers in turn." *

The gallant Colonel gives us some details about the meals sent in from l'Albergo d'Italia, and about one of Emilie's visits; but valuable as these are they yield in interest to Emilie's own account written to Mrs. King:

"It was just after Sédan; I think I started towards the middle of September. I had no sense, dear, that he would wish me to come—on the contrary, a great dread of being scolded and blamed—but the thought that carried me there was the thought that he would be ill, perhaps die, alone. God knows I have often wished since that he had died in Gaeta; he would have been buried by the sea, the sacred corpse put reverently under God's earth." (This was written in 1872, after Mazzini's death.)

"I went by Mainz, Bingen and Bâle, I think, to the Lago Maggiore, and so to Genoa. Strasburg still held out, I think. It was all one dream of loveliness and calm from Genoa to Naples—the sunset before reaching was the most glorious I ever remember; but I reached at dusk; and having sent on shore a letter to a friend of M.'s as soon as we stopped, before the passengers landed, a youth came to me aboard, with a slip of paper addressed to me by my English name, merely saying I was to follow him, which I did—he silent and I silent—to where two or three gentlemen sat outside a small café which we passed—then one of them rose and followed us in a negligent way, not as if with interest, and after two or three streets he said, 'Follow me,' and the youth touched his hat silently and vanished; then I walked on silently, following this man, nor did he speak to me or I to him till we

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* In an article in the *Victoria Magazine* written just after Mazzini's death, Lady Amberley said: "In the most unconscious and natural manner he described, himself, the trouble he had given the Italian Government during his last imprisonment in Gaeta" through the friendliness of every one who had to do with him. "In recounting these adventures he never seemed to attribute anything to his own personal power or eloquence, but everything to the truth of the great Republican faith he was always preaching."

were up in his own room, then he said, 'For what are you here?' I said, 'What is your name?'—then, as it was night, I said where I was going, and that I must go on at once by train or carriage or boat, whatever might be the quickest. Then he and his wife assured me that I could not start till six; by train half-way, and then by diligence to Mola di Gaeta. They treated me as though I had descended from heaven; and would not let me stir out for fear of the police watching and preventing me, as I had no proof of any business or any right to go; made up a bed in their own sitting-room; sat talking till nearly twelve, and then left me to try to sleep. But that I could not do. At five we started, he and I, and he took me through the silent streets to the station and left me, covering me with benedictions, poor man.

It was a grey morning and Vesuvius looked disgracefully common-place, and sent up not even a breath of smoke: and as I went through the inferior parts of the city, the high white houses, straight and ugly in design, seemed terribly inferior to Genoa."

Here Madame Venturi's narrative breaks off, but in a letter dated from Gaeta, September 29th, she wrote:

"When you see where I write from you will not wonder that my letter is hurried, and that the reports of our Angel's illness which appeared in all the London papers, rendered it impossible to stay quietly at home. . . . The journey . . . took twelve days, but I got here last Friday, was courteously received by the Commandant and saw him the same night. He says it was rather a threatening of illness than real illness; *no one* has been allowed access to him, not even his medical man, but he is treated with every respect and attention, and two days before I reached they had allowed him pen and ink. Of course all letters, whether written to or by him, are read by the authorities, but if you like to write, address to his own name, Fortezza di Gaeta, Napoli. He says he shall use his pen and ink to write a long article on Byron—a copy of Byron has been his companion in prison: he has been studying him in the journals, letters and works, as he has never studied him before: and he feels that he must not die without bearing witness to the true Byron. But writing tries him and quickly brings on threatenings of the old pain. He does not look worse, perhaps even rather better than when he left; but he is very weak. I think this is from never walking in the air. There is a terrace on which they allow him to walk, but it is on the very top of the highest tower (the tower in which he is confined), and that is on the highest part of the rock which stretches far into the sea; and is always therefore a prey to such high winds or such blinding sun that he cannot bear to walk there.

He has two rooms, and can see both sea and sky from each, for the windows, thank God, have no grating, but the walls are of such immense thickness that one seems to see both sea and sky at the end of a narrow stone cave. I have been allowed to see him three times, but now they seem to think my permit exhausted; and they have written to the Minister of the Interior to know if it may continue longer. So, although my inn is right opposite the cruel fortress, I can enter it no more till the permit comes. Perhaps not even then. If the Roman plebiscite is *Si* *—they say there will be an amnesty that will include Mazzini; but the disgust at the actual Government is so great (notwithstanding the *official* and highly *paid for* rejoicings you hear of) that there seems a probability that even the Romans, though glad enough to get rid of the Temporal Power, may prove turbulent and unwilling subjects to the King. 'A la garde de Dieu' is all one can say. I scarcely know anything of what goes on, for I only get newspapers when they are many days old. If you can send *him* English newspapers and reviews, you will do him a real service. The Commandant says he may have them, and he has only his Byron and a Dante of which the print is too small. . . . Forgive the trouble. Please post these letters. I have been told to write less."

On October 7th Mazzini wrote to Lady Amberley—and perhaps this was one of the notes enclosed to Mrs. King by Emilie:

"I am tolerably well in health; rather sad, but not on account of my imprisonment. Life has ever been for me a thing drawn from within and very little influenced by outward circumstances. Here, I have the wide sea before me and the Italian sky above me! It is quite enough, and I am sorry more for a few of my friends who are thinking sadly about me than for myself. I know nothing as yet about the Government's intentions concerning me, and I dare say they know very little themselves about them."

The letter continues with a plea against harsh judgment upon France, and points out her very difficult position in face of Bismarck's demand for two provinces, averse to being severed from her. The permanent occupation by Germany of these provinces will, he says, enlist sympathy for France. She may have to yield, but she cannot do so without a struggle. He insists that the war was "the last card played by a despot who felt he was unavoidably sinking and hoped to reverse the rising tide." The nation was acting simply in self-defence, and a modification of the terms ought to have come from Prussia.

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* The plebiscite (Oct. 2) gave an overwhelming vote for annexation to Italy.

To Mrs. King Emilie presently wrote that Mazzini's chief suffering arose from shame. The Italians were not what he thought them. His hope of seeing Rome again had vanished, for he could not bring himself to see her "profaned by monarchy." An interesting point in this letter of Emilie's is that Medici's severities as Governor had been the last straw to determine the Sicilians upon rebellion, and only Mazzini's influence had restrained them from declaring a Republic separated from Italy. "We shall rise with you or without you," they had announced when inviting him to head them.* He had replied that he would come solely on

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* The parallel between Sicily and Ireland, Italy and the British Commonwealth of Nations, is too interesting to leave unnoticed.

In a popular catechism published by Mazzini, the questioner, a Sicilian peasant, asks: "You say that Sicily should unite herself with the rest of Italy. Hitherto we have always demanded the Constitution of 1812 [which under the ægis of Lord William Bentinck had re-established the independence of Sicily]. You have suggested changing that Constitution. It remains to be seen whether you want to take from us our independence."

"On the contrary, I want to secure you a real, lasting independence. Let us see what you mean by independence."

"That Sicily should no longer be commanded by the Neapolitan Government; that she should not have Neapolitan soldiers quartered upon her, nor that the greater number of officials and Judges should be non-Sicilians."

His interlocutor entirely agrees with the peasant, and adds: "According to our principle, just as all citizens are equal, so would all populations be equal, and no province be subject to any other. But between being subjected and associated there is the same difference as between injustice and justice, good and evil, slavery and brotherhood. We do not mean that Sicily shall be the possession of any other part of Italy. We mean that Sicily should be a part of Italy, like each and all of the other States of which she is composed and on the same terms and with the same pacts with which the Kingdom of Naples and Tuscany, and all the rest will be united to her."

"But how came this idea of Unity with Italy into your head? Sicily was always an independent Kingdom and she is still so by right."

"You say truly, and she would be so always in virtue of the natural, imprescriptible right which all men have to associate together in what manner they please."

The liberties of Sicily were old; yet Mazzini saw that her true interests were naturally bound up with the mainland. A Norman Prince had, in the eleventh century, established her independence and freedom under an elective monarchy, and it was an attempt by the Pope to break down the elective principle that led to the Sicilian Vespers (1282). The Sicilians then turned to Spain, and maintained their status unharmed through three centuries under Spanish rule. The war of succession after the death of Charles II of Spain brought the position of the island Kingdom into dispute, and under the Treaty of Utrecht she passed into the hands of Victor Amadeus of Piedmont, who entirely ratified the Constitution. Papal intrigues, however, again altered her relationships and she was reaffiliated to Spain. Such was then her settled condition that the great years of Revolution left her undisturbed. But before the

the condition that they rose for a Rupublican United Italy. The summary which Emilie adds of Medici's character is valuable because she knew him and the phases through which he had passed better than most: "Medici had the qualities of a mastiff. While he served his country he was absolutely faithful to her unto death. When he accepted a master instead of her, he transferred his fidelity as dogs do. He was the severest and most hated as well as feared of the Governors Sicily has had. Every one knew he would massacre or be massacred rather than let the King's authority be overthrown."

Into the tedious details of the Italian's Ministry's policy and the moves in the Vatican, it is not needful to go here. Lanza, now minister, held back any decision about Rome until the frightful news of Sédan reached Florence; but even after Gambetta had declared the Republic, nothing in the Italian Government was determined. Abroad, opinion seemed far more settled. Bismarck put no difficulty in the way of Italy taking possession of her capital. England saw no reason against it, and Austria was willing. The whole country seethed with impatience, and at last the Government decided that their troops should cross the Papal frontier. The army made its way as slowly as it could towards Rome, in order to give the Pope time to reconsider and change his rigid attitude: but no precautions availed to avert bloodshed. His Holiness continued absolutely resolved upon resistance, but decided to treat as soon as the walls should be breached. A brief cannonade effected this, and on September 20th the Italians marched through an opening near the Porta Pia and were acclaimed as liberators. Rome was won—but merely through accidents of European politics, not because the moral and physical power of a people had constrained the Pope to bow to the great principle of Nationality. The Temporal Power had fallen, not through Italy's uprising for freedom but through the Pope's own

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close of the Napoleonic epic, Ferdinand III of Sicily and IV of Naples, together with his Austrian Queen, succeeded in destroying an independence which needed English championship to get re-established in 1812. Once again, after the withdrawal of that support, Sicily had to enter upon a struggle in which she was defeated through one of the clauses in the Treaty of Vienna. From that time to 1848, nothing effective happened to release her people from a servitude rendered even more intolerable by the presence of the Jesuits. The struggles, mistakes, heroisms, and collapse of Sicily in 1848, coloured the period that followed. In 1860 as in 1870, the question of separation arose strongly, and before the first date, in anticipation of its deviating the heart of the people from the idea of Unity, Quadrio penned and Mazzini endorsed the above mentioned *Catechismo Popolare.*

overweening claims upon mankind, and because France had succumbed to the corruption of an imperial government that dazzled her people, with whose best qualities it was at variance.

To Emilie, at a small inn close to the fortress of Gaeta. Written from the Fortress-prison itself. Translated from the original Italian. No date. Dated by E. A. V. 1870.

Carissima Emilia,

While waiting to be set free with all the sacraments—court of Catanzaro, etc., I send you a letter of Caroline's which she wishes you should see.

Perhaps we shall receive what is expected during the day. In that case I will come to the *Italia* to see you. If all that ought to reach the Comandante and me should come, I should be able to start even to-morrow morning, but if you are not able I will wait till next day.

What are your plans? Meanwhile I will tell you mine. I mean to start straight for Rome without going back to Naples. At Rome, or as I hope, outside Rome near the station, to stay the night. The next morning I would start for Tuscany, and, for many reasons, would wish to go alone. I intend to see friends, both women and men, in Tuscany, Genoa, Milan and other parts of Lombardy, etc. It will be a *course au clocher* of about eight or nine days. Then, if nothing change my idea—and because I shall publicly refuse the amnesty and therefore will not accept its advantages—I should go to Lugano, then elsewhere; when I know not.

I intend to visit London friends next month, but I would wish to wait to see the first sitting of the Chamber. As you will understand, I have my own reasons for all this. All things are therefore uncertain except my intention to go for a month to London. I say a month because nothing is changed for me by these past two months, and I feel myself bound to live close to Italy.

I speak of this necessity of being alone in my rapid journeys and the uncertainty as to the time that may be spent in the realization of my plans, in order that you may arrange your own.

I have written to Caroline to-day. I have begun the notes upon Byron and I think I shall end by writing something, all the more because my publisher insists that the 9th volume—the 8th is almost finished—should be literary.

Since yesterday I have done nothing but eat figs in order loyally to finish all those you sent me. As to the toast it is impossible.* Addio; in the hope of seeing you later to-day, yours with love

Gius:

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* Emilie had been vainly endeavouring to teach the people at the inn to make toast *à l'anglais*, because he was fond of it, and his appetite had failed.

L'ALBERGO D'ITALIA, WHERE MAZZINI STAYED ON HIS RELEASE

I shall want the Byron to put in my trunk, and then to send back to Giorgina.

For a few details concerning Mazzini's departure from his prison, we may turn again to Colonel Fassio, who corrects one point in Emilie's records, namely that he was amnestied on the birth of a prince. The amnesty marked the acquisition of Rome as capital.

On October 12th, the Commandant received word of the amnesty from the civil authorities, and with the consideration that distinguished him desired that the Signora Emilia should be the first to take Mazzini the tidings. It may well have been with a feeling of consternation that his custodians learnt that the prisoner, looking on the amnesty in the light of a pardon, would not accept it; and in this sense, after receiving the news, he wrote to Mr. Shaen. The next morning, leaning on Emilie's arm, he left the fortress for the little Albergo d'Italia, where most of the population had assembled to give him an ovation. Here he remained two days, receiving every mark of affection and reverence from officials and people. The son of Lorenzo Gioia is proud to preserve and exhibit the note of appreciation written to his father by his distinguished and grateful guest. To-day an inscribed tablet marks the modest little house—no longer an inn, but an object of pride to the neighbourhood.

The day before he quitted the town, Mazzini personally sought the castle officials as they sat at dinner in order to express his thanks to them collectively, and when he presently went to view some of the sights of the locality it was accompanied by a voluntary guard of honour. With Emilie and Giulia Bartolomeis, he visited the stupendous rock-formation called Montagna Spaccata, in which is so amazingly lodged the tiny Chapel of the Crucifix; and not far from Formia he gazed on the reputed tomb of Cicero.

About six o'clock on the morning of the 15th he started in a carriage for the station of Sparanise, along with the two ladies and a young man of twenty named Giovanni Lavanga. At Formia, through which the carriage had to pass, it was besieged by an enthusiastic crowd, to which Mazzini addressed a few words of sad injunction to honour the immortal truths he had taught them rather than his perishable person. Soon afterwards another carriage overtook the travellers. The father of the youth above mentioned, an ardent patriot, had charged himself with the provision of breakfast at an inn not far from the railway station at Sessa, and hastened to join the *Maestro* in order to partake of it with him. Mazzini alighted from his own carriage to enter the new-comer's; but after breakfast he and the ladies proceeded alone to Sparanise, where Signora Bartolomeis said adieu to the Prophet of Unity and turned to retrace her way. Colonel Fassio states that this lady went, not long after, to live at Pisa and was actually resident there at the time of Mazzini's death, and that she had no idea until the notices of that event were posted up that he was anywhere near her. There are indications in some of his letters that his generous instincts towards those who were good to him led, in the case of the Bartolomeis, to his experiencing a certain amount of annoyance from them.

Where Colonel Fassio's narrative fails us, Emilie's account supplements. To Mrs. King, on November 18th, she wrote:

"I travelled the *first* day from Gaeta with Mazzini as far as Rome. It was—nothwithstanding the joy of seeing him free—a very painful journey. Never shall I forget the expression of his face as the train drew in sight of St. Peter's—and indeed all along the Campagna. I could not have spoken to him for my life; but there was no need for words. He gave me one look with a smile—but such a smile, dear! God forgive those Israelites who imprison their Deliverer as soon as they come in sight of the promised land. We did not, of course, go into the city, but stopped the few hours we had to wait at an hotel close to one of the gates;* then I went to Bologna, to take some letters and papers for him, and he went on alone to Leghorn to see the Nathan family. I saw him twice again, at night, in the house of a working man in Genoa. He came there only to see his mother's grave and went on immediately after to Lugano where he now is. . . ."

To Emilie. From the house of Sabatino † Rosselli, Leghorn. Dated by her 1870. Certainly October.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I had yours from Bologna. I scarcely know whether I shall come within one day to Genoa or not. I am troubled,

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* The Albergo Costanzi, in the Via San Nicolò di Polentino. It is now a German Seminary.

† According to Colonel Fassio, Mazzini's host was Emanuele Rosselli.

MONTAGNA SPACCATA, NEAR GAETA

annoyed more than I can say by the quarrellings between Carlotta and Felice, etc., in which they want to involve me; and I know that the workmen mean to make demonstrations [in his honour] which are a shame and which I am irrevocably decided to avoid. I wrote asking Felice,* etc., to pledge their honour that nothing of the sort would take place. I have not yet an answer. At all events, if I come I shall certainly go to Carlotta; then one day, to see the few, to Dagnino. If I do not I shall tell you: we can be able to meet at Milano, or Lugano, where you will be on your way to England.

I am not in a hurry about Petroni's letter now that I know that you have it and all is right with him. . . .

Love from your
Jos.

You shall hear from me within two days at the latest. I am here watched in the most open, provoking, still comical way, dear. The Rosselli too.

Ten to one I shall come to Genoa, but tell Dagnino and everybody that if I see or suspect any demonstration scheme I am off in an instant. . . .

To Bessie Ashurst, after leaving Gaeta. Written from Genoa, 1870.

DEAR BESSIE,

I trust, although I have no news, that you and William are well and [that] every one dear to me is so. I am, as you see, free, and well enough in health. More than this I cannot say.

The nights are intensely hot; and owing to this and other causes I do not go to bed, when I go, before 4 o'clock. It is clear that for the bother of myself and others, I have been endowed with an iron frame. Of my own decisions I know nothing; but somehow I fancy I shall see you all again. Will you welcome me with affection as ever? I know that you will; still, I cannot help from time to time having such gloomy hours that beings and things the most dear appear to me like flying-away phantoms. I am none, at all events: I *do* love you and all of you as ever—more than ever.

Your
JOSEPH.

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* Felice Dagnino, the working man who had offered him hospitality. Mazzini had commissioned Jessie Mario, who went to see him at Leghorn, to explain fully to Dagnino his reasons for desiring to avoid publicity.

To Emilie, from Genoa. October, 1870.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I am here at Felice's, although I went first to your hotel and found that you had vanished the day before.

If you come, do so with all possible cautions. I tremble at the thought of *my* people guessing that I am here.*

I leave on Tuesday night with Ernesto and Annina who go to Milan. I stop one day in Milan then go on to Lugano to see Sarina. . . . I suppose Jessie has left; but why tell everybody, Carcassi † and others, that I was coming? Had it not been for you I would not have come at all, so much afraid I am of the demonstration.

I think you had better come either at nine this evening or at twelve to-morrow morning.

Of course you bring or send Petroni's letter.

Ever your loving
Jos.

To Emilie. Written in Genoa, towards the end of October, 1870.

DEAREST EMILIE,

To-day is the dangerous day. To-morrow I shall be out early. This evening I go to my sister. If I do not send again to say no, come at seven this evening, before my going out.

Ever your loving
Jos.

A letter from Mazzini to Peter Taylor dated October 31st, 1870, makes evident the fact that Taylor had been hoping to find means for an escape from Gaeta. "I know what you have offered and wanted to do for my escape," he writes; and further on he says that demonstrations in Genoa were partly achieved. "Meanwhile I shall be able to see what the Cabinet's intentions, are about elections, transfer of the metropolis, convention with the Pope, etc. Then I shall start. . . . Emilie, I suppose, will leave Genoa on Wednesday for England. . . ."

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* In a letter dated from London on Nov. 16th, 1870, Emilie wrote to Signora Bartolomeis that she was only able to see Mazzini for an hour in the evening, at the home of the working man where he was practically hiding, not from the hostile authorities, but from an affectionate people.

† Carcassi, the Genoese lawyer who had fearlessly defended so many prosecuted patriots and who had earned the title of "the providence of the revolutionary party," died a poor man. It is sad to read the bitter words wrung from Jessie Mario after his death in 1876. It is the fashion, she says, to crowd around Mazzini's tomb now that he can no longer lead Italy's cause—but how find the tomb of the one who always valiantly defended him in life? "No stone, no word, only a number. For the widow, the hope of rejoining him in a better world; for the young sons, the hope of one day, by dint of hard work, placing a modest slab over the bones of the forgotten patriot. If Italian democracy still dreams of taking the highest place among the nations it may comfort itself: it has—the primacy of Ingratitude!"

To Emilie, from Lugano. November 15th, 1870.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I send a circular of mine so that you may know everything concerning our Party. Lend it to Caroline should she care to read it. I trust you are now safe at home. I would have followed you had not the pains and sickness reappeared rather severely.

I am better since two days, and if I continue I shall leave; but I shall write before to Caroline. Snow is falling: it is intensely cold: the St. Gothard is hard to go through: all possible comforts for a journey are accumulating. Moreover, as a preparation, tragical —— is coming to-day. I hope you are better in health.

Love to Caroline. Ever yours in a hurry, but loving

Jos.

Tell Caroline that I had, yesterday, her paper, but am awaiting to answer, for her promised letter. The weather is turning from snow to heavy rain, still very cold. Love to Bessie, William, the Biggs and the Taylors. Ever your loving

Jos.

To Emilie. No date; but from Lugano, 1870.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I am here safe, and resting. I had pains and sickness in the train—losing my hat, carried away by the wind—after Genoa, then again after Milan. But I shall be better, I feel, after a few days of rest. Only it is clear that seven days of public life would kill me. It is cold and you are not well at all. You must take a great deal of care on the Alps. I shall be watching from here, if it comes out, the decree for the general elections and the result, then decide about myself.

Meanwhile, dear, you must be my interpreter with all those I love and who love me.

Your article has appeared in the *Contemporary*.

My compliments to Bertani. . . .

Here are Sarina, Ernesto, Adah and Benjamino, and Maurizio [Quadrio]. All tolerably well. Signora Maria [Gnerri] too. . . .

Tell Bertani that the thing *they* [the more advanced M.Ps.] might do is to ask imperatively for two things—the abolition of the oath [to the Monarchy] and a *Patto Nazionale.* [A Constitution. Neither of these has been obtained to this day: 1889. The Piedmontese Constitution still passes for an Italian Constitution.—E. A. V.] Of course that implies Rome the Metropolis, and an Assembly elected by Universal Suffrage—at one or two degrees. But it is all useless with them.

Dear, one line, please, when you leave, and when you reach.

Again: try to be better in health than when I saw you at Gaeta and Genoa. Your ever loving

Jos.

To Emilie, from Lugano. December 8th, 1870.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I could not write the article: half through what I telegraphed—want of time—half through objections arising from the subject, which would have made me bitter against "your both Houses." Still, had Morley asked in decent time I would have tried; but a message reaching on the 7th and bidding a poor man who is busy about his own intended paper,* to post sixteen pages on the 12th, ought never to be allowed. You seem to think, dear one, that to establish—in Italy—a republican Publication on the 9th Feb. at Rome, it is enough to say: "on that day I shall print eight pages." It is not enough. You must find the necessary money—some 20,000 frs.: contributors to the paper; *Gerente* [responsible Editor], financial manager, office, printing establishment, and what not? You must issue a series of Shares, etc. And I am plunged in this: if I have to travel to London there will be an impossibility of any regular work for a time, and I must therefore do the most beforehand.

Sarina is ill: tormented just in the same way I was, by attacks whenever she eats something, bearing mainly on the heart, producing pain, palpitations, suffocation, fainting feeling, etc. It is, it seems, a nervous cardialgy, as mine was nervous gastralgy: neuralgy attacking an already threatened part, the region of the heart, three or four times a day. It is a serious illness although she is up; but should it last she will be, as I have been, compelled to go to bed. The Dr. Strambio, from Milan, declares that there is nothing organic and that she will by and by be better. There is, to me already, a very slight improvement. This illness stands in my way too: I do not like to leave her so: there are Adah and Benjamino, good, but useless: Quadrio very good, but deaf; exaggeratedly and systematically alarmed. Joseph is the only one soberly attentive, intelligent and extremely devoted. I am watching, and as soon as she will go better, I shall leave. As for me, I always am slightly threatened and compelled to go on with quinine; but that will not detain me. . . .

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* The *Roma del Popolo* which was to recapitulate and reapply the ideas first promulgated and applied by *Young Italy*.

Tell Caroline that I had yesterday her paper but am awaiting to answer for her promised letter which did not come, nor can come (the day corresponding to the London Sunday) to-day. The weather is turning from snow to heavy rain, still very cold. Love to Caroline, Bessie, William, the Biggs and the Taylors. Ever your loving

Jos.

To Caroline. December 18th, 1870. From Lugano.

DEAR ONE,

I *want* to be with you on the New Year's Eve; I *may;* but I am still uncertain. I had been better during three or four days; yesterday I was ill again. You will positively know of my decision very late, only two or three days before. But if I come to you it will be so late that I shall not have time to do the little things which are dear to me. Will you therefore advance for me from one to two pounds and buy something which may please Emilie or be useful to her? Will you, should this find you at St. Leonards, write to Bessie and give her the commission? The thing bought ought to be left with Mrs. France, to whom I would either speak or write.

Writing does still harm; and in the prevision of my being able to leave, I am compelled to leave plenty of written instructions for Italy; so that I *must* be laconic with you, dear one.

I have this morning received the *Daily Telegraph.*

Ever loving, wishing, hoping

JOSEPH.

Dec. 18.

To Emilie. December 19th, 1870.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I wrote yesterday to Caroline that I would perhaps be with you all on the Christmas. I write to-day to say that owing to many little causes, amongst others to my being rather more than usual threatened by my old pains, I cannot. I reckon, however, on my leaving on the 24th, evening, or so, and being with you three days after.

I write now to you for the usual little commission. Had I come when I intended, I would have had time enough; but now with so few days before me, I think it better you provide something for Caroline, something for Bessie, something for Joe, something for the two youngsters of Notting Hill Square* and for the two eldest. From one of the letters of Caroline to you I saw that she wished very much some Venetian photographs which Polly † bought at Venice. Could you find them out for her? Or some others she likes, or something fit for her room or sitting-room in the new house? Or something she spoke about lately? For Joe you had marked a book in a catalogue; but I have since seen an advertisement *The Universe in Great and Little Things*, or something like, illustrated and mentioned as a beautiful Christmas gift. I forgot both name and Editor; Black, perhaps. That or yours, if you think he would like it. For Bessie, absolutely at your choice: and for N. H. Sqr., books, if they have lately evinced some *new* leaning to Sanscrit, Arabian, Japanese or other special branch of learning.

You know the expense from habit: from one to two £ for B., etc.: for between 2 and 3 for Caroline.

I had your letter. I do not think I shall be able to write anything on War for Morley. I am behind in everything for my own paper and I shall have to write and do a great deal for it whilst in London. Mrs. H.'s room or rooms? I reckon on them. If they are not to be had, please to ascertain whether there are vacant rooms at poor Mrs. F.; and if so I shall *rebrousser chemin* towards her.

In a hurry, ever your loving

Jos.

I know perfectly that you will be, at the ending of the year, in difficulties. Still, try to manage. I shall refund as soon as I am in London. Please, dear, to send the little note to Gillman. I do not remember the address.

To Caroline. December 26th, 1870.

Dear One,

It is decreed that there should not be a little family meeting with you for me on the New Year's Eve. I was going to leave yesterday night when the mountain was declared to be impassable. Since yesterday morning to the moment in which I write, snow has been falling here and is still falling: fancy, then, on the Alps! No diligence has come; letters and your *Daily News* have come, carried as usual by a mountaineer crossing on foot. I know my Alps by heart, and it will be impossible to cross for at least three days. This makes a change in all my plans, and as I am not able to fulfil my wish for New Year, I fear I shall be compelled to delay my journey to you for a fortnight. It would be long to explain, but it arises all from having to manage the appearance of my first number of the *Roma del Popolo* on the 9th of Feb. [the anniversary of the proclamation of the Roman Republic in 1849]. I reckoned on my being able to be back to Italy the last week of January. I do not want to shorten still more the already short time of one month; and I think I shall be bound to work here for that [first] number, and leave everything ready before starting. Should I change my actual intention, I shall let you know in time; if not, I shall write more long than now I can. I had really set my heart on being with you on the evening of the 31st, and I regret very much the failure of the little plan. The only compensating thought is that I would have most likely appeared in a state of illness. The cold is intense: ice in the water in the room; I have perennial threatenings of the old pains in the evening, and the cold would most likely call them back. Nevertheless I had determined to run the risk when this prolonged fall of snow began.

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* The two youngest daughters of Matilda.

† Mrs. Dixon, *née* Stansfeld.

I hope you have found out something for Emilie and will have it reaching her on the New Year's Day, with the enclosed word.

I had heard the rumour on James, and doubted it: I rather fear, from Gladstone, a Conservative choice.

In a hurry, but ever your loving

Jos.

Sarina is rather better; still, suffering every day.

The "rumour on James" probably concerned his transference from the Treasury to the Presidency of the Poor Law Board, to which he was appointed in the following year. The appointment carried with it a seat in the Cabinet, and Stansfeld accepted it only on condition that he should be allowed perfect liberty of action on the question of the State Regulation of Vice when the Royal Commission should issue its report on the Contagious Diseases Acts.

To Emilie. Probably enclosed in a letter to Caroline that she might have it on the eve of New Year's Day of 1871 with his gift.

Dearest Emilie,

Here is, alas! a poor substitute to the kiss I intended to give on the Link-and-recollections-day. Accept it still with a loving smile to the absent. I shall think and feel lovingly on the same day of you and of those you love here and elsewhere.

Within the month I shall see you. A poor, inefficient, but fervent blessing from your devotedly loving

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, from Lugano. December 26th, 1870.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Ten to one it will be impossible for me to be with you all when I intended. Non si passa la montagna. [The mountains are impassable.] Snow is falling since yesterday morning. A chamois-hunter has crossed on foot with the letters. I am not a chamois-hunter—far from it. Therefore, etc. I regret it very much. Caroline will tell you that my not being able to be with you on *the* eve will inflict on me the delay of a fortnight.

I write in a hurry to tell you that, hoping you have chosen something for Caroline, Bessie, Joseph and the Biggs, I wish you to complete your work and send on the day with the enclosed. Bother on bother! It is a little work of love—and you like it.

Mrs. Maria [Gnerri] is going on rather better.

Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

26 December 1870.

1871-1872

To Emilie. Dated by her "early in January, 1871."

DEAR,

Here are four pages; but I fear it will be all useless work unless Morley consents to insert it as the translation of a document giving out the ideas of the Republican Italian Party, with the two lines of mine, asking him, etc. It will be too Italian for any other mode of publication.

The *Ciel et Terre*, black bound and given to Matilda by me, did not by chance come to you? The Biggs claim it and I cannot find it out.

Your loving
Jos.

Mazzini here probably refers to Emilie's translation of his article *Italy and the Republic* which appeared in March in the *Fortnightly Review*, of which Morley was editor.

To Emilie. February 1st, 1871.

DEAREST EMILIE,

One line to thank you for the book [Elze's Byron]. It is rather a deception [disappointment]. I expected more from a German: they are such keen tenacious inquirers! And I thought Elze would have applied to unknown sources and given us some fragments or letters ransacked here and there on the Continent; but it is, as far as the biographical part goes, a mere compilation from Moore, and others. The literary appreciation at the end I have not yet read; but I do not expect much from it. Meanwhile please to tell me, together with the *present*, what it costs. It is a commission, and I hate debts.

I am glad to hear of Swinburne's improvement, although my faith in its lasting is very weak.

Caroline will tell about my health, probable decision and address. I cannot write more now, but I shall soon, and I shall then enclose a few words for Cowen. Does M'Adam ever write to you? Did not Giulia Bartolomeis?* She did to me from Pisa, asking again for money, which now I flatly refused. *Sfido io!* [A popular exclamation used in many ways, and hard to translate. Here it stands for our current slang "Not for Joe!" —E. A. V.] Had you ever read the *Morte d'una Istituzione?* [A powerful pamphlet of his which proclaims the advancing death of Monarchy.] It had been seized both at Genoa and Milan. It has now not only been republished at Rome, but again in Genoa without being seized. I guessed it would have been so. And did you notice what Rossel thought of the Commune? Here our own Internationals had made such a noise about him and so much repeated "see what men we have," that I thought it would be well to write about what he *really* was. Ever your loving

Jos.

Rossel, who first strove to guide and reorganize the French insurgent forces, was soon compelled to cry from his heart, "This people is too variable, too sceptical," and to denounce the French Commune in terms no less true than scathing. "I looked for patriots," he said, "and found men who have yielded our forts to the Prussians rather than submit to the Assembly. I looked for Liberty and found Privilege enthroned at every corner. I looked for equality and found the complicated hierarchy of the Federation,† an Aristocracy of the former *Condamnés politiques*, a federalism of ignorant functionaries lording it over the vital forces of the city. But my greatest reason for astonishment was that our disasters had sprung from Police-government, and the Commune had contrived to become a Police-government itself. Raoul Rigault, a victim in his own person of that system, had become the real master of the Commune."

Mazzini traced in the character of Rossel certain resemblances to that of Pisacane; and, like Pisacane, Rossel laid down his life, a victim of the people to whose liberation and redemption he had consecrated all his powers. Though the manner of his death was different, his soul had been tempered in the same fires of thought, faith in duty, and action. The article Mazzini wrote upon him is very fine.*

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* The Giulia Bartolomeis of Colonel Fassio's narrative.

† The *Journal Officiel de la Commune* of April, 1871, announced the programme: "France shall no longer be either one or indivisible, Empire or Republic; she shall form a Federation not of small states or provinces, but of *free cities* linked together only so far as shall be consistent with the *most absolute* decentralization and local government."

Emilie gives a glimpse of Mazzini's actual state in a letter to Mrs. King of February 5th, 1871. During the first week after his arrival in England, he was too ill to do anything at all, and then he shut himself up to write the programme for the paper he was bent on starting, the *Roma del Popolo*, the first number of which bears the date March 1st, although the "Programme number" actually appeared, as he had desired, on February 9th, the anniversary of the proclamation in 1849 of the Roman Republic. Emilie copied his programme page by page, "because, as it is certain to be seized by the government, he is sending copies to all large towns in the hope that one at least may escape sequestration. . . . He is so weak physically that I do not think he could possibly manage the going to Chigwell and back in one day, even if he had time. . . ."

To Emilie. February 6th, 1871.

DEAREST EMILIE,

All right with Joseph [Nathan]. He had gone to Blackheath for the night. The first evening you come to Caroline, bring, if you can, the "Maurice."

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

To his alarm and that of her family, Emilie, who had not been well, was taken at this moment seriously ill with what proved to be an attack of scarlet fever, so that Mazzini's journey to the Continent, in order to superintend the starting of his new weekly paper, had to be undertaken in more than usually trying circumstances. His solicitude for those he cared for amounted almost to a torment for him.

To Emilie. February, 1871.

DEAREST EMILIE,

What is it? How are you this morning? What did the Dr. say? I would have come to you myself, but I already had Mrs. Bezzi and Shaen; and I am under doom with Mrs. King, Lady Amberley, Madame Roche, etc., etc. So, one word, please.

Ever lovingly
JOSEPH.

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* Published in the *Contemporary Review*: translated from the *Roma del Popolo* of January 25th, 1872.

I had just written this, and was about sending, when I receive yours. I shall certainly try to see you to-morrow before leaving, not seeing Joe any more after.

Bless you, dear one.
Your
Jos.

The decision to leave London again was probably rather sudden. On February 7th, Emilie sent a note by hand to Mrs. King to tell her that Mazzini was starting on the 9th; perhaps to make it certain that he could not visit Chigwell to say good-bye.

In a beautiful article written in March or April, 1872, Lady Amberley, speaking of her own farewell to him, says: "So feeble and broken had it [his health] become that those who saw him on the 7th February, 1871, about to leave this country for the last time for Italy, would have trembled to see any other but him starting on such a journey with much new and difficult work before him. For him, however, those who saw him felt that work, and the work he desired, was life, and that inaction would be death. The spirit was so strong and eager that it seemed to give vigour and power to the worn, fragile frame, which, however, was always animated and energetic in conversation.

"I saw him for the last time on that 7th February at his own humble lodging in Fulham Road. He had been oppressed all day with farewell visits, and many of the earnest followers of this modern prophet applied for admission during the short hour I was with him. His table was strewn with papers, the programmes of the *Roma del Popolo*, which was about to appear, conspicuous among them. . . ."

To Emilie. Thursday, February 9th, 1871.

DEAR,

I have delayed of one day my leaving here. I could not go without knowing the turn taken by the illness, and as I go in the evening I shall have two days of information, which, I trust, will be good. I shall, then, leave to-morrow evening.

You are an angel of goodness, dear. It costs me very much to not follow my impulse, and not come to you. But I can do no real physical good, and I would be compelled to go away without seeing Caroline and Joe [Stansfeld] which you do not wish for.

Never mind Morley.

I send the autographs.

M'Adam writes to you through me: sending ten pounds which he had for me. I answer him myself, and tell him of your illness.

I feel sure the programme will be seized. You will have it soon or late, however.

I had yesterday Shaen, Mrs. King, the Amberleys, etc. Mrs. King looks well, and younger. She is at 45 Pall Mall.

Bless you, dear visited one. Love from your

JOSEPH.

Thursday.

One word, even from Rosa [Emilie's servant, who lived with her nearly 20 years, leaving finally through a malady that proved fatal], saying how you do feel this morning, will do.

To Emilie. February 10th, 1871.

DEAREST EMILIE,

How do you feel this morning? If the news are confirming those of yesterday evening, I shall go this evening. The paper claims me; it will go very badly if I am not near, and the first numbers are the decisive ones for both moral and material success.

Dear, it costs me very much to not see you; but, on one side you refused to see William, and would most likely refuse me: then, on the other side, the Dr. declares that you are to remain perfectly quiet, and that any emotion might bring on a relapse: then again, I take Walter [the young son of Sarina Nathan] with me and feel a sort of responsibility. I do not fear *that*, however; nor would hesitate to see you the last, *after* Caroline and Joe, if the wish for seeing me predominates in the least on other thoughts. Say one word and I shall be there at five. If not, farewell, not for long, I hope. In autumn I fancy I may be able somehow to come and meet you and Caroline again for a while. If we should be involved in action, then *you* will come.

Mind, dear, the convalescence period is a very important one: the least *courant d'air* or sudden contrast of heat and cold, may bring on a relapse. By Caroline, by me, by others, you are loved very dearly; and you are now more than ever useful and doing good. It is enough to make life a dear duty to you, whatever permanent and transient clouds be on it.

Bless you, dear one. Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

10. 2. 71.

Maria Gnerri.
Gio. Viscantini.
Agostino Cometta and C. S. . . essori, La Grange, Lugano.
Then I will send addresses.

To Emilie. February 12th, 1871.

One last word, dear one; I had the two pounds: you will receive the paper: should it, however, not come to London on the 14th or 15th, it shall have been seized, and you will receive it later.

For God's sake keep firm against Mrs. W. She has been nursing children with scarlet fever.

"Diritto acquistato" all right; so centralization; but good means *Bene* without a distinction between *general* or not. *What is good*, or Good with a capital would be clear enough, I think.

"Foreshadowings of the Coming Faith" is the title to be chosen [for an article on his religious faith]. I may add, perhaps, to the signs of the times.

As for Garibaldi, I shall think; but it is not for his sake or mine that I have been silent.

Bless you; I shall do so everlastingly.

Your
JOSEPH.

To Caroline. February 16th, 1871.

DEAR ONE,

I hope to have one line from you to-morrow morning before leaving; but I write one line myself now because I shall not have time to-morrow morning. I wrote once on the road and I hope you have received it. I am here. The Alps were, as always, young of the eternal youth, pure, sublime; the sky blue, the sun shining; but the cold intense and the descent dangerous through snow and ice. One of the sledges fell down from the abyss-side: happily stopped by some rock midway, and both the two travellers and the horse, although buried in the snow, escaped unhurt. Another, without travellers, was overthrown twice. Ours overcame the obstacle safely: it is clear, as I already said when overthrown by the horse, that I am reserved for further mischief.

I feel shattered and feverish, but one or two nights of *good* sleep, if I can get it, will set me right. I shall write within some four days. Write for the present at [to] Lugano. Poor Maria Gnerri is not well at all; the dropsy, scattered it seems in the region of the superior limbs, is still hanging on in the inferior, and her legs are dreadfully swollen. I fear she will only struggle for a few weeks.

For me another different series of possible annoyances begins. I was known on the steamer on the Lucerne lake, and I shall be known everywhere. The Government may, in their terror, seize on any pretence to torment me, but what I want now is to save myself from the kind annoyances of my own Party; and it will be difficult.

The programme it seems has not been seized. Did you receive it? I shall pay gladly for the subscription, but I must have it reaching poor Mrs. Holt. [Evidently Mrs. Holt was to have a copy of the *Roma del Popolo* at his expense.] What is her address now? Try to get subscribers. . . .

I trust to hear to-morrow of yourself and of Emilie. I shall be very restless if I don't. Love to all of the *clan*, mostly to you. . . .

Ever your tenderly loving
JOSEPH.

16. 2. 71.

Snow is here and everywhere; in Italy too, I hear. Remember me to the Howards and to the Amberleys.

To Emilie. February 25th, 1871.

DEAREST EMILIE,

It is a joy to see your hand-writing more firm, and reminding one of the old notes. You are convalescent, only weak, and you will be so for some while. I am really annoyed with Morley, the article, and my having written it, when I think of your toiling on it whilst you ought to rest and be for some days out of any work intellectual and physical, and after all probably for nothing. I think that at the last moment Morley will say that the *Italian* thing does not suit the Review. The phrase means something slightly different from the translation "everything *through* liberty towards Association" for the Association's sake; but it is a nuance, so do not mind. The note came from Lugano, later therefore, and I could not answer the question in time.

Swinburne is touching. I did not doubt him in all that concerns feeling; still, you ought to insist on the country and family plot.

I am labouring about the paper and in a state of perennial alarm. Saffi and others talk of sending and do not send. Subscribers come in very slowly. I fear I have embarked in an impossible scheme, unless I am in Rome, which is almost another impossibility.

You must by this time be seeing Caroline and others. Do watch on yourself; eat and rest as much as you can.

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

Remember me to Clem., Peter, the Mallesons, Shaen, Wainwright, etc. I had and read with attention and true sympathy Peter's speech at Leicester. Are the Biggs well?

The article referred to in this letter is *Italy and the Republic.*[*] In it Mazzini sets out more succinctly, perhaps, than elsewhere, the meaning he attaches to the term Republic. He sadly confesses that the Italian question is still one of *education;* not, as he had hoped, of action and realization, although Italy is by traditional instinct republican. But the republicanism which results merely from instinct and opinion is easily allured from the path of duty and sacrifice: the republicanism that is the offspring of faith persists in that path even though it lead to martyrdom. "The republicanism which I seek to instil into the hearts of my young countrymen is the affirmation of God's law of progress, and therefore invincible. By decree of Providence not Italy alone, but Europe, is fast advancing towards democracy. The most logical form of democracy is the republic. The republic, therefore, is one of the facts of the future. But this fact, in order to be lasting, *must be founded upon a religious basis.* The republic must be founded upon the new conception of progress, not considered as a mere philosophic theory, but as the divine law of life, providentially regulating the accomplishment of human destiny through human effort. Its instrument will be the largest possible application of the principle of association between man and man, peoples and peoples; its aim, the fulfilment through the highest possible development of liberty, of that law of equality between soul and soul which, visibly or not, lies at the root of every great synthesis linking man to God. The republic so founded will be not only a political, but a mighty religious fact." He then glances at the condition of Europe: "Destitute of any common faith, of any conception of a common aim able to unite nations and assign to each its special task for the good of all; destitute of all unity of law to direct its moral, political and economic life—the European world lies at the mercy of each new dynasty or popular interest or caprice. The European initiative, once nobly taken by France but extinguished in 1815, is no longer the visible appanage of any people. England abdicated her right to it when she deliberately inaugurated a policy of local interest under the name of non-intervention. Germany is in danger of reducing to sterility her vast potency of thought by committing the potency of action into the hands of a military monarchy hostile to liberty. The Slavonian populations, destined to play so important a part in the future, devoid of all centre of national life, oscillate between local rivalries and a Tsarism mortal to all."

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[*] See *ante*, p. 261.

He goes on to speak of Rome. "In 1844 I told the Italians: 'This unity so earnestly invoked can only be given to mankind by you. It will never be written till it can be inscribed upon the two memorial columns which stand to mark the course of nearly thirty centuries of the life of humanity—the Capitol and the Vatican.

"'From the Rome of the Cæsars went forth the unity of civilization, imposed by force upon Europe.

"'From the Rome of the Popes went forth the unity of civilization imposed on the world by authority.

"'From the Rome of the People will go forth a unity of civilization freely accepted by the universal consent of the peoples.'"

He analyses the *how*, and sadly repudiates the idea that the coming of the longed-for religious synthesis can be furthered by Italy's present Government. "I know there are those who found a distant hope upon the example of the English monarchy, tolerant of every liberty, avoiding all arbitrary abuse of power, and following and adopting the progress of public opinion"—a unique example, as he admits, but which does not affect his attitude, because his opposition to the institution is based on far higher grounds.

"When, throughout a period of ages, a people has defined its mission, incarnated the principle which is its informing spirit, there lies before that people a secondary period in which are multiplied the applications of that principle, and the eliminations of its defects. If the institution by which that people is governed, has presided over the first period, it may, on condition of maintaining individual liberty, direct—at least ostensibly—the progress of the second. But when the time demands a new principle, the enunciation of a new mission—when all things indicate the approach of a new conception of national and international life, a period of revolution is inevitable; reforms, by appealing to or recalling the past, become dangerous. The institution which represented the former conception of life is henceforth inefficient and becomes an obstacle; for no institution can ever represent two different principles. A new order demands new institutions.

"Monarchy has had its mission and its day. It arose to extinguish feudality. In opposition to the principle of privilege founded on force, the King arose in the name of an analogous principle founded on the idea of an authority descended from God, and consecrated to restrain and suppress the power of the first. This mission was the *raison d'être* of monarchy.

"The conception of life founded upon the terms *Fall* and *Expiation*—the bases of the Papacy—is about to be dethroned by a conception founded upon the divine law of Progress; and with it falls the authority (the Papacy) that ordained monarchy to its mission.

"The world is in search, not of a material, but of a moral unity, and that unity can only arise upon the association of free, equal men and peoples. Monarchy, founded upon the dogma of inequality cannot bestow that unity. The true idea of government which Europe is seeking should represent the brain, and the people the arm of the nation, while the individual, free and enlightened, would be the prophet of future progress. The question is above all things a moral one. A Government must either educate or corrupt. . . . It is time to renounce a policy of expedients, *opportunism*, concealment and intrigue, reticence and parliamentary compromise, for the loyal, logical policy deduced from the moral law and dominant principle—Association in freedom: the sole method of progress at once individual and collective for the human race, the units of which are equal before God. Liberty and association, conscience and tradition, the individual and the nation, the I and the We—these are inseparable elements of human nature. The seat of sovereignty is neither the I nor the We. The seat of sovereignty is in God the Source of life; in progress which defines life; in the moral law which defines duty. In other words, the sovereignty is in the aim, of which we are all executors. But with knowledge of the aim there is need of an interpreter to direct the national advance towards it. This interpreter must represent the I and the We and must be progressive. It can be no other than the people, the nation. God and the people are the two sole terms which survive an analysis of the elements accepted by all political schools as the foundation of the social state." *

It is well for the more appreciative understanding of Mazzini's remnant of life, thus to set out the framework of the ideas with which he was, from this moment, to oppose the evils of socialism and of internationalism.

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* The above citation from Mazzini's article is slightly condensed.

To Emilie. March 13th, 1871.

Dearest Emilie,

I had yours of the third: not yet the *Review*. Joseph, as was natural to believe, kept it. Never mind Association and liberty; and mind this: it is absurd and almost immoral that you should perennially work for me and give me the whole of the practical result. You *must* keep the third or fourth at least of what Morley gives . . . or I shall be ever uncomfortable. Whatever you receive you may send to Pelligrino Rosselli 60 [illegible] Via della Madalena, Pisa. I have constituted him my treasurer for the individual branch. Of course you may send to him through David to spare trouble. But all you get for the paper must go, as I told you and Caroline, to Joseph Tancione, 8 Austin Friars, City. He is a sort of agent for the paper and has my instructions. Give money, name and address of the givers.

I am so glad of having had a long letter from you, both for it in itself and for the indication it gives of your being stronger. I hope the tabooing system is at an end and that you and Caroline can see one another freely. Did the Biggs and Clementia come to you? *St. Paul's* has not come. You may send any paper, review, etc., to Pelligrino's address as above; but then you ought not to write anything inside: I have no mystery, but do not want, if possible, the Government to know where I am: besides the general reason, once my sojourn ascertained, any of my possible future movements would be known, and I may one day or other have to move towards both dangerous and important points.

As for the Book [the book on religion that Emilie and Caroline had long wished him to write], why should you not, dear, take upon yourself what you ask me to do, links and all? The book cannot be mine entirely; for I dare say I would reshape and do it in a different way: it must, somehow, be yours—a person who has had all the opportunities of knowing my thoughts and is able to explain the how and the why of my writings.

The Letter to Pius IX I know I have adverted to in an explanatory way somewhere in the *Scritti editi*, etc. The *Pensieri ai Preti* ought almost to be suppressed. Their best thoughts [the best thoughts in these two papers] are replaced, embodied in the *Enciclica*. I rather differ from the architecture of the Book. Translating *whole* writings is not, according to me, the thing—two perhaps excepted: the *Thoughts on the Enciclica* and

From the Council, etc. The book itself ought to be a collection of thoughts put in a given order. One ought to have the patience —I do not suggest it, mind, I merely say it ought to be done by anyone bent on the book—of re-reading all my writings; of putting down all the religious thoughts to be found in them; and finally of putting them in order, not chronologic or other, but logical. Of course some thoughts would have two lines, and some twenty or thirty. Each thought would be separated by a [stroke] thus :

Remarks intended as links would come as notes or in any other way, in a different type. Think of it: the *A Pio IX* or *Ai Preti* might yield a few thoughts and require no explanation; and thoughts might be found in the *Foi et Avenir* or other writings which otherwise may be excluded.

Remember me to Carlyle, whose sympathy and good opinion is very much valued by me to whom *public opinion* is nothing.

Try to be well, and love your loving

JOSEPH.

I wish I could find a man writing from time to time a British correspondence for my paper, giving a rational résumé of whatever fault committed by Monarchy within and abroad; of any progress achieved or initiated, and of the symptoms of new things dawning; but where is he to be found? Think of it amongst yourselves. He might of course write in English, with or without name.

I am compelled to send the enclosed. She writes another to me, asking for money again for her things which are pawned! I never anticipated the torment.

13.3.71.

The outcome of the suggestion that Emilie should compile a book of his thoughts, was an article by her called *Joseph Mazzini a Religious Teacher*, printed in the *Contemporary Review* of September, 1871. It was subsequently reprinted, in a very limited edition, as a pamphlet for private distribution, by a friend —connected with or related to W. S. Landor?—in Bath. It was offered in 1916 by the present writer to the Managing Director * of the Theosophical Publishing House; † a brief introduction taking the place of the one written by E. A. V. which was more suited to that moment than to a world plunged in a cataclysmic war. The gift, and the stipulation of a low price, were accepted, so that this invaluable exposition of Mazzini's faith is available in a cheap form under the title, *Mazzini's Foreshadowings of the Coming Faith.*

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* Miss Ward, who, like the present writer, is not a member of the Theosophical Society.

† Now moved to 9, St. Martin's St., W.C.

To Emilie. April 25th, 1871.

Dearest Emilie,

I have received, and here is the acknowledgment. I scarcely know the *if* and the *when* I shall ever write on Byron; but I mentioned the intention just to say something. I certainly shall insist on your always sharing with me the financial produce of what I write for Morley or others. It is justice and equality. If money is useful in my hands for doing, or trying to do, good in Italy, it is so in your hands for good-doing in England.

I see the growing of public opinion in England towards republicanism and feel glad and interested; but how *I* have done something towards it is a mystery. As for France, it is doomed to do harm to the republican cause; but partially, the harm is owing, as far as Italy is concerned, to ourselves—to our being utterly uneducated to ideas; and to our worship of force that is or has been. With our youth, the prestige of the former Revolution and of the great conquering battles of the First Empire is still living more than I thought, and it has been enough for them to hear the word Republic in Paris to grow blind at once to any impartial way of judging the *reality* of the case.

William? Ah, William! I felt thrilling at the announcement; but I doubt its ever becoming a fact. Tell him to hasten, and in the name of British consistency, give me a *démenti*. I am sorry for Mentia, Peter, and especially you, for the shortness of the excursion. The weather is now, here, at least, sunny, bright and warm: people say hot; but except through the terror—as yet unrealized—of exuberance of life in beds and elsewhere, I don't feel it. As [like] all old and shattered men, I want heat.

I cannot tell you anything about the "Sono andato all' inferno e son tornato" except that the second line was "Misericordia! quanta gente v'era!"* It consisted of some twenty lines and I think I copied them many, many years ago, for Caroline. The *colli* is undoubtedly better than *poggi*. Tommaseo published once in the *Antologia* two long articles on the subject, far before Tigri's collection, containing many songs and worth being seen by you. But how? I dare say the collection is in the Museum's Library; but can you go? They do not lend; and here the collection can scarcely be found. Generally speaking, I am for prose. It seems almost impossible to translate a child's sweet chatterings from one language to another in metrical lines. You do the possible; still, two or three specimens excepted, I would have you reconsidering. Is not the "get thee forth" of the "Morirò, morirò, etc." quite the reverse of "fatti di fuora," which means "come out of the house" for the purpose of following *il morto*: or am I mistaken? I was just reading [name illegible] History of Rome when your extract of the letter came. I am rather pleased with it. I remember nothing about meeting him at Peter's. Ruskin's page about the Campagna is a splendid piece of writing: of course only nature; nothing about the historical soul which breathes there. Where is it? In the *Modern Painters?* Give my love to all of the Clan, and to Mentia and Peter. Adolphus ought to have given you by this time the 8th volume. I ordered it at Milan for him in time.

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* I have been into hell and have returned. Misericordia! how many souls were there!

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

To Caroline. Probably end of May, 1871.

I ought, dear one, to have answered before this day your dear, good, loving letter of the 22nd; and I wanted to do so, but you cannot imagine what the wretched paper entails on me. It is really difficult to direct it from afar. It is not what I write that absorbs my time; articles reach me which are to be read, and generally refused; but then a letter has to be written in the kindest way possible so as to soften the blow and not create a ferocious enemy—not to me: I would not care much, but—to the Party. Petroni is another trouble. Then the financiary part. I fear I ought to be there [in Rome], but openly I could not: the Government would seize the slightest opportunity to arrest me. Besides, I would have to shut myself in a room and see nobody except the two or three connected with the paper, or see everybody who would choose to come. The first plan is really too much for me in Rome: it is a matter of unexplainable feelings, but I can be a voluntary prisoner or conceal myself like an animal anywhere—not in Rome. The second would make of me a misanthropist or a madman in one month. I cannot bear any more to *talk* patriotism with a Party. These horrid things of France are a real nightmare to me as to you, dear one. The doings of the Commune and those of the Assembly are equally hateful to me: they display, Frenchmen against Frenchmen, the ferocious fighting propensities which they could not summon out against the foreign enemy. It looks like a conflict of wild animals having escaped from the keeper. And there is not a single redeeming man, a single redeeming point. All this does a great deal of harm to the Republican Party in Italy. The whole of our monarchical press are frightening people with what they call the unavoidable consequences of the Republic.

Giorgina [Saffi's wife] has been ill, and although she is better now, it gives you, if you can seize it, an opportunity; and tell Joe [Nathan] to write, if he has not done it, a few lines to dispirited, irritable, good old Quadrio. He owes them to him, and it will be a little good action. If ever [he does] they ought to be addressed to Lugano. Sarina has come back from Rome and is going to leave, I think, to-morrow. She is enthusiastic about Rome, but she looks unwell and is clearly altogether in a descending period. Jeannette too will leave in a different direction within a few days. Do not therefore forget to address, you and Emilie, letters and papers to *my* address which you have. I am tolerably well but always very weak. I feel that I ought to have one or two months of free movement about the country and try to strengthen myself; but how can I? And what does it mean, after all? I know my moral and physical age, and cannot pretend to linger indefinitely, nor do I wish for it. Only things and ideas are going so wrong everywhere in our Party that I should wish to see the beginning of the crisis in Italy and try to give it a definite better tendency.

I know nothing of Wolff since the disclosure [of his treachery].* Where on earth can he be? I think as you do that he may have acted a double part, and in the main inoffensively. Still, to him and our Party the mischief is the same. He is lost for ever and our men will have the already pervading scepticism more and more strengthened. He must have heard of the accusation, and his silence is dooming.

Two *Spectators* have come wrapped in a band with a black line, mourning-like. Has anything happened in Bessie's family?

What are you, collectively, going to do this year? Has James any plan? I *think* I shall have, towards the end of June, to go to Genoa for some ten days, and to one or two other places for even less than that; but I shall keep you informed in due time. I don't know why, but I feel inwardly certain that the cholera will be this year through the Continent in the hot months. I hate it. One loses a loved one or is lost to a loving one almost suddenly and without any warning, perhaps after having written the day before a letter stating enjoyment of "perfect health." [Mazzini's father had died of cholera in 1848.]

Madame Maria [Gnerri] is again wrong [ill], and worse. Take care of your health, dear one; it is not yours, but of those whom you love and who love you dearly; and amongst those, I am. Poor Mrs. Groome? I fear her case is hopeless. Remember me, when you write to Halifax, to Mr. Stansfeld and to Maria. Do you see Dillon?* Or is he already roaming by the pyramids? Do you hear anything of Howard and of Kinnear? And of the Amberleys? Tell Emilie that she did not tell me one word about the articles in the *Fortnightly Review* I mentioned. Give her the enclosed Sonnet as a specimen of poetry from an architect called Fucini in Pisa, and who might be another Giusti had he an aim, which I fear he has not. He just catches the *comic* where he finds it and reproduces it. His sonnets are circulating in MSS. The dialect is the Pisan one, and it will prevent you seizing the comic element, which is really powerful.

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* See note, p. 45, Vol. II.

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

I shall send the sonnet to-morrow. I do not like to lose the post.

To Emilie. Probably May 29th, 1871.

DEAREST EMILIE,

There is a great uproar in Italy and elsewhere about a discovery of how to cure cancer, etc., without operation. The discoverer is a Dr. de Bruc. He resides at Rome, Via del Rabbuino 65. There is a pamphlet from him on the subject which I am going to order, and which I shall send. Who can know? I have been thinking of Miss Potter and Miss Cushman.

A long silence from Caroline. Did you ever receive a sonnet *à la Giusti*, in the Pisan dialect, with explanations of mine? I sent it with a note to Caroline and one to you, two weeks or more ago. You never said one word about it, and I fear some of my letters have been lost. Tell me about it. I do not like to appear silent and forgetful when I am not.

I am better of my cough. The heat is intense, and not a single storm.

The day after to-morrow is the great day for Florence: the remains of Foscolo [brought from Chiswick] entombed at Santa Croce. Strange enough, I must go to Florence on that very day; but I shall manage, and only reach at half-past ten in the evening. I hate to see the whole population perfectly self-satisfied with what they believe the fulfilment of a great duty and that is to me only a desecration.

At Susa they have been compelled to pay 360 Italian lire for the corpse, without which it would have been stopped and buried in the Custom House garden instead of Santa Croce. I go only for two days, wanting to see a few men who will most likely leave one or two days after for Rome: and I will come back to my solitude. Please to write or send papers to the same address until I give another.

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* Frank Dillon, whose wife Josephine had died a few years before.

Is it decreed that I shall not be able to find a correspondent in England? How is your health?

Who is the *remplaçant* of Clementia? [Mrs. P. A. Taylor was resigning the Presidentship of the Women's Suffrage Association].

I shall send the medical pamphlet on Sunday. It is sold in Florence.

Ever your loving
Jos.

Thursday.

To Emilie. June 5th, 1871.

Dearest Emilie,

You *must* feel the supreme comic of the Sonnet I copy for you; but you ought to hear it read by a Pisan speaking the popular dialect. Then all is graphic, evident, coming forward. I see the officer rousing himself to a sense of his own dignity and power in the fourth line—the dog impassible to all threatenings, looking at the two and concluding in a contemptuous gaping; every little incident made into a characteristic one.*

How is it that I see in the list of contents of the *Contemporary* another article of mine on the Commune?† You never said a word about it. Did Clementia resign, or is she still at her post? I despair of the English correspondence ever coming. I would have applied to Kinnear, only I know he has been forbidden to work.‡ *Pazienza!* but if you knew how the same thing happens with all the forthcoming correspondents in Italy and abroad, how on the other side articles after articles pour from unasked writers, which I peruse in hope and fling away in despair, and how I am afraid at every number that we shall not be able to come out for want of *materia*, you would pity me. I have been rash, and am utterly dissatisfied.

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* Mazzini's own copy is so difficult to decipher that it is useless to offer it to a printer, or to attempt translation.

† This was an article on the Paris Commune in which he set out the falsity of the basis on which the Commune sought to erect a system foredoomed to failure.

‡ John Boyd Kinnear's health broke down at the end of 1869 owing to overwork in journalistic writing. He had been a leader-writer on the *Daily News*, then on John Bright's *Morning Star*, John Morley being the editor; afterwards on the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and he was employed by Roundell Palmer (afterwards Lord Selborne) to draw up a Bankruptcy Consolidation Bill. In addition to these activities he schemed with J. S. Mill a new political paper in which all the articles should be signed. He was obliged to leave London and live in complete retirement in Guernsey for many years. The first thing he wrote when again able to resume some degree of work was a pamphlet on the Turkish brutalities in Bulgaria. This was before Mr. Gladstone took the question up.

Paris? The Commune? The wretched Assembly? Really I was not sanguine about France, but I never anticipated that she would fall so low. In all great falls of Nations, there has always been a link with Future, a resting-point, a small minority, a sort of living protest that Life is not wholly buried. Here there is none: none in the Commune, none in the Assembly, none in the few thinkers like Victor Hugo, Quinet, L. Blanc and others, who have attempted nothing: none in France [the people of France] who has remained immovable before [in face of] the War, the shameful Peace, the madness of the Commune, the savage revenge of the men of Versailles.

Do you see Carlyle? What does he say? Did Morley say anything about "Byron"? Simple curiosity: for it is not begun—and will it ever begin? Poor Madame Maria is, I am told, not only worse but doomed, and within a very short period of time. I am expecting daily a letter from Sarina, who must by this time be there and must have seen her. It has been very warm during one week; and raining these last three days, with only *one* clap of thunder! Earth is rapidly degenerating, even atmospherically. How is your health now? Mine is tolerable, only I am coughing through a cold which *'un vole andare*, and added to the motionless life I lead, makes me very weak. Tell me of all when you write: Swinburne, Carlyle, Whistler, the Mallesons, etc., and tell me of all you do.

Your loving
JOSEPH.

5.6.71.

To Emilie. June 9th or 19th, 1871.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Fortnightly Review, *Contemporary*, *St. Paul's*, all has been received. I really do not understand Strahan* nor other admirers: I am at the lowest ebb as far as self-admiration goes.

The Commune will only have given, I fear, the last blow to the Republic. It [the Republic] was only a name: still, it was well to keep it, and I doubt its surviving this civil war. The whole of the silly, degraded, materialist population will look at the Institution as guilty of all this aimless havoc and perdition, and will cry for a *sauveur*.

I am happy at William's intentions; and trust they will be realized. If and when you have [any money] from Morley, etc., you may send to Pell. [Pelligrino Rosselli] or give it to David [Nathan], as you choose.

---

* Alexander Strahan who founded the *Contemporary Review* in 1862.

I have done already too much for the Bartolominies: I *cannot* go on: don't fear.

Dull Day is extremely good, and the "Nello, Nello" song *very* touching; but from whence did you draw all that? Where is the place? Is there a shadow of reality in the foundation of the tale? The idea of the translation of our popular songs is excellent; the translation cannot be easy, simple, spontaneous and thoroughly popular as they are, but you will surmount the difficulty. I have nothing to suggest which you will not think of. Is there in the Tigri collection a song beginning "Sono andato all'inferno e son tornato"? One would say that it has suggested one to Goethe, of which I cannot remember the first words, but which is on the same subject and key-note.

Poor Miss Cushman! I feel very, very sorry for her, and for poor Miss Potter too. Why on earth did she not have the operation performed under chloroform?

I wonder, dear, at your activity: articles, tales, translations, agitation, portraits, are a great deal; or at all events look so to me, who am getting more and more slow and unwillingly working. I wish you had not been disappointed by ——; you must want a little country or seaside air.

I cannot deny, dear, that I get sick of France and a little, too, of my own people: materialism is growing and threatening to prove fatal. Rome, too, is hurrying that way. Desecration of names and ideas is everywhere; and I have really occasional fits of discouragement. However . . . let us go on to the end as well as can be done. Try to keep well. Love to Peter and Clem.

Ever lovingly, your

JOSEPH.

9. [or may be 19] 6. 71.

A Dull Day is a brilliant little story written by Emilie, but, as far as can be traced, printed for private circulation only. It purports to be the experience of an Englishwoman who becomes the involuntary witness of an astutely planned, successful escape; the escape of an Italian patriot from the official clutches which had all but closed upon him.

To Emilie. June 13th, 1871.

I had your long letter of the 6th–7th June and "Fraser," "Woman," "Ruskin"—this latter only to-day and I shall read it this night. Thanks, thanks, thanks. I must candidly say that I scarcely looked at my *Contemporary*, and now that your letter has come I cannot look at what you have perpetrated. The number is in a house where it is not possible to go. But never mind; all that you do about my writings must be right. The Prayer? *Cossa posso dire?* [what can I say]. I have not the little thing before me; but I know I wrote it as it came, and rather in a strange mood. It may be that a touch of the old Christianity came over me when I was *feeling* more than thinking. The solidarity of man seemed always to me one of the most advanced notions—to be developed in time—of the Bible and Gospel. Even now I have somewhat strange ideas of what Martyrdom and Love in a Just man can achieve for all: of course not in *saving* but in awakening powers [in men] to work and save themselves. The phrase you quote may have sprung from that: it had most likely nothing to do, in my mind, with the arbitrary gift called Grace by Christians. However, do what you think best.*

My articles on the French Revolution will, if I can reach the end, be a book. Only I ought to have written it [uninterruptedly]—having taken it up just to fill up the columns, and writing [the articles] *au fur et à mesure* as one must go on with a feuilleton, is not the same thing; and *I* am dissatisfied.† I feel grateful within my soul for your having written on *that* night‡ and having possibly found a little relief in doing so.

I fear it is as you say about poor Miss Cushman. Did you see Tourgenieff? What sort of man is he, to your mind? Remember me very kindly to Rosa; she looked good and gentle always and I am glad you have her near you. If Bessie grows Darwinian it must be through William.

I hear that the Government has forbidden the meeting.§ I do not regret it much; I fear that a great deal of nonsense would have been spoken, and the work concerning the extradition threatenings can go on without it. Caroline will tell you what I fear—or hope—about France and Italy. I should like very much [to know] of anything brooding beforehand, but it is hopeless. In France I have now nobody, and in England they will keep the secret.

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* This probably refers to *A Prayer to God for the Planters, by an Exile*, written in response to a request for something on slavery, in 1846. It was to have been inserted in Lady Blessington's *Keepsake*, but did not appear there. Mr. Bolton King, who gives it at the end of his *Life of Mazzini*, says that in sending it Mazzini wrote: "To write one or two pages on abolitionism is just the same to me as to prove that the sun gives light and warmth; or to prove an axiom. So that I was during one full hour at a loss what to write, till my soul melted away in prayer."

† Mazzini's articles on the French Revolution of 1798 run through six numbers of the *Roma del Popolo*, May 10–July 5; and are well worth the study of thoughtful politicians. He also wrote five important articles on *The Commune and The Assembly*, June 7–July 20, 1871.

‡ Probably the, to her, sad anniversary of June 6.

§ This may have been a meeting in favour of a republic in England. Public meetings for this end were held in several of the manufacturing districts. As their promoters were stimulated to the effort by what was going on in France, where the republic had come about as an expedient and from no true principle, Mazzini may well have anticipated "a great deal of nonsense" in the speeches.

I am now alone—and coughing; but I shall make some excursions to Florence, Genoa, etc., in a short while.

The Pisan sonnet?

Your loving
JOSEPH.

To Emilie. Superscribed by her: "Must have been written for my birthday, July 6th, 1871."

DEAREST EMILIE,

Only one word of loving remembrance. I must write as little as possible, and have had to write an article for the *Roma del Popolo.* I am threatened with something in my head—giddy, etc.; what I had years ago in England. It is nothing, and with a little rest it will pass away; only I must avoid writing too much for the sake of those who love me and whom I love, and for that of the paper, which would fail if I was long prevented writing for it.

You will receive, I trust, a little gift from me. . . . I do think of you. Nothing of what I have felt, loved, sympathized with in England is lost to me: it is treasured up in my soul and there it will remain for ever.

I had your long good letter: I know nothing as yet of the immense sum; no wonder with David. But, Emilie dear, I really do protest against your sending me the whole [of the payment for his article]. It grieves me; and I ask you, entreat you, again—should there be any other thing of mine published and paid for—to share the profit with me. Will you promise it?

Give my love to dear Caroline. I shall, within two or three days, write to her.

Will this reach on the 6th? Whenever it reaches, it carries a most fervent blessing—only what are my blessings?

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

Writing about this time to Mrs. Hamilton King, Emilie tells her of Mazzini's constrained and circumscribed life in Italy. He never goes out, she says, "except for the necessary changes of residence to put the police off the scent, and these changes are always made at midnight. The very few people he is obliged to see visit him . . . at or after midnight and of course at considerable risk to them, and still greater to him."

To Emilie. No date, but must be summer of 1871.

Only a few words, dearest Emilie, in answer to your just received long and good letter, but, as an atonement for my laconism, I send two sonnets from the same Fucini of the dog and the citizen-soldier. Try to understand them well; they are extremely humorous. Very well; you will do what you like about the hypothetical future profits from what I write here: provided you take off something for yourself, either buying something you like as if it was from me or making me share in a good work of yours, I shall keep quiet.

My head is better, only I cannot write by night and it is a bother. Spite of my having diminished my correspondence with the Party, still, step by step it has unavoidably increased again: what has diminished on organizing matters has increased on moral, political questions, on my campaign against materialism, on proposals concerning the *Roma del Popolo*, etc. My day is therefore spent in writing, only getting up every quarter of an hour and walking up and down the rooms during three minutes. I smoke perennially, I am sorry to say; but what can I do? I write unwillingly, through a sense of mere duty, without a spark of enthusiasm, and smoking is a mere diversion to the soul's fog which is coming heavy on my head, like a leaden cap.

How pretty-looking is Strahan's pamphlet! It would almost reconcile me with my writing, which, as far as the expression of the thoughts [goes], I despise *dal fondo dell' anima* [from the bottom of my soul]. Poor Dr. Carlyle! I am very sorry to be a source of trouble to him.* I have ordered the medical pamphlet which is not to be found where I am; and it will be sent, I hope, to-morrow to New York.

Will you tell me, if you ever read it, a few words on the spirit of the *Swinburne and Communal France* in the *Edinburgh?* I think Peter takes it. Peter is very wrong in not *seeing his way* † towards helping me intellectually as he did and ever does financially. I am sure that if he took his pen up just as though he was writing to *me* about the prospects of the radical and even the republican party in England, he would write an extremely good letter. But what did Wainwright say to the proposal, if ever it was made to him? What Malleson?

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* This is an allusion to Dr. Carlyle having said, after reading some of Mazzini's later writings on religion, that he felt greatly troubled to think how little he had made of the opportunities he had had of serious talk with such a thinker as he now saw Mazzini to be.—E. A. V.

† Peter Taylor had a little habit, when he hesitated over any question or suggestion of saying "I cannot see my way clear."

I hope the Biggs are all right now. No, dear, I have read nothing of the Tichborne case. Except when I very seldom have a *Daily News* from Caroline, I never see any English paper. The *Spectator* does not contain anything of the sort. Can you somehow ascertain whether or not Wolff is in London? His silence with me after the public accusation and rather lame defence is another bad sign. Of course I might and shall write to Lama, but I have had no time.

Now I must leave you, dear. I have still the article for next week to write. The heat is intense, and the flies—ah! the flies! Give the enclosed to Caroline, please. Try to be well and love your loving

JOSEPH.

To Emilie. August 29th, 1871.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I was very thankful for your two letters—for the second reassuring one. Since her being unwell Caroline never wrote to me. I hope she is going on tolerably. I have had pains in the upper region of my chest rather persistently for a while, especially every time I was eating; I am better now. Your account of the interview with Bruce, etc., was quite welcome and interesting, and your activity is beyond praise. Happy worker who see your work progressing! I only see dissolution progressing around me. My war to materialism and to the International has kindled up a conflagration in the Party. The young *liberi pensatori*, [free-thinkers] the *Gazzettino Rosa*, the *Favilla* of Mantova, the *Plebe* of Lodi, and all the little republican press, are in a rage. Bakounin has issued a periodical pamphlet against me. I am now an apostate, a priest, a reactionist, the abettor of the men of Versailles: ambition has at last seized hold of my soul: old age has made me superstitious, and so on. It is a very sad contest, but it was to be fought, and I don't regret my having opened it. I have now succeeded, I hope, in the scheme of a *Congresso Operaio* in Rome: it will take place at the end of September or at the beginning of October. I am arriving at the establishment of a Central Direction for all the Italian Working Men's Societies; at an official separation from the International; and at the establishment of an official Working Men's weekly paper in Rome. There are, of course, dissenters in the ranks of the working men, but the majority, I trust, will uphold my views. It is an additional labour, however, and I fear I begin to be unequal to *any* labour. I am intellectually sinking. I write with difficulty: ideas rise before my mind but I can scarcely shape them forth, and I feel terribly dissatisfied with myself. Of course I am invited to the *Congresso;* but I *cannot* go to Rome except under a Republican flag. Besides, I hate meetings, applause, having to talk, meaningless *vivas*—everything. I can give myself up to anything from which immediate *action* has to arise: not to other purposes, however good, except from my room, writing in silence and solitude.

Was Clementia with the demonstration to Bruce or has she withdrawn from collective action? I hope not.

Dear, Adolphus Nathan and family are coming, for a permanent sojourn, to Italy towards the middle of September, I think. I mention it as an excellent opportunity if you had any book or anything to send.

I doubt the courage of Strahan: you will tell me in due time. And you will tell me whether you go to Wales or not. If you write a few words concerning Caroline and Joe and yourself, you ought to send them to George Roselli Braun, 38 Via della Maddalena, Pisa: then afterwards to Signor Veladini, Litografia Veladini, Lugano: under cover *per l'amico.* Remember me with true affection to Carlyle if you see him. Swinburne is, I fear, in one respect, irredeemable. And remember me to Wainwright, the Mallesons and all those who love me, although they cannot write as English correspondents once a month for me.

Try to be well. Do not work *too much.*

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

Will you buy for me and send regularly, a *Spectator*? I have none now and I want it, just to know what is going on in my second country. I shall send you the amount of the expense through David. Please to give the enclosed to Caroline. It is hot as it can be: too much. Think of 34 degrees in Florence! Flies and gnats are devouring me *al minuto*, [retail: bit by bit].

The reader who can face the undesirable print of the *Roma del Popolo*, or who will read Emilie's translations in the *Contemporary Review* (July 1872) of Mazzini's analysis of the International, will not endorse his own verdict upon himself. His allusions to Marx, whom he declares to be a man of no earnest philosophical or religious belief, no doubt irrevocably offended that writer's disciples; but his destructive examination of the ideas put forward, and the proof to which he points, given by the Paris Commune of the fallacy of those ideas, offended the immense section who sought to separate facts from their causes and to see in the horrors of the Commune nothing worse than honest effort *thwarted* into excesses.

"It is true," he wrote, "that there are times when daring is the secret of victory, but it is only such in the service of truth. The handful of Dutch exiles who seized upon the little fort of Brille in Philip II.'s day, kindled that insurrectionary conflagration which consumed the power of Spain. Two hundred thousand fighting men, possessed of two thousand cannon, were unable to sustain the late Parisian revolution. The first were fighting for the inviolability of conscience and the independence of their native land—both sacred things; the second were fighting for an *interest* which, could it ever be made the basis for social organization, would cancel two thousand years of human progress, and lead the life of Europe back to the period of its infancy.

"I have lately been attacked by friends and foes, in Italy and elsewhere, in consequence of the opinions I have published upon these things:

"1. The severe judgment I have passed upon the programme and many of the acts of the Paris Commune.

"2. My dissent from the principles—or rather the negation of principles—proclaimed by the International.

"3. The war I have constantly waged against materialism, which is declared by my accusers to have been unjust, intolerant, and in opposition to the teachings of science. . . .

"With more than a million members, with a treasury such as was never possessed by any previous society, the utmost the International has been able to achieve has been the maintenance of a certain number of strikes, which have generally proved unefficacious; thereby unproductively expending a large amount of capital, which might have been far better employed in the foundation of a number of Co-operative Societies."

Mazzini points out the danger and mischief of Michael Bakounin's favouring of Civil War as a *tonic*, helpful to the intellectual, moral, and even material advance of the peoples, and something which "at any rate breaks the monotony of their existence." He warns the blind followers of Bakounin that the few who in the International régime may be called upon to exercise the Central Authority will inevitably make themselves masters and, by fostering a disposition to separate the upward movement of the working classes from that of other classes, initiate a civil war which would give victory only through the injury of brothers. How can the emancipation and progress of one class be isolated from that of another unless through the denial of a uniform law, a principle which cannot be a principle unless it applies to *all*, and the denial of which is the abnegation of all rule but that of personal self-interest?

In Mazzini's day the Paris Commune formed the warning illustration, the practical evidence, of the soundness of his criticism and the contrasting truth of his own teaching: in our own we have the ghastly spectacle of Russia, and can watch the men who butchered her, coming to the reluctant and fearful realization that they cannot live—that no people nor group of people can live—on ruins, negations, and blood.

To Caroline. September 13th, 1871.

DEAR ONE,

At last—I received three days ago, from Genoa at Pisa, your dear letter of the 3rd. I did not answer it immediately because I knew that you would in the interval receive, through Emilie, a note of mine. Besides, I had a mass of work before me and was feeling poorly. I am better now, only tormented with a cold and cough, very troublesome by day and night. That too, will, one of these days, pass, however. I had been, until Emilie wrote to me after seeing you, very restless about your health, dear. I am more quiet, although not satisfied, now; and only entreating, if allowed, that you should take a great care of yourself. You are, sceptical as you may be, doing good to and linked with many who love you, want you, and need your sympathy and support in life—Joe, James, Emilie, myself and others. I was startled by the address. I knew you were preparing to go, but did not know that you were already there. I see the persons composing the party: excellent in themselves, still not exactly suiting your rest-seeking tendency. Mr. Stansfeld senior, bless him, is too active, and I trust you will not feel bound to follow him in all the wild-like excursions he will propose. Take a book and go and sit with it as near as you can to your dear sea. I have been myself a few days near the sea out of Leghorn: I could not, however, go near except by night. The place was full, crammed with bathers, many of whom were known to me. I am wandering like an *âme en peine*. I shall go now for a few days to Milan, then to Lugano. Poor Sarina is not well: she had, days ago, other attacks, one of which lasted three quarters of an hour. It is like what I had, neuralgy; but the region attacked is the region of the heart; and long attacks may become very dangerous. Perhaps I shall persuade her to see often a doctor from Milan, and then to spend the winter in Italy, at Rome—she will not hear of any other place—where she has Ernest and his family.

Yes, dear, I love more deeply than I thought, my poor dreamt-of Italy; my old vision of Savona. Worn out and already—to me—unequal as I am now both physically and intellectually to the task or to rule the movement, I *cannot* get rid of the thought. I want to see, before dying, another Italy, the ideal of my soul and life, starting up from her three-hundred-years grave. This is only the phantom, the mockery of Italy. And the thought haunts me, like the incomplete man in *Frankenstein* seeking for a soul from his maker. It is the secret of all my doings, which you cannot, most likely, understand, and which I cannot explain through letters. I am bent now on two things: conquering a large fraction of the middle moderate class to my own ideas, and saving the working classes from the International and other evil influences by organizing publicly the whole of their Societies into one, with an independent separate programme. All the materialist young men are separating themselves and leading on a frantic opposition against me in the little republican press. Bakounin, whom you remember, is publishing periodical pamphlets translated in Italian, denouncing me as having gone to the European reactionary side. Others are attributing what they call a *recrudescence* of religious feeling to the fears arising in old age! I am, however, gaining visible ground with the middle class, and the bulk of the working class are keeping faithful. The Congress will take place, I think, in the middle of October, and then it will be decided whether they remain pledged to me or to others. I have been chosen already as a delegate from the Genoese and other Societies, but I shall refuse. They must decide freely, and far from any individual prestige acting on them, and I *cannot* go to Rome, parade in assemblies or court applause unless a republican flag floats on the Capitol. I shall declare it in the *Rŏma del Popolo*.

No, dear, I have not received the two *Spectators*; did you send them to Genoa or to Leghorn? Never mind. Emilie is going to send it regularly.

Joe is riding: therefore decidedly better. I am glad of what you say about Mr. Case. I knew that William and Bessie were wandering through my favourite Scandinavian land. Will you tell Emilie, when you write to her, that I have thankfully received her letter of the 6–7 from childish Llandudno and that I shall answer her as soon as I can? I want to write to Clementia and others in England; and as yet I am unable to do so: the paper, my writing for it and its financial condition and contributors, the

Congress, etc., keep me occupied from morning to night—I am perfectly alone at Pisa—and writing costs me *now* a double labour.

Did I tell you that Bulewski and *his wife* are in prison at Lausanne, accused of having forged Austrian and Russian notes? I lent to them, only two or three months ago, 700 francs; and now the two young girls are left alone and penniless, I and one or two friends taking care of them. You cannot imagine how much I am compelled to spend for similar cases. Only life in Italy is very cheap. I spend, now that the season is over on account of the unbearable heat in Pisa, only some fifteen shillings a month for two large, extremely comfortable rooms. I would be rich if I could be paid for my contributions to the *Roma del Popolo*. We pay 5 frs. a column to all contributors, Saffi included—the payment will make James laugh, and here it is a very liberal one—but it would be absurd in me, the founder of the paper, to pay myself whilst we are still with a deficit: the paper requiring 3000 subscribers and we have, more or less, 2000 only.

Won't you, dear, putting aside all other individual considerations, sympathize, as you once did in an open carriage, with my Italian dream? I wish you could. I have only spoken of my little things and material life, but I love you tenderly and think of you, wish, want to hear from you, and to hear that you are comparatively well. Write still to Pisa until I give you another address.

Love to dear Joe and to James. Remember me very affectionately to Maria and to Mr. Stansfeld.

Your very loving
JOSEPH.

13. 9. 71.

To Emilie. Nov. 6th, 1871. Evidently from Lugano.

Yes, dearest Emilie, I have been silent too long: but the Congress, troubles of others, troubles of mine, perennial work during the day, exhaustion in the evening, are the only explanation. Caroline will tell you all that I write to her concerning the really unsettled and more than uncomfortable state of things in the house: they are ill, almost all. I am not flourishing.

I received gratefully everything you sent. You work, most likely over-work, on the paper, etc., but at least you are near. [Emilie was helping with the *Shield*, the paper started to promote the repeal of the C. D. Acts.] It is really ten times worse to have to manage a paper from afar. Do you hear anything about the Congress of the working men in Rome? Does any paper mention it? I have an anti-Internationalist majority there, but in other respects I feel disappointed. I wanted a practical centralizing organization to take place there; and down to the third sitting—there are to be only five—there has been nothing but words, words, words. I shall hear to-morrow the decisive news. Then, between the Internationalists, Garibaldi—did you read his long letter against me?—and other causes, many Societies did not send representatives. Is there really not a single English friend of mine to be found who will undertake to send me one or two letters concerning the progress of republican ideas and Party in Great Britain? Giving names, different sections, spirit of each, importance, etc.? A sort of historical sketch with an idea at the top? Can you make one last attempt on Malleson, Wainwright, or others? I thought even of Maurice; but he is not *au courant*, and besides, he writes illegible.

I knew from Caroline the death of Dr. Christian, before yours reached. How sudden! How sad! And what must Julia feel? She was only beginning to recover a little from the other loss, the anguish of which must now reawaken in her loneliness. How strange that I should outlive so many friends, so many younger acquaintances!

E sento gli anni bisbigliar passando:
Perchè canta costui?
[And I hear the years whisper as they pass:
Why does this man sing?]

Dear, I would give you a commission if you promised me to not pay for it: it is for a book, but I shall give it to Jane or await for your promise. Gifts are spontaneous and welcome for the thought attached to them: commissions are quite a different thing.

To-day all are somewhat better, Maria [Gnerri] excepted. I feel rather unquiet about her: I fear typhus.

No, dear, I cannot come. I really am not in a condition to front a long journey, Alps and sea. Besides colds and coughs, always perennial, I am annoyed with various complaints all flowing from a tendency to general atony in all my organic functions, and all making travelling equally uncomfortable and dangerous. I certainly shall, if winter does not hurry me to a very different journey, see you all in the spring.

Love to Clem, Peter, and all those who remember me. I have written a rather long letter to Mrs. King, who writes in despondency, and fluctuating again between Christianity and our own Faith.

Send the enclosed to Caroline, please.

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

In the letter to Mrs. King, dated from Lugano, October 31st, 1871, Mazzini tells her that the Congress of working men begins in Rome on the 2nd of November and that he wants it to draw a strong dividing line between "our own Italian movement and the aim and method of the International Society . . . still, now especially that Garibaldi has chosen to side openly against me, there are many difficulties to be fronted. . . ."

Then adverting to the religious questions that were troubling the mind of his correspondent—who finally entered the Church of Rome—he continued :

"Why do you establish simply an opposition between the Christian *resignation* and our active creed ? Our faith starts from *action* as the duty and mission of life : it accepts *resignation* when every attempt towards action, without [apart from] our fault and through overpowering causes, has failed ; it accepts and sanctifies it ; only resignation is for us an uncontrollable *fact*, not a theory, not a teaching towards our own individual salvation or progress ; . . . you will answer your children if they ask you what is the aim of life : action. You will tell them or others approaching you that Life is a mission, a duty, and a battle for its fulfilment. We do not *destroy ;* we come to *complete.*

"That life is what we say you cannot for one moment doubt if you earnestly think that Life is from God. God is Thought and Action ; and power for thought and action is, accordingly, within ourselves ; now *power* is *duty.* Only God is *all*-powerful ; Thought in Him is identical with Action : every Thought in Him is a Creation. It is not the same with us, imperfect beings as we are ; we *attempt* when He *achieves ;* we *wish* when we cannot attempt ; and I write the word *wish* because wishing is action too. Surrounded as we are by an overwhelming atmosphere of materialism, we are too ready to think that we do nothing when we *wish*, and that when we cannot transform *realities* we are utterly powerless. We speak of the oneness of the Universe and still forget what the power of an unuttered, fervent and sacred wish may be. But is not, in your faith as in mine, the last wish of the martyr, the strong, silent, unheard belief of the fettered prisoner, reaching God and weighing on the fate of Humanity ? Is not true, deep love—although a fruitless one in this world of ours—an *agent*, a power towards the next ? . . .

"I want to impress upon you this: . . . Your organism may fail, and the manifestation, the visible results of your action may be cancelled by the medium in which you live and which you feel incapable of transforming. But is there not a kingdom of the soul? Is a thought, a fervent wish, arising in a pure soul, powerless on other souls because it does not embody itself in a terrestrial reality? Is not the spiritual world existing? Will not everything we can achieve be achieved when all souls will be pledged to a true, good definition of life? Is your powerlessness to act taking from you this supreme duty of siding by the true definition? . . .

"Your question is . . between two definitions of Life. And in this I must leave you to your own heart's and mind's inspirations. I must only remark that your attempt at self-absorption in God is an impossibility, and will not cancel our own conception of Life, if true, as we believe it to be. . . . If the Law of Life is *progressive*, you cannot, through any self-abdication, reach God at once. In our own faith, you may be bound to realize, on earth, all that Humanity can realize of the Ideal before reaching a superior stage of life, and becoming—as I shall say to be more intelligible—the Angel. You may have to live again on earth under different circumstances; but you must reach [God] step by step. The voluntary soul-suicide taught by Brahminism, Buddhism, and, in a transformed way, by Christianity, is a fruitless, vain attempt to deny time, space, and difficulties which must, soon or late, be overcome through action of our own.

"I fear, dear friend, that you are too much on the self-analysing, on thinking too much of your own salvation. Let God think of it; your task is to act for the fulfilment of His Law whenever and as much as you can; to pray and wish fervently for it whenever action is forbidden; and to trust Him without any terms. Actions, sufferings, victory, martyrdom, have been decreed and weighed by Him long before you seek for some formula which will best act on Him. Love Him in a simple, unexacting, unscrutinizing way, as a child loves his mother, and remember that self-torturing has, in itself, an unconscious, hidden taint of egotism. . . ."

This was the last letter Mrs. King had from Mazzini and she remarks on the strangeness of his having stated the doctrine of rebirth and reincarnation, never having had access to Eastern teaching, which she believes to have been then unknown in Europe. But Mazzini's reading was wide, and it will be recalled that he had asked Mr. King for the loan of the *Avesta*. But apart from all reading, his deep reflection upon human life, its meaning, its origin, its destiny, and the solution that his mind had reached in perceiving Progress as a Spiritual law, convinced him that individuals do not exhaust the teachings of this earthly life in one unique experience of it.

He saw that reincarnation—a series of existences passed through here and elsewhere — is necessitated by Immortality; for we cannot postulate no end to that which has a beginning. Looking upon the human spirit as actually, and yet to an undefinable extent, potentially, divine, he believed it destined to evolve through the utmost possibilities of the human, into and through higher stages on its way towards "God Who is our home." He repudiated as contrary to science, contrary to justice, contrary to Love, the idea that the soul of every new-born infant is specially created to enter the newly-formed body. The gross injustice of dooming some souls to an existence of misery, devoid of the thousand opportunities for self-improvement enjoyed, in that case arbitrarily, by others, needs but a moment's reflection for us to reject it as incompatible with our accepted, if still vastly inadequate, idea of God. We feel within us the conviction that if men here and there have a passion for justice it is because God is Justice absolute and immutable : that if men here and there love even unto death it is because God is Love absolute and immaculate : that if men love truth above all other interests it is because God is Truth absolute and stainless. If men pity it is because God is Pity perfect and unvarying; and the religion of Progress, or, in other words, the religion of the evolution of the human spirit—individual and Collective in Humanity—calls forth all the strength of our intuition that our Source is such a God, and rallies to that intuition whatever intellectual power we possess. We can only transcend our limitations by working through them ; we cannot leap them ; the evolutionary process is gradual, and works by the law of cause and effect. As a man sows he reaps. We are each, to-day, the product of a long past, and we are each building the outline of our own future. Mazzini held this rational faith more definitely than the many well-known thinkers whose names may be cited as believing, or strongly inclining to believe in it, though he has left it more logically implicit in his religious writings than worked out in argument. It would be an interesting study to examine in this connection the works of men, both poets and prose writers, who have touched on the theme; Lessing (The Divine Education of the Human Race), Schopenhauer, Herder, Fichte, Leibnitz, Schubert, Fechner, Leroux, Flammarion, Fourier, Balzac, Dr. Henry Moore, Channing, Browning, Shelley, Poe, Tennyson, etc., to cite but a few.

The end of 1871 saw Mazzini so dangerously ill that Bertani, who was in Rome, not only went to him but arranged a meeting with Prof. Viscardini of Milan. The latter wrote to Saffi on December 27th, describing some of the symptoms—both lungs were implicated—but expressing their hope that the vitality of the patient would overcome the disease. Notwithstanding his condition, which must have made any sort of exertion both difficult and full of risk, the *Roma del Pópolo* was only three weeks without a contribution from his pen. But, as E. A. V. records, only a miracle of will enabled him to manage writing.

To Caroline. January 3rd, 1872. From Lugano.

DEAR ONE,

I write from bed still, and am uncomfortable; and my New Year's Day was in bed. Your dear, sad, loving, good, saddening, loved note reached me late owing to snows, etc. I am progressing, but very gently.

Thank and kiss Joe for me. I am not satisfied, instinctively, with your physical state. Have all possible cares. Love to all, James, Mr. Stansfeld and the sisters; Bessie and William, Lucy and all. I shall write as soon as I freely can.

Bless you. Ever loving

Jos.

3. 1. 72.

The above is written on a very small piece of thin paper, evidently enclosed with other letters. On the back he wrote, "Caroline" and underneath, "with the phot."

To Emilie. January 3rd, 1872. From Lugano.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I had all yours with love and thanks. I don't write, because I write badly from bed and it tires me. Thank the constant friend, Cowen: I shall acknowledge as soon as I can write freely. Of the rather entangled mode of payment I don't understand very much, but I suppose Pelligrino, to whom I send the bill, will know. I think I shall distribute the sum to various items. The letter was very good; [*] but what I should want is to have the different elements verging or likely to do so, to up-sift [to be sifted—E. A. V.]—how much of the Trades Unions, the Press, down to *Reynolds's*, mentioning the copies sold, etc., etc. All that, if friends will not give written notes, which they *ought*, might be the subject of conversations from which you would gather materials. Try; and thanks.

There is a book of chosen engravings, edited under the direction of Armitage, by Strahan. You know what it is. If really good, will you buy it—it is 21*s.*—and keep it for Caroline's birthday, 28th? I shall give the cost through David. If the engravings are not good enough then try to guess a little caprice, a little taste, of Caroline's, and choose it.

The book I wished to have has nothing to do with anybody except myself: it is Elze's *Life of Byron*, translated from the German. I do not think it is yet out; but you will know.

I am more sorry than I can say for W. [possibly Wolff the Spy, who betrayed him to his last imprisonment. E. A. V.]. It is a real delusion to me.

Dear, thank with love the inhabitants of Notting Hill Square [the Biggs] for the letter, very affectionate and very welcome. I shall write when I am better.

And say anything in the shape of real, deep, grateful affection to Clem. and Peter. As for you, for work, kindness, affection and devotedness to good, you are a pattern.

Your loving
Jos.

Martha is well: [†] she has received arrears to the extent of 1000 franks and part of furniture, dresses, etc.

Do you—does anybody, see Blind? I should wish very much to have from time to time a letter in French, English, German, even, for the *Roma*, on German tendencies, parties and republican prospects, from him. Can he be asked for it in my name? I would write if I could. Is he now *friend* enough for that? I know nothing of him since an age.

3.1.72.

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[*] A letter written by George Odger for the *Roma del Popolo*, translated and sent by E. A. V.

[†] Servant in the house of Madame Maria Gnerri, at Lugano, where Mazzini always stayed until the death of Madame Gnerri.—E. A. V.

It seems probable that Mazzini used the wrong word when he wrote "arrears." He may have meant "honorarium"?

To Caroline. January 18th, 1872. From Lugano.

I have yours of the 13th, dear, good as yourself; bless you. Of course you have had all mine; the note of the New Year's Day and the following, although you do not mention them. I cannot write long as yet. I refuse any work or interview which it is possible to refuse; still there are men and letters which I cannot avoid; and I have felt compelled to write something for the *Rôma* which has very few contributors, and writing exhausts me.* I am, I suppose, going on gently, but my voice is like that of ——, and sinking in the evening; and the "whistling" in the throat is threatening to come back, and I am weak, *weak*, WEAK, so that I have not been out of my room. Time, I think, will mend things once more; but I say all this so that you may understand the utter impossibility in which I would have been, with the best intentions in the world, of dreaming a journey. If I was able I would go to Pisa, the temperature of which would, I fancy, cure me better than all the scyllas and bark which they give. But moving is out of question.

I fear that poor good James's father is attacked with something like my own complaint. I grieve for what is impending, and the family, and James especially. As for *him*, he has lived a good, honest, virtuous, earnest life, and death will be to him only a portal to a new better one.

My sister has lost her husband: she is so wrapped in her belief that her grief is soothed; still, she must feel lonely, and I would have gone for eight or ten days to her if I could, and shall if I get better.

Tell me of Mr. Stansfeld and Mr. Case. I am glad Lucy † lives with Bessie. The little narrative about "Tiny" has been quite touching to me: poor dog! You ought to take him spontaneously with you when you go to Bessie.

Tell Emilie that I received her letter yesterday and thank her and shall write as soon as I can. Her activity and usefully working is a comfort. She needs it. The weather is ever cold and foggy and altogether inclement here.

Give my love to Shaen and Mrs. Shaen. I never would have anticipated such an improvement [in Mrs. Shaen's health]. How are you, physically, dear one? Tell me; and believe that I still am loving and thinking continuously of you with more tenderness than you fancy. Your

JOSEPH.

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* In the number for this date there appeared his lucid *Costituente e Patto Nazionale*, which begins: "There are two deaths for the peoples: anarchy and indifference. Both are the consequence of materialism, which, destroying all links of a common faith, leads to the negation of initiative, and to servitude."

† Miss Lucy Ogle; one of Mrs. W. Ashurst's sisters.

Love to Clem and Peter and Mrs. T. if you see her. Don't buy photographs: let me be your agent for Italy. Ask me for any you wish to have.

To Emilie. January 23rd, 1872. From Lugano.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I trust I shall reach [that the letter will reach] in time for the 28th and that you shall be able to send the little note with the little present. Of *that* you will tell me and the expense. I think the Working Men's paper will not appear before February, and you will receive it.

Quadrio left Genoa for Rome yesterday night. I am in a mess about that paper without anybody to direct it, so I sent Quadrio for two months, hoping that once *avviato* [started] it will be less difficult to push it on.

In health I am so-so: weak still, and not up to the mark in anything. I write in a hurry. Love to all.

Ever your loving

Jos.

Anything of Blind? Oswald is very crotchetty still.

The *Roma* is rather too serious for the many. There ought to be some variety, some *illustrious* name from time to time awakening the attention of the reader. I wish I could find some. Once I would have had a letter from France on G. Sand and other *sommités*, but it is impossible now. And I cannot have a Slavonian article [an article from a Slav] without his attacking Germany, or a German without his being too violent against both the Slavonian and the French. If you meet with a great man, try to snatch a letter from him to me, however: if unsatisfactory I would answer it.

23. 1. 72.

To Caroline, for her birthday, January 28th, 1872. From Lugano.

DEAR, VERY DEAR CAROLINE,

The New Year's Day one was a *general* tradition, and under special reasons it was possible to break it, but the dear *special* one I cannot; and I want you to receive the usual little gift with a little smile. It merely means that I remember the day—that I shall never forget it—and that I bless it and ever shall do so, both on account of what it has yielded and of what it still yields to me. Be good, dear one, and bless me in your turn.

I am so-so: weak still and with all the symptoms lurking in and reappearing from time to time in my throat: still, on the whole, better. I think I shall try within a short time what a change of temperature, at Pisa, can do. The probable thing is that I shall for the present overcome the evil and get a chance of seeing you in the better season; but that the attacks will visit me again some time or other.

I must tell you, but to you only, one little additional deception [disillusion] of these days. When I heard of the death of my sister's husband, I wrote to her offering to spend some short time with her under the same roof, just to comfort her in her loneliness. She refuses, on account of her principles and of what she owes to the memory and presumed wish of the dead husband! It is the old excommunication; and from her it comes rather bitter to me. I do not react, however, and remain as I have been towards her. Should I go to Genoa I shall see her as before.

Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

To Caroline. February 1st, 1872.

DEAR ONE,

I have yours of the 25th. I am very sorry for Mr. Case's death, on account, mainly, of those who remain and mourn. And I am more so for what you say of Mr. Stansfeld's health. I felt instinctively, as soon as you told me of the symptoms, that he was in danger, and that he will not live long. His loss would no doubt be a source of intense sadness for James.

I am so-so: almost all the symptoms of the mischief are still there, although on a lesser scale. I am, besides, really miserable and cross at the many additional little troubles . . . pains threatening in my spine, a vile prosaic cold, cramps sometimes even in my hands, visiting me. I would not grumble at a fair, serious, definite illness, whatever the consequences might be; but am getting wild sometimes at my not being able to stir without feeling a pain somewhere, or to ascend three steps of a staircase without feeling as if I had achieved one of the twelve Hercules' labours. However, I am, if I can, going to try a change at the end of the week, and you ought to address to George R. Braun, Via della Maddelena 38, Pisa. Please to tell Bessie to do so with the *Spectator*, and [tell] Emilie.

Poor, good, constant Miss Dick Lauder! I received the very same day of the sad news reaching me through you her last offering given by you to Tancione. Strange that so many friends younger than I am should go before me! I have had so many dying this last year in Italy too, and I am always repeating to myself the lines of Goethe:

"Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch."

[The little birds in the forest are silent: wait, thou too wilt soon rest.]

Watch over yourself, dear, and try to not get ill: I can't bear the thought. I cannot write much. The deficit [in writers] of the *Roma* increases every day; and I feel the necessity of writing, as you see, for every number;* which, with all that I have to do for the Working-Men-Movement and paper, leaves me with very little time. Writing by night affects both eyes and head.

Your dear letter came on the 29th. Has my little note reached in time for *the* day?

The weather is now clear and beautiful, but very cold still. Don't be too sad, dear. . . . You have still more of love from this Joseph's shadow than perhaps you believe. Did you *see* Mrs. Shaen? Tell me something about her. Remember me to Joe and James: then to all those who remember me with affection. Ever your loving

Jos.

Quadrio is in Rome. Sarina, I think, will go there within the month.

1. 2. 72.

To Caroline. February 11th, 1872. From Pisa.

One word, dear one, I cannot write. I am ill again. As soon as I reached Pisa I began by being sick a whole evening; and all the other symptoms increased. I have been fifty-six hours with such a stricture of the œsophagus that nothing could pass. I am better now, of *that;* and somewhat better of the rest; but really tired and bothered to death. I wrote from Milan a few lines to James: did they reach? How is he? How is Maria? When did the burying take place? I think of poor James and of what he must have suffered. How is your health, dear one? Bless you.

Love from your

JOSEPH.

To James Stansfeld, on the death of his father, Judge Stansfeld.

DEAR JAMES,

I wrote as soon as I learned the sad news: the letter, Caroline tells me, did not reach, and it is too late now to try to repeat what I wrote under the first impression of what I felt you were feeling. Besides, nothing coming from me or from others can do real good. God, time, and love alone can, and I trust will. You believe in God, therefore in immortality, and in the immortality of love, which is the best and most God-like part of ourself. You can think of him without grieving for a single dark spot to be found in his life; he was pure, good, loving, righteous, and like innocence, serene. You have your Caroline, Joe, sisters, to love. You have a task to fulfil for the good of your country, and you never will forget him, his example, his love. Life has still for you a flower growing out of every thorn. Within yourself live the best consolations you can have. I merely wanted to remind you in these first days of sorrow that there was in this corner of the Continent a friend who has esteemed and loved him, sharing your sorrow and that of Maria and all your sisters.

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* In this number (Feb. 1st) and the previous one there appeared his beautiful articles on Rossel, afterwards translated by Emilie for the *Contemporary Review.*

I know that your health is not flourishing; and these latter times must have shaken it more and more. Take care of yourself for the sake of those you love. I had a hope of seeing you once more before this, but I am passing from one illness to another. My organism is attacked at every point and I don't know whether or when I shall be able to front the journey. Actually, I am utterly unequal to it. Tell Caroline that I had her papers; that I received, as she must know, her letter, although insufficiently paid for; and that I shall soon write. Give my love to Maria.

Ever your friend
JOSEPH.

To Emilie. February 11th, 1872.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Caroline will tell you that I am ill again.

David ought to have handed over to you what I owe. The "Byron" is a deception, as you say and as I always said.

Send the second letter when you can. From Blind nothing: no tidings as yet.

I wish I had some good correspondence from time to time from America: about the condition of the emancipated negroes, the Alabama question and other important questions. I might find the man—even Garrison or some friend of his—but I cannot write to them.

Bravo Sidgwick! Give my compliments if ever you meet him. And bravo Strahan, if he publishes. To you I can say nothing; but do not overwork yourself about my things. You have already so much to do.

Remember me to Carlyle.

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

11. 2. 72.

Thank Shaen for the good intention. I am so glad that his wife is better.

Fragment of a letter to Caroline, dated February 20th, 1872. Evidently referring to Mayer.

. . . a truly living ruin. He went away and may have by this time forgotten that after forty years—we met in 1832 at Marseilles—he has seen me again. Physically or morally, a whole generation with which I hoped, struggled and suffered, has gone: every month brings news of some friend or acquaintance in Italy or England vanished, a leaf on the tree of life gone; and how on earth do I remain? His wife has accompanied him, but would not come to my room because I am a heretic and a "conspirator." Mayer was during many years extremely active in all my schemes and was imprisoned at Rome; but happily for him he is satisfied with his own life and went on repeating to me: "Ma l'Italia c'è," [But Italy *is*.] And I tell you all this because I like to tell you what has moved me more than anything since a long while.

Of myself and my own intentions I can say nothing although the spring is fast coming. What can I say about travelling whilst getting slowly up a flight of stairs leaves me exhausted and breathing hard for five minutes? If, as I hope, the warmth of the summer will restore me to something of the usual strength, I shall see you again.

Write about yourself and James, and love your ever loving

JOSEPH.

20. 2. 72.

To Caroline, from Pisa. March 4th, 1872.

What can I say of myself, dear one? The bronchitis is rather worse; my nights are bad, through cough and cramps in my legs and anywhere, even in my hands, the right especially. Of course I am up in the day and working and smoking too, although moderately; but I am almost unable to stir out of my room, which I do only once a day. *Voilà*. It may be that the warm season improves the situation; as for curing it, I believe it to be out of question.

I wrote a few lines again to James, more useless now than ever; but I like to do so. Did they reach this time?*

Why do you say that you cannot do or say anything having power of bringing comfort to me? It is not true. *I* might with more truth say so of myself. Are you not the best loving and loved friend I have in England? Is there not in me a whole treasure of affection, speaking incessantly of the past, of the present, of the future, here and elsewhere? Is there a single joy of yours which would not be my joy? Or a grief, a suffering, which would not be mine too?

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* The letter given above is the only one that ever reached him.

Don't spurn the present, dear, it is a real sin. Every written line coming from you is bringing comfort or strength or sadness according to what you say in it. . . .

Dear, you never did say one word about my sister refusing to have me living for a while under her roof, nor of my interview with my old friend Mayer. There was scarcely anything to be said, only it makes me fear that the letters have not reached.

I suppose that Maria [James's sister] will now be oftener and longer with you every year. She must need it. How is Emilie? She is silent with me. I fear her working too much, although, morally, work and thoroughly merging into a struggle for what is good is the thing for her.* You are on a fair way to triumph, as far as I can see. The first concessions are only the first preliminary steps to an absolute yielding. We, too, are marching on and conquering ground; and would do so more and more quickly were it not for Garibaldi's attempt at being the leader of the Party, summoning Congresses and acting as if there was no leading whatever, no organization, no programme. There has been the other day a meeting of 3000 persons—a large number for us—in Romagna, declaring that they all were decided to follow me as their guide. Saffi, who behaves really well, was in the chair. Only I think rather sadly that all this comes too late for the help which I feel I might have given. What can I do except writing a few articles—weak, shattered, breathless as I am? *Nominis umbra*. And there is in Italy a mass of good instincts and impulses, but little development of intellect, and a dreadful absence of men having power to lead; and of thought and action combined. Still, men will arise, I trust, with the Revolution.

Write, dear, and tell me of yourself and of Joe and James. Do not fall ill. Watch on yourself. You are needed, and whatever you may think, amongst others, by your loving

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, from Pisa. March, 1872. No date, but endorsed by her "The last."

You are silent, dearest Emilie; and I am told you are not flourishing. I hope it is only work that makes you silent. You must feel rewarded for your devoted activity. You are not only progressing, but decidedly on a fair way to conquer. Is Joseph Nathan ever writing to you now? There is in London an officer of ours, Barbieri, intimate with him—he was in his band—known to me and exceptionally good and honest, for whom he wants lessons to be found: of what I scarcely know, but I suppose of

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* Mazzini alludes to the struggle for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts, led in the House of Commons by Mr. Stansfeld.—E. A. V.

Italian. He was in the Army, working with us, discovered, and compelled to go away. There is no amnesty for him: he would be tried as a deserter. He was in France with Garibaldi. He is absolutely poor, and needs work. Did Joseph write to you about him? Should you ever, through friends, be able to do something for him, it would be a blessing.

About myself there is nothing to be said. I am as I was: certainly not flourishing.

Do you receive the *Emancipazione?* Quadrio is still there at work, poor, devoted man.

Bless you. In a hurry, your loving

Jos.

There is something eminently fitting in the last letter of Mazzini to the Ashursts being an appeal to help one in poverty and need. His own slender personal means were made, by inconceivable economy, to furnish assistance in so many directions that only a bare minimum could have remained for his own use.

We know that he was surrounded by loving cares at Lugano, and that in him pride never overtopped delicacy, so that he could accept the aid that came to him through *love*, even as he wished the help that he proffered to others to be accepted. It was not in him to hurt the feelings of a fellow creature if he could avoid it. When his well-meaning landlady in London sent him up a chop cooked in such a way that he could not eat it, he would put it into the fire sooner than let her suffer the mortification of knowing she had failed; and though he might react against some of the forestalments of his wants by the Ashursts, he invariably ended by accepting them, subjugating his own pride rather than deny them satisfaction. But for all his friends' goodness, the adequacy, even to his extremely modest way of living, of his own little exchequer excites amazement.

As the climate of Lugano proved so bad for him this winter, Pelligrino Rosselli and his wife (*née* Janet Nathan), went to fetch him as soon as it was thought he could bear the journey to Pisa. It was from their house, where he arrived on the evening of February 6, that his last letters were written, for his previous rooms in Pisa were not quite ready for him to go to.

On the 26th of February; and again on the 4th of March—when he said he was expecting to move into his old quarters—he wrote with considerable frankness to Lemmi. He also sent him a book in which the touching inscription is said by Jessie Mario to be the very last thing his hand indicted: "With profound affection for you, dear Adriano. Joseph." Lemmi felt so much alarmed at what he gathered concerning the giver's condition, that he lost no time in going to Pisa, and was fortunate enough to be with his beloved friend when the spirit finally quitted its outworn prison of suffering. Sarina Nathan and Felice Dagnino of Genoa also arrived in time, but poor, faithful, broken-hearted Quadrio, and Saffi, Campanella and Bertani, came too late to see the living eyes whose light had so often inspired and upheld them.

On the evening of March 8th the friends present insisted on calling in Dr. Rossini, who wished a consultation with Prof. Minati. Both men felt certain that nothing could be done, and by the morning of the 10th it became evident that the end was near. The last murmured words of the dying man seem to have been for the working men of Italy.

Jessie Mario, who probably received a first-hand account from Lemmi, thus describes Mazzini's last moments: "Round the dying bard, conscious of his approaching end, there shone the 'white light of the future,' illuminating the mirror of his intellect, which reaffirmed the existence of an absolute, supreme Ideal, and flooding his mind with the faith that Italy would one day rise to it. Then with a look of farewell to her whom he cared for as a daughter, and to the other beloved friend, his eyes closed in sleep, as the friend believed—but it was in the sleep from which there is no awakening."

A few days after Mazzini passed away, Emilie wrote to the Kings:

Saturday (probably March 16th).

Dear Friends both,

I thank you both very much, very much, for your letters. I wish I had anything to tell—all has been so strange and horrible that I am quite stunned. First the telegram of the sudden illness arrived on Sunday, when owing to our vile hypocrisy there is no boat; then on Monday morning the telegram—dead. We knew that the Government got frightened of sending him to the inflammable city they have twice had to bombard (Genoa), and compelled them hurriedly to bury at once. Mrs. Nathan must, I think, be ill, and those who are with her too absorbed in their own sorrow to think of us. I have, however, yet a hope, that when at last he is laid, as he wished, by his mother, some of those he most loved may yet follow him to that grave. . . ."

Alas, Emilie's impression of what was happening at Pisa proved to be far from the truth. Nothing reveals more sharply the lines of character and conviction that divided Bertani from Mazzini than the former's conduct in regard to the dead at this juncture. All knew that it was the great Exile's wish that his body should be laid quietly beside that of his mother. All knew how he regarded the facts of death : that for him it meant but the quitting of a worn-out casket which, though to be treated with the respect due to any possession of the departed, should be ungrudgingly submitted to Nature and her laws ; but Bertani, who had learned something of the art of embalming, determined to abstract it from the action of those laws, and, aided by Gorini, he took the inanimate clay, subjected it to an unnatural process and turned it into a show. No one among the friends assembled raised a protest, or at least intervened with sufficient firmness to prevent this violation of their great Leader's gospel, this negation of the whole trend and significance of his ideas.

On Thursday, March 28th, James Stansfeld wrote from Halifax to Jessie Mario : "We all in England are not only pained but outraged by the Italian proceedings—the odious petrifaction—to be taken up again in six months to be retombed—the proposed obtrusion of other names ; but above all this it is now nearly three weeks and we have no news, no details whatever. First we had a telegram to say he was dangerously ill : in twenty-four hours another that he was dead ; then one that he would be buried at Genoa on Thursday, which arrived too late for any one to reach, and yet he was not interred there till the Sunday. Since then Caroline has had a line from Sarina sending her love, nothing more. The papers say he was conscious to the last, if so he must have left messages. For me, it is impossible to put an unfavourable construction on anything that Sarina does, but it is very painful and quite incomprehensible at present. I hate the melodramatic accounts of the funeral in the papers—the weeping ladies, etc. . . ."

It was indeed a repetition of the old, old story : flout, persecute, the living spirit ; honour the silent clay.

When will the still brutish hands of Humanity be so cleansed of ignorance as to stretch forth to lift from the suffering head of the Son of Man the crown of thorns with which they deck it when a resemblance of that Head is raised among us? Prometheus, Pythagoras, Socrates, Jesus, Paul—all the mediators of cardinal truths, who may be likened to Humanity's Head, have carried that piercing crown; and who can fail to see it on the brow of the unflinching Apostle not only of Italian Unity, but of that greater Unity which is alike the starting-point and the goal of Humanity's spiritual evolution?

The bases of Mazzini's gospel, its implications and its certainties, can best be studied in Emilie's collection, entitled *Foreshadowings of the Coming Faith*, and in his own incomparable Letters, *From the Pope to the Council* and *From the Council to God*. These, and his *Duties of Man*, which fill out the meaning of the tragic word *Esule* that he was doomed for so many years to bear, and which reveal the height that separated him from his earthly companions, form his true and lasting monument and epitaph.

INDEX

A LECTURE by lady A., 210
Aberdovey, 87, 89, 90
Academy, the, 189
Accursi, 183, 215
Acerbi, Giovanni, 225
Action, Party of, 105, 120, 142
Address book lost, 200
Address from working-men, 139
Adolph [Nathan ?], 241
Æschylus, 110
Affection "a star," 153
Africaine, the, 83
Agonia, the, seized, 237
Aitkin, Mary, 89
Alabama question, the, 301
Albergo d'Italia, the, 246, 247, 249, 252; tablet upon, 253
—— Costanzi, Rome, 254
Albert, the Archduke, 130, 133
Alessandria, fortress of, 91, 182, 197
——, address from working-men of, 139
Alps, danger in crossing, 268
Alsen, Danes retire to, 79
Amadeus, Prince, 56
Ambassador, Italian, 73
Ambassadors, Austrian and Prussian, 127
Amberley, Lady, 247, 249, 265, 266
Amberleys, the, 267, 269, 278
America, *rôle* of, 64
American, letter to an, 63
—— war, 44
Amnesty, 134, 220, 252, 253
Ancona, 191
Anglo-Italian Legion, 77
Antologia, 275
Antonelli, Cardinal, 17, 177
Arago, 179
Argylls, the, 74
Armenio, Robetto, 183
Armistice (1866), 137
Armitage, 296
Army, partly with Mazzini, 229
Arnold, Edwin, 196
Arrests, in Fruili and Trentino, 90
——, in Trentino and Venetia, 92
Ashurst, Bessie (Mrs. William), 10, 13, 24, 38, 55, 62, 95, 102, 108, 117, 120, 123, 135, 141, 144, 154, 156, 164, 167, 170, 178, 181, 185, 205, 218, 220, 224, 259, 260, 262, 277, 282, 289, 297, 299
——, ——, letter to, 60, 226, 255
——, Mrs., 88, 89
——, William, 10, 11, 55, 76, 89, 94, 95, 102, 103, 108, 111, 135, 141, 144, 154, 156, 160, 164, 167, 170, 174, 178, 191, 207, 236, 239, 255, 275, 280, 282, 289
——, ——, letter to, 23, 48
——, William Henry, 88, 111
Aspromonte, 33, 34, 99
Aspromonte, 54
Assembly (the French), 276, 280
Assing, Ludmilla, 120, 123, 125, 128
Association, principle of, 270, 272
Atlantic, the, 174
Aubrey House, 8, 85, 87, 120, 129, 131, 156, 199, 224
Austria, 56, 57, 250; infringes undertaking with Prussia, 122; "liberal principles" adopted, 26; position of, 26, 68, 79; Polish trouble affects, 26; Prussia, relations with, 25, 26; Venice, question of, 22, 29, 122, 136; Ultimatum to Berlin, 122
Authority, principle of, Foreword
Autobiography of Garibaldi, 182, 187
——, Supplement to, 5, 19
Autographs, 266
Avesta, the, 294

Bad temper, cure for, 86; Mazzini feeling, 93, 226
Baillie, Miss Harriet E., 54, 59
Bakounin, Michael, 179, 285, 287, 289
Balkan Emancipation Society, 138, 157, 158
—— Federation, 138
—— Peninsula, 146, 158
—— problems underrated, 65
Balzac, 295
Banca Svizzera, Geneva, 179
Bankruptcy Bill, 279
——, possibility of Italian, 228
Barbieri, 303
Barden Park, 98, 103
Barker, John Sales, 102
Bartolomeis, Guilia, 246, 253, 254, 256, 264
——, Major, 246
Basel, 132
Bases of Mazzini's religion, where found, 307
Basile, surgeon, 75
Bazaar, a, 48, 54, 59
Beachy Head, 89, 90
Beethoven, 198
Belcredi, Dr. Gaspare, 21, 34, 189, 192, 203, 206
Belgium, 101, 102, 176
Belgirate, 179
Bellazzi, 94
Bellini, Pietro, 77
Benedek, General, 133
Benedettini, Carlotta, 245
Bennett, 49
Bentinck, Lord William, 250
Benwell, 170
Bergamo, Garibaldi near, 31
Bernase, 212
Bernieri, 218
Bertani, Dr. Agostino, 18, 19, 51, 52, 80, 94, 165, 193, 204, 209, 219, 221, 223, 257, 295, 305; treatment of Mazzini's body, 306
Bettini, 184, 220
Bezzecca, victory at, 136
Bezzi, Ergisto, 90, 91, 130, 144, 169, 180, 181
——, junior, 180
——, Mrs., 180, 188, 201, 265
Biggs, Ada, 150, 156
——, Caroline, 156, 171, 220; letter to, 149
——, Elizabeth Ashurst, 150, 156, 158, 174, 218, 220
Biggs, Matilda, 40, 49, 50, 81, 84, 86, 98, 102, 103, 104, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 117, 127, 128, 129, 132, 135, 139, 140, 143, 144, 148, 169, 263; death of, 149; letters to, 41, 44, 45, 48, 62, 63, 82, 83
——, Maude, 41, 56, 150, 156; letter to, 46, 47
——, the, 210, 224, 262, 263, 273, 285, 296
——, the Misses, 149, 260
——, Mr. Joseph, 113, 150, 155, 156, 167, 169, 220
Bird, Dr., letter from, 199
Birmingham, visit to, 98
Birth of Modern Italy, The, 8, 35
Bismarck, 25, 26, 44, 68, 69, 79, 81, 108, 120, 121, 122, 125, 127, 136, 249; attempt on life of, 124; diplomatic moderation of, 137; far-sighted plans of, 137; communication from Mazzini, 194; aim of, 243; Rome, puts no hindrance regarding, 251
Bixio, Nino, 80
Black (Publisher), 260
"Blackey," 140
Blackheath, 195, 161
Blakiston, Dr., 195, 197
——, Mrs., 197
Blakistons, the, 228
Blanc, Louis, 75, 280
Blind, Ferdinand, 124, 126
——, Karl, 12, 34, 144, 159, 166, 215, 296, 298, 301; communication to President Lincoln, 60
——, Mathilde, 120, 171
——, Mrs., 124, 126
Bohemia, 133
Bologna, 191; tumults at, 197
Bolton King, Mr., 100, 151
Bonaparte, Prince Jerome, 31
Book on religion, 53, 273
——, "the best is a man," 53
Bosnia, 67
Botias, the, 93
Bouvet, Julia, 211
Bowring, Dr., 218
Brahmanism, 293
"Braun, George Roselli," 286, 299
Braysher, Miss, 59
Brescia, 33, 130
Brewery, the Swan, 77, 78, 230
Brigandage, 2, 3, 27, 28
Bright, John, 9, 82, 279
British Commonwealth of Nations, 250

Brown, of "Rab," 223
Browning, 295
Bruce, 285, 286
Brunswick House, St. Leonards, 197, 198
Brusco Onnis, Vincenzo, 108, 110, 114, 207, 213
Bucharest, 80
Bucher, 12, 141
Büchner, 179
Budd, 164, 170
Buddhism, 293
Buffalini, 167, 172
Bulewski, 132 (?)
——, Madame, 123, 175, 290
——, daughters of, 290
Bulgaria, 56
"Bulgarian atrocities," 158, 279
Bundi, Inspector Pietro, 245
Burton, Mr., 109
Byron, 143, 154, 172, 189, 214, 248, 249, 252, 253, 275, 280; Mad. Guiccioli's book on, 172, 178, 184
"Byron," Elze's, 263, 296, 301
Byron, Lady, 207, 214, 242; *Lady Byron Vindicated*, 214
——, *The True History of Lord Byron's Life*, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, 228, 230, 242
Byron, Tauchnitz's, 207

C . . ., 233
Cabal (Consorteria), 98
Cadore, the, 91
Cairoli, Benedetto, 85
——, Enrico, death of, 225
——, Giovanni, death of, 225
Cairolis, the, 179
Calabria, rising in, 231, 236
Caldesi, 197
Calumny in Moderate press, 49
Cambridge, Emilie at, 125
Campanella, Federico, 29, 30, 52, 58, 305
Canadian question, 83
Cancer, Dr. De Bruc's cure for, 278
Capital, change of, 76, 99–103
Capital punishment, 55
Caprera, 50, 76, 80, 104, 156, 191; Garibaldi a prisoner to, 182; escape from, 187
Carbonell, Mrs., 188
Carcassi, 256
Carignano, Prince of, 3
Carlist wars, 206
Carlotta . . ., 255
Carlyle, brother of T., 148
——, Dr., 284
——, Mrs., 8, 88; death of, 8, 126
——, Thomas, 8, 88, 123, 125, 126, 158, 175, 178, 184, 205, 223, 232, 237, 274, 280, 287, 301
Carlyles, the, 88, 104
Case, Mr., 34, 289, 297; death of, 299
Cassell overpowered, 127
Castello Angione, 246
Castiglioni, 244
Catchwords, 203
Catechismo popolare, 251
Catholic sympathy for Poland, 44
—— sentiment and the Pope, 99
Cattabene (?), 36, 55
Cattaneo, Carlo, 35, 167, 220, 221, 222, 240; death of, 221
Cavour, Camillo, 1, 3, 5, 6, 19, 24; Free Church scheme, 17; assassination plot, 51; death of, 18
Cedar Row, 75
Celesia, Carolina, 183–186, 201, 209, 217
——, Signor, 217
Ceneri, 197
Censure, vote of, 84
Central Council, Supreme Austrian, 26
Central Direction for Working-men's Societies, 285
Chair, a little, 227
Chambers, Mrs., 138
Chamois-hunter, a, 262
Channing, 295
Chapel of the Crucifix, 253
Chapin, Mrs., Tunbridge Wells, 113, 114
Chapman, Mr., 166
"Charles, Madame," 109
Chesney, Mr., 166
Chigwell, 145, 146, 149, 160, 173, 196, 198, 227, 265, 266
Cholera, 277
Christian, Dr., 86, 87, 93, 96, 113, 291
——, Julia, 211, 291
Christianity, the revelation in, Foreword
Cialdini, General, 4, 28, 130, 134, 187, 190
Cicero, reputed tomb of, 253
Ciel et Terre, 263
Cimino, 134

Cironi, Riccardo, 246
City of London, Address to Garibaldi, 74
Civita Vecchia, 191
"Clan," the, 269, 276
Cluseret, 213
Cobbe, Miss, 110, 230
Cochrane, Mr., 21
Colet, Mademoiselle, 159
Cometta, Agostino, 267
Commandant, the, of Gaeta, 248, 249, 252, 253
Committee of Action in Rome, 177
——, Central, in Genoa, 22
——, English, 21
——, the Milan, 180
——, the National, in Rome, 177, 179
——, the National Polish, 44
——, the Rome and Venice, 21
—— of Ways and Means, 87, 91
Committees, Emancipation, 23, 29
——, Venetian, 107
Commune, the, 264, 276, 280, 286, 287, 288
——, articles on, 279, 282
——, *Journal Officiel of*, 264
Comte, Auguste, 237
Con., the, 181
Concordia, 20
Condorcet, 239
Confederation, German, the, 25
Conference of democrats, 29
—— on Danish matters, 79
Congress, appeal for, 123
——, Peace at Geneva, 178, 179
Consorteria (Cabal), the, 98
Constitutional Government in South, 3
Contagious Diseases Acts, 232, 233, 236, 261, 303
Contemporary Review, 257, 279, 280, 282, 300
Convention (of Sept. 1864), 76, 98, 99, 100, 104, 106, 107, 143, 150, 151, 165, 176
—— (of August 1865), 121
Cooke, George, 188, 217, 223, 241
Cordingly, Mr., 111, 112, 230
——, Mrs., 181
Cordingleys, the, 111
Cordova, 3
Cornhill, the, 84
Costituente e Patto Nazionale, 297
Council, the Œcumenical (1870), 230, 244
Couza, Prince, 62, 80, 122
Cowen, Jenny, 164
——, Joseph, 75, 103, 131, 164, 167, 169, 205, 236, 242, 264, 295
——, Mrs., 159, 164, 171
Cowley, Lord, 16
Cowperthwaite, Mrs., 215
Cox, Mr., 73
"Cracked" girl, 220
—— woman (?), 179, 220
Craufurd, Miss Kate, 144, 161
——, Mr., 126, 135, 161
Craufurds, the, 48, 110
Credo, of Mazzini, 161–4
Crete, 157
Crispi, Francesco, 30, 51, 52, 72, 106, 107, 165, 176
Cristini, 109, 155, 156, 170, 173, 180
Crossley, F., 39
Cuneo, 204
Cushman, Miss, 134, 135, 141, 143, 144, 147, 148, 160, 178, 217, 223, 236, 240, 278, 281, 282
Custozza, 130, 133, 151

Da Bono, 218, 223, 227
——, the, 220, 226
Dagnino, Felice, 255, 305
Daily News, 90, 91, 119, 134, 208, 209, 229, 260, 279, 285
Daily Telegraph, 208, 209
"Dales, the," Edgbaston, 97
Dalmatia. 30, 31, 124
Dalmatian scheme, 124
Daniel, 142
Danish question, 62, 82
Danish Duchies, 69, 79, 81, 108, 127
Dassi, Signor, 138, 139, 227
Davis, Mr., 85, 102, 139, 220
——, Mr. Charles, letter from, 77
Deák, 33, 136
Deal, 84, 85, 86
De Bruc, Dr., 278
Declaration, a, seized, 102, 103
Democrats, two sections of, 29
De Mussy, Guérrant, Dr., 103, 105, 110, 112
Denmark, 41, 69, 84, 108
—— and peace, 79
Derby, Lord, 124
Derbys, the, 74
Desenz, 110
Despotic principle, the, 82
Deutsch, the art of, 218
Dicey, Albert Venn, 241

Dieu dans la Nature, Flammarion, 224
Dillon, Frank, 278
——, Josephine, 278
Dina, Signor, 51
Diritto, the, 80, 97
Disraeli, 25, 84
Dissatisfaction in Italy, 142
Ditio, 192, 193
Dixon, G., 97, 205
Dixon, Mrs. (*née* Stansfeld), 34, 55, 260
Dixton Manor, 237
Dolfi, Giuseppe, 225
Dolgelly, 89, 90, 181, 185
Dono, the, 109, 114
Dora, 109, 160, 166
Dovere, the, of Genoa, 49, 50, 58, 102, 103, 104, 124, 139, 145, 231
Doveri dell'Uomo, 59
Duchies, the Danish, 79, 81, 127
Dufferins, the, 74
Dull Day, A, 281
Düppel, fall of, 79
Duty, 58, 204, 235
——, Italy's, 50

EASTBOURNE, 85, 87, 89, 97, 98, 110
Eau de Vichy, 154
Eau sédative, 145
Edinburgh Review, 284
"Edward Lovell," 88
Egotistical indifference in Europe, 58
Eider, the, crossed, 79
"Eight grouses," 87
"Eight to ten," the, 84, 85, 86
Elections, Italian, 4, 156, 257
Elze, *Life of Byron*, 296, 301
Emancipation Committees, 23, 29
—— Societies, 52
—— Society, Venice and Rome, 48
Emerson, *English Traits*, 229
Emilie (Ashurst Venturi), 9, 11, 19, 32, 59, 61, 110, 111, 115, 140, 141, 154, 206, 220, 224, 225, 245, 252, 257, 259, 265, 278, 288, 289, 297, 299; arrested, 115; charm of, 115, 116; room searched, 116; vision of Venturi, 117; visits to Carlyle, 126; description of, 146; misunderstandings with Mazzini, 152, 153, 155; letters to Mrs. King, 177, 179, 193, 247, 248, 250, 265, 299; "Dictator" concerning Mazzini's writings, 222; journey to Gaeta, 247, 248; sees Mazzini in Gaeta, 248, 249; travels with him to Rome, 253, 254; visits Mazzini in Genoa, 254, 256; at l'Albergo d'Italia, 249, 252; at Aubrey House, 129–131; at Blaydon-on-Tyne, 160–174; at Brunswick House, St. Leonards, 197, 198; at Caroline Place, Hastings, 19; at The Cottage, Fulbourne, 110–128; at Glasgow, 141, 159; at The Grove, Tunbridge Wells, 114; at Lavender Sweep, Wandsworth, 14, 15, 81; at Lugano, 61, 206, 212; at the Manor House, Chigwell, 145–149; at Marine Parade, Brighton, 195, 196; at Milborne Grove, West Brompton, 153, 154, 155, 199; at Newcastle, 154, 159; at Norfolk Crescent, W., 12, 13, 14, 16, 20, 23; at Turret Cottage, Seaside Road, Eastbourne, 86–105
Empress of the French, 99, 243
Enfields offered to Mazzini, 45
England, 58; attitude in siege of Gaeta, 2; in Polish question, 57; in question of Danish Duchies, 69; in question of Danubian Principalities, 122; in question of Rome, 251; recognition of Italy, 13; guilty of desertion, 82; policy of non-intervention, 270
English Cabinet falls, 124
—— travellers, 132
—— Monarchy unique, 271
Equality, 233, 234
"Erba Luisa," 86
"Ernesti," 2 Onslow Terrace, S.W., 16, 199
——, Saxon Hotel, St. Leonards, 112
——, letter from Dr. Bird to, 199
"Escroc," an, 131
Eternal Progress, 214
Ettore Fieramosca, the, 245, 246
Europe: its Conditions and Prospects, 222
Europe, struggle in, 53; condition of 270
Evening Star, the, 119
Exhibition (1862), 25
"Exuberance of life," 275

F., DR., 235
Fabrizi, 128

Fagan, Louis, *Life of Sir Anthony Panizzi*, 52
Fanti, General, 18
Farini, 3
Fassio, Colonel, 245, 246, 247, 254
——, ——, *Mazzini a Gaeta*, 245
Favilla, the, of Mantova, 285
Fechner, 295
Federal Diet, German, 123
Federalism for Italy, 120, 222
Federation for France, 264
Fergusson, Mr., 94
Ferrara, 98, 102
Feudality and Monarchy, 272
Fichte, 295
Fidelio, 198
Fields, the, 134
Filopanti, Madame, 128, 196
"Fiore," Mr., 70, 72
"Flag, there is no," 186
Flammarion, 224, 295
Flemish Relics, 224
Flies, 215, 285
Florence, 76, 78, 102, 134, 142, 187, 242, 278; tumults at, 184
Florio, the, 245
Flower Show, 119, 120
Flüntnau, 215
Foi et Avenir, 274
Fontanella, 105
Foreign question and England, 54
Foreshadowings of the Coming Faith, Foreword, 268, 275
Forgery, 50, 51, 52, 62, 70
Formia, 253
Forster, Mr., 70
——, John, 88, 212
Fortnightly Review, the, 84, 156, 215, 239, 263, 278, 280
Foscolo, Ugo, 75, 76, 278
Fourier, 295
Fra Diavolo, 164
France and Sardinia, 22, 27, 120; attitude on Roman question, 27, 99; Mexican imbroglio, 59, 176; and Poland, 69; desire for Luxemburg or Belgium, 176; Republican Cause in, 275, 280; Bismarck's demand, 249; corruption in, 252
France, Mrs., 50, 55, 109, 136, 143, 144, 156, 159, 174, 176, 178, 184, 185, 188, 192, 195, 200, 202, 205, 210, 224, 227, 230, 235, 259, 260
Franchise Bill, a, 83, 124
Francis Joseph, 26, 122
Francis II. of Naples, 2
Franco-Vatican influence, 131
Frankenstein, 289
Fraser's Magazine, 281
Free Church proposals, 99
Freedom must be merited, 204
Fregesy, General, 80
French agitation, 213
—— archives, 76
—— and Rome, 190, 191
—— Revolution, articles on, 282
Friuli, "the latest Fact of," 90, 91, 105
From the Council to God, Foreword, 230, 237, 238, 244, 274
From the Pope to the Council, Foreword
Fucini, Sonnet by, 278, 279
Fulbourne, 110–128
Fulham, 6

GAETA, siege of, 2; fortress of, 245, 246; Commandant of, 248, 249, 252, 253
Galeer, Miss, 110, 205
Galicia, 56, 57, 62, 63
Galician scheme, 78
Gallenga, Antonio, 23, 71
Galliani, letters upon, seized, 236
Gambetta, 251
Garibaldi, 1–4, 15, 18, 19–24, 29–40, 45, 50–53, 59, 62, 72–76, 78, 80, 87, 94, 122, 124–6, 128, 130, 131, 134, 136, 137, 139, 141, 142, 156, 157, 165, 169, 171, 173, 176–188, 190–2, 197, 198, 208, 215, 219, 227, 231, 232, 236, 268, 291, 292, 303
——, *Autobiography*, 182, 187
——, ——, Supplement to, 5, 19
—— *Memoirs*, 124
Garibaldi at Varignano, 54
Garibaldi, Menotti, 59, 76, 78, 80, 137, 198, 219
—— Ricciotti, 190, 197, 198
Garrison, W. L., 184, 301
Gazetta di Milano, 228
Gazzettino Rosa, 285
Geneva Peace Congress, 178, 179
Genoa, 80, 102, 244, 254, 255, 283, 288, 305
George Sand, 92, 298; Mazzini's estimate of, 189
German Confederation, 25
—— lady, 198, 202; the "cracked," 161, 179, 220

German Powers, Confederated, 68
—— States, the lesser, and Austria, 127
Germany, 204, 271; brute force in, 82; democratic movement in, 6, 7; unification of, 81
Giannelli, 120, 125
Gicard, 215
Gillman, Mr., 94, 260
——, Mrs., 143, 211, 227
Gillmans, the, 123
Gioia, Lorenzo, 246, 253
Giusti, 278
Gladstone, W. E., 66, 71, 124, 158, 261, 279
Gladstones, the, 74
Glasgow, 155, 160
Glaus Billiter, Frau Doctor, 241
Gnerri, Madame Maria, 36, 59, 189, 200, 209, 211, 213, 219, 257, 262, 267, 268, 277, 280, 291, 296
Goethe, 281, 299
Golette, the, 208
Gorini, Professor, 306
Gra : O., poems of, 192
Grant Duff, 83
Greco plot, 70, 71, 72, 76
Greece, 56
Green, T. H., 241
Grey, Lord, 41
——, Lady, 138, 227
——, Mr., 139
Grillenzoni, Giuseppe, 34
Groome, Mrs., 278
Growkowiska, battle of, 45, 46
Guiccioli, Madame, book on Byron, 172, 178, 184
Guildhall, pro-Polish meeting in, 43
Guitar, 37

H., Miss, 55
H., Mrs., 260
"Half-child, half-martyr" (Garibaldi), 39
Halifax, 39, 57, 73, 152, 306
Hampton, 199
Hanover, overpowered, 127
Hansa Frères Hotel, Schweizerhof, Lucerne, 132
Harriet . . ., 98
Harring, Harro, 192, 202, 205, 230, 235; suicide of, 142
Harris, John, "the incomparable," 52
Harrison, article by, 238
Hartington, Lord, 52
Hastings, 50; Mazzini at, 39, 40, 112
Heligoland, 68, 142
Hennesey, Mr. Pope, 42, 70
Herder, 295
Herzen, Alexander, 41, 48, 73; letter from, 119
Herzens, the, 103
Highgate, grave at, 118
Holt, Mrs., 269
Holyoake, George Jacob, 91, 103, 172, 213
——, Mrs., 172
Howards, the, 269, 278
Huddersfield, 73
Hugo, Victor, 233, 280
Humanity, oneness of, Foreword, 233
——, a Collective Being, Foreword, 163
Hungary, 6, 26, 27, 53, 56, 57, 62, 136
Hungarian movement, 63
Hungarians and Victor Emmanuel, 28
Hutchinsons, the, 39
Hyde Park, meeting in, 170, 171

"Il povero vecchio," 97
Immortality, 109, 118, 300, 301
Imperial France, represents the despotic principle, 82
"Impiety," the, 207
Inertness, wrong, 143
Innsbruck, 91
International, the, 285–9
Internationalists, the, 264, 291, 292
Intrigues, Papal and Bourbonist, 2
Invisible ink, 68
Iovanovitch, Professor Vladimir, 65, 66, 67, 68
——, Professor Slobodan, 66; letter from, 67
Ireland and Sicily, 250, 251
Iridion, 218
Irish Church Bill, 197
Isabella of Spain, 206
Ischia, Garibaldi at, 80
Iseo, Lake, 31
Isle of Wight, 73, 113
Istria, 134; Meyerbeer born in, 168
Italian elections, 4, 156, 257
Italian Question and the Republicans, 16
Italy, recognized as a Nation, 13; not represented, 20; duty of, 50; betraying her duty, 82; commercial

treaty with Germany, 122; mobilizing, 122; declares war, 127; foregoes initiative, 128; signs peace with Austria, 148; position of, 150; a Form without Soul, 151; monarchy in, 187; preparations for movement organized throughout, 219; decision about Rome, 251; worships force, 275; "seeking for a soul," 289; living cheap in, 290
Italy and the Republic, 263, 270

J., Mrs., 173
Jackson and Graham, 174
Jersey, 142
Jesuitess, the, 155
Jesuits and Sicily, 251
Jesus "unique and supreme," 216
Joe . . ., 233
Joseph Mazzini, a Memoir, 201
—— ——, *a Religious Teacher*, 274
Journal Officiel de la Commune, 264
Juarez, Mexican President, 59
Jupiter, 135

Karovitch, P., Mr., 66, 67
Keil, 68
King, Mr., 88, 89, 90, 92, 146, 149, 173, 174, 294
——, Mrs. (*née* Baillie Hamilton), 54, 62, 65, 120, 145, 146, 149, 161, 165, 167, 172, 173, 177–9, 186, 193, 197–9, 203, 213, 217, 227, 228, 242, 245, 247–50, 254, 265, 267, 283, 291, 292; letters from Emilie to, 177, 179, 193, 247–50, 254, 265, 266, 283; letters from Mazzini to, 54, 62, 65, 120, 165, 186, 213, 292
——, Violet, 173
Kings, the, letters from Emilie to, 305
King, Bolton, 100
Kinglake, Mr., 22
Kinnear, John Boyd, 229, 279; letters from, 137–8, 157–8
Klapka, General, 62
Kolokol, the (*Alarm Bell*), 41
Kossuth, 56, 125
Krasinsky, 218

Lacordaire, 166
Lady Byron Vindicated, 214
La Farina, 3
Lafayette, 203
Lago di Garda, 108
La Grange, Lugano, 267
La Guini, 180
Lama, 144, 180, 285
La Marmora, General, 35, 106, 108, 122, 123, 124, 125, 128, 130
Lamennais, 159, 166
Landor, W. S., 274
Langiewicz, 45, 110, 123
Lanza, 107, 251
Lauder, Miss Dick, 299
Lauernburg, 121
L'Autre, 230
Lavanga, Giovanni, 253, 254
La Via (Swinburne), 196
Layard, 82, 120
Leader, the, 91, 96, 103
Le Block, 178, 180, 181, 184, 185
Ledru Rollin, 15, 61, 65, 75, 96, 123
Légation Royale de Serbie, 66, 67
Leghorn, 244, 254
—— Society, 9
Liebnitz, 295
Lemmi, Adriano, 80, 91, 304, 305
Lemoine, 213
Leroux, 179, 295
Lessing, 295
Letter-opening, 232
Letter to the Œcumenical Council, 8
—— *to Pius IX.*, 273, 284
Letters and Recollections of Mazzini, 186
Lévy, Armand, 46
Lewis, G. H., 127
Liberation Society, 29
Libertini, 3, 59, 72
——, wife of, 59
Libri, 186, 200, 203
Life and action, 292, 293
Life and Labours of Mazzini (Blind), 34
Life of Bertani, 204
Life of Byron, 296, 301
Life of Mazzini, 211
Life of Sir Anthony Panizzi, 52
Life of James Stansfeld, 70
Lincoln, President, 60
Linton, W. J., 61
Lissa, 136
Little dog, a, 140
Llandudno, 181, 289
Lombardy, 104
Lonato, 130

Louis Napoleon, 5, 6, 15–19, 21, 24, 25, 27, 28, 44, 51, 57–60, 62, 63, 69, 72, 73, 76, 79, 81, 82, 99, 108, 120, 122, 123, 133, 148, 165, 176, 179, 183, 190, 191, 242 ; Mexican venture, 44, 57–60, 176 ; old hiding place of, 78
Love, 292
Lugano, 34, 39, 67, 87, 104, 132, 193, 201, 206, 212, 252, 256, 277, 304 ; Mazzini expelled from, 209 ; back at, 237
—— lake, storm on, 59, 178
——, weather in, 34, 52, 132, 134, 141, 184, 185, 186, 189, 200, 202, 208, 257, 260–2
Lushington, Dr., 214
Luther, 7
Luxemburg, 176

MacAdam, 138, 155, 181, 184, 189, 190, 192, 197, 241, 242, 264, 267
MacMillans, 110, 214
"Mad German," 161
"Madame Charles," 109
Malleson, the Rev. W., 154, 190, 237, 285, 291
—— Mrs. Frank, 237
Mallesons, the, 191, 280, 286
Malmesbury, Lord, 74
Malta, 76
Malwida, 141
Mancini, 92
Manfred, 207
Mangini, 169
Manning, Cardinal, Archb. of Westminster, 244
Manor House, Chigwell, 146
Marches, the, 1, 120
Marcora, 206, 211, 212
Marine Parade, Brighton, 195, 196
Mario, Alberto, 23, 32, 36, 49, 51, 58, 77, 79, 84, 102, 179, 220, 221, 240
——, Jessie White, 5, 8, 23, 34, 35, 51, 54, 58, 59, 70, 72, 77, 79, 80, 91, 119, 179, 180, 193, 204, 221, 228, 240, 245, 255, 256, 305 ; letters to, 39, 40, 209
Martha, 296
Marx, 286
Masson, 92
Materialism, analysis of, 221 ; increase of, 281 ; Mazzini's campaign against, 284, 287
Matilda, G., 210
Maurice, 166, 171, 291
Maximilian, Archduke, 60 ; shot, 176
Mayer, and wife, 302, 303
Mazinis, the, 93
Mazzini in London, 4–34, 41–48, 65–131, 149–174, 194–9, 265–7 ; at Lugano, 35–39, 49–64, 134–148, 178–193, 200–223, 235–241, 257–264, 268–299 ; visits Hastings, 40 ; visits Halifax, 152 ; at Lucerne, 132 ; at Zurich, 175, 177, 208 ; at Genoa, 224–234, 242–4, 256 ; at Leghorn, 254 ; at Pisa, 300–3 ; as a religious thinker, Foreword ; grief for Garibaldi, 36 ; efforts for Poland, 40–50, 53 ; his handwriting imitated, 51 ; sense of loneliness, 53, 141, 197 ; his aim in 1863, 61 ; relations with Victor Emmanuel, 61, 69, 72, 80 ; letter to an American friend, 63 ; a Serbian estimate of, 67 ; the Greco plot against, 70, 71, 72, 76 ; visits Garibaldi in Isle of Wight, 73 ; sees Garibaldi at Cedar Row, 75 ; feeling about Wolff, 77 ; hope of the Galician scheme, 78 ; efforts for Venice, *see* Venice ; opinion on Women's Suffrage, 83, 210 ; hostile attitude to Italian Government, 98, 135 ; understanding of September Convention, see Convention ; feeling about flowers and birds, 120 ; campaign scheme same as Moltke's, 125 ; in close hiding, 135, 141, 210, 219, 220, 225, 232 ; address from working men to, 139 ; sense of discouragement, 53, 103, 141, 167, 183, 239 ; work for Universal Republican Alliance, 144–8 ; interest in the Slavs, 53, 145 ; invited to Chigwell, 146, 149 ; a nightmare, 146 ; elected by Messina, 150 ; efforts for Rome, see Rome ; misunderstandings, 152, 153, 155 ; a man undertakes to poison, 156 ; sense of a mission, 157 ; interest in the Balkans, 157, 158 ; his *Credo*, 161–4 ; in special danger, 177, 179, 187, 217, 238, 268 ; letter to the Peace Congress, 184 ; writings, English edition, 188, 189 ; feeling about Bismarck, 194 ; loses address book,

200; book on French Revolution, 207; expelled from the Ticino, 208; sleep-walking, 211; creed of Duty, 213, 214; personal happiness, 220; ideas on materialism, 221; difference with Cattaneo, 222; fears premature outbreak, 226, 227, 231; writings seized, 237; travels without disguise, 245; reception at Gaeta, 246; life in Gaeta, 246–50; disappointment in the Italians, 250; opinion about Sicily and separation, 250, 251; release from Gaeta, 252; visits Castle officials; leaves *l'Albergo d'Italia*, 253; stays outside Rome, 254; visits his mother's grave, 254; closely watched, 255; Peter Taylor has contemplated an escape from Gaeta, 256; visits sister, 256; recognized on Lake Lucerne, 268; *Foreshadowings of the Coming Faith*, 274, 275; article on the Commune, 279; religion of Spiritual Evolution, 294; treatment by his sister, 299, 303; arrives at Pisa, 304; management of slender means, 304; last letter to Emilie, 303; last moments, 305; his ideas about death, 307; where to find the bases of his gospel, 307; serious illness, 23, 62, 114, 192–5, 206, 222, 257, 295, 300–5
Medici, General Giacomo, 134, 137, 232, 245; severities to the Sicilians, 250; character of, 251
Memory of Thomas Carlyle, A, 126
Menabrea, 165, 190
Mendicants, 3
Mengarivi, 173
Mentana, 191, 201
Meredith, G., description of Mazzini, 68
Merington, Mrs., 109, 112, 113, 156
Meringtons, the, 155
Messina, 245; elects Mazzini, 150, 228
Metz, 244
Mexico, 58–60, 176
Meyerbeer, 84; Mazzini's appreciation of, 168; where born, 168; autographs of, 205
Miceli, 30
Mickiewicz, Ladislas, 46, 185; letters from, 46, 47, 48
——, Adam, 46, 185, 230
Milan, 104, 229; Committee, the, 180; tumults at, 184; Mazzini to stay one day in, 256
Milanese, a, nurses Mazzini, 206
Mill, John Stuart, 49, 160, 197, 230, 279; *The Subjection of Women*, 212
Milner-Gibson, Mr., letter to, 65
—— ——, Mrs., 66
Milner-Gibson-Cullum, son of the above, 65; letter to, 66
Minati, Professor, 305
Minghetti, 22, 106
Miragoli, 180
Missori (?), 200
Misunderstandings, 94, 95
Modena, Giulia, 34, 38, 193, 204
Moderate Press, calumnies in, 49, 198
Moderates, the, 18, 29, 190
Moir, 89
Mola di Gaeta, 248
Moldavia, 62, 80
Moltke, 125, 133
Monarchy, mission of, 272
——, English, unique, 271
——, Italian, and the Republicans, 20; and the Roman question, 186
Montagna Spaccata, 253
Monte Rondo taken, 191
—— Suello won, 130
Montecchi, 167, 169
Montenegro, 30
Montezemolo, 3
Moore, Dr. Henry, 295
——, Thomas, 263
Moral oneness, a law of, 58
—— unity lacking, 151
Mordini, 30, 106
Morice, 239
Morley, John, 9, 186, 235, 236, 237, 258, 260, 263, 266, 269, 273, 275, 279, 280; veering to Women's Suffrage, 239
Morning Advertiser, 191
—— *Chronicle*, 19
—— *Star*, 9, 279
Morris, John, 111
——, Mrs. John, 111
Morte d'una Istituzione, 264
Morton, Mr., 39
Mosto, Antonio, 34, 78
Mozzoni, Maria, 240
Muller, Diamilla, 49, 55, 72
Munro, Alexander, 14, 203, 206, 240
——, Mrs., 203, 205
Myddleton Square, 85

NAPLES, 1, 22, 35, 100, 120; Mazzini arrives in, 244; Mazzini leaves in the *Florio*, 245; Emilie secretly passes a night in, 247, 248
Narratone, 244
Nathalie, 103
Nathan, Adah, 257, 258
——, Adolphus, 132, 156, 192, 193 276, 286
——, Annina, 256
——, Benjamino, 257, 258
——, David, 12, 105, 131, 138, 142, 190, 273, 281, 283, 286, 296, 301; imprisoned, 145, 148
——, Emilia, 148
——, Enrichetta, marriage of, 139
——, Enrico, 87, 98, 105, 129, 142, 143
——, Ernesto, 142, 148, 175, 256, 289; marriage, 167
——, Harriet, 142, 166
——, Janet, 142, 166, 171, 172, 200, 202, 238, 304
——, Joseph, 129, 142, 194, 210, 211, 212, 213, 217, 219, 223, 237, 238, 239, 240, 242, 258, 265, 273, 277, 303, 304; in captivity, 210, 211, 219; interpellation in House of Commons concerning, 241
——, Sarina, 12, 49, 52, 55, 85, 87, 115, 134, 139, 142, 143, 148, 156, 159, 166, 171, 175, 183, 189, 200, 202, 205, 206, 213, 216, 223, 237, 238, 241, 256, 257, 258, 261, 280, 288, 300, 306; house searched, 210
——, Walter, 208, 209, 267
Nathans, the, 109, 195, 206, 254
Nation, two stages in life of, 63
National Committee, 179
—— Polish Government, 63
Nationality, 82
Needle-gun, the, 123
Niccours, 56
Nichol, Mrs., 126
——, Professor John, 241
Nichols, the, 217
Nicotera, Giovanni, 4, 22, 52, 55, 72, 230, 231
Nielsen, Madame Christine, 220
Nietzsche, Friedrich, 68
Nightingale, 120
Nightmare, a, 146
Nine Elms station, 74
Non-intervention, 4, 42
Notting Hill Square, 260, 296
Nuova Antologia, 240

Observer, the, 54, 103, 191
Odger, George, 205, 296
Ogareff, Madame, 103, 141
Ogle, death of Mr., 181
——, Miss Lucy, 295, 297
Old Jewry, the, 48
—— Mortality Society, the, 241
Olivieri, 92
"One God, one Law," 7
Oneness of Humanity, 58
Onnis. *See* Brusco
Onslow Terrace, 2 (18, Fulham Road), 16, 62, 145, 195, 266
Opinione, the, 51
Orlandos, the, 94
Orsini, 52
Oswald, E., 144, 298
Oswalds, the, 227
Otto, King, 56
Otway, Mr., 242
Owl's Nest in the City, The, 88, 91

PAGET, Mr., 94, 109
Paia, 142
Painting, a, for Glasgow, 155
Palermo, 33, 245
Pall Mall Gazette, 279
Pallavicini, Colonel, 33
Palmer, Roundell (Lord Selborne), 279
Palmerston, Lord, 41, 52, 70, 242
Palmerstons, the, 74
Panizzi, Sir A., Life of, 52
Papacy, Foreword, 58, 272
Papal dominions, 27
—— infallibility, 243, 244
Parico, Alessandro, 215
Paris, alarm in, 122
Parliament and Poland, 42
Parnell, Mr., 51
Parole ai Giovani, 188
—— *militanti*, 180
Party of Action, 72, 105, 120, 179, 219, 277
Passo Corese, 188
Paternoster Review, 126
Patto Nazionale, 258
Pausey, Mr., 119
Peace Congress, Geneva, 178, 179
Peasants' War, 6, 7, 9
Pensieri ai Preti, 273, 274

Pensiero e Azione, 231
—— *o Spirito*, 232
"Permanent," the, 107
Persano, Admiral, 124, 136
Petition to Garibaldi, 22
—— to recall Mazzini, 23
Petroni, G., 38, 255, 256, 276; letter from, 139
Phillipson, Mrs., 192
Philosophy of Music, The, 169
Piacenza, 231
Picella, 148
Piedmont, rumoured cession of, 100; acquisition of Sicily, 250
Pierce Hall, Halifax, 73
Pietri, Monsieur, 21
Pigott, 51
Pisa, 254, 290, 297, 299-304
Pisacane, 264
Pistols, Mazzini's, 78
Pistrucci, the, 200, 219, 220
Plan of campaign, Mazzini's, 125
Plebe, the, of Lodi, 285
Plebiscite, in Naples, in Umbria, in the Marches, 1; Roman, 249
Poe, 295
Poland, 41–50, 53, 56–59, 63, 79, 234
Pole, letter to a, 56
Polish Agricultural Society, 26
—— Committee in London, 78
—— National Committee, 44
—— question rising, 26; dominant, 68
Pope, the, 27, 120, 183, 251
—— Hennesey, Mr., 42, 70
Popolo d'Italia, 97, 103, 145, 197
Porta Mare, Gaeta, 246
—— Pia, Rome, 251
Potter, Miss, 278, 281
——, Mr., 87
"Power is duty," 292
Prayer for the Planters, 282
Presente, the, of Parma, 223
Prim, General, 205, 206
Prince of Carignano, 3
—— of Wales visits Garibaldi, 76
Profumo, Giacomo, 245
Progress, 221, 270
Prometheus, 112, 164, 167
Protest, a, 4
Protestantism, criticised, Foreword
Protocol to Convention of Sept., 1864, 100, 106
Prussia, 26, 29, 68, 120, 165, 250; Customs Union and commercial treaty with France, 26; menace to Poland, 42, 43; aims at Danish Duchies, 79, 108; policy of conquest, 121, 122; appears isolated, 123; withdraws from German Confederation, 127; war of 1866, 127; working for unity, 164
Prussian Crown Prince in Florence, 242
Puebla, 58, 60
Punch, 101, 104, 164

QUADRILATERAL, the, 124, 125, 130
Quadrio, Maurizio, 35, 36, 55, 59, 134, 135, 142, 167, 193, 200, 202, 207, 210, 213, 226, 227, 231, 232, 239, 240, 257, 258, 277, 298, 300, 304, 305; his *Catechismo Popolare*, 251
Quarterly, the, 189
Questione Morale, 127
Quinet, 179, 205, 212, 280

RACHELE, 241
Rattazzi, 5, 19, 28, 29, 31, 40, 41, 98, 165, 176, 179, 182, 183, 187, 188
Recall of the Exile, petition for, 23
Receipt of Universal Republican Alliance, 146, 147
Red Shirt in Calabria, the, 84
Reflections and Reminiscences, Bismarck, 121
Reform League, 170, 171
Reformation, the, 7
Regret, 178
Reincarnation, 293; necessitated by Immortality, 294
Religion, 6, 164; fragment on, 215, 216
Religious Side of the Italian Question, the, Foreword, 160
Republic, religious basis for, 270
——, the French, 280
Republican delegates at Lugano, 201
—— effort in England, 282
—— feeling in Italy, 190; spread of, 230, 231; outbreaks of, 244
—— Party, 263; increase in, 142
—— support of monarchy, 20
Resignation, 292
Réveil, the, 203
Revolver, Venturi's, 216
Revue, 227, 230
—— *Contemporaine*, 22

Revue des Deux Mondes, 92
Reynolds's, 296
Rhine provinces, 5, 27, 81, 137
Ricasoli, Baron Bettino, 19, 21, 22, 27–30, 52, 69, 98, 125, 137, 157; Free Church, 24, 156; Rome his aim, 27; intrigue against, 28–30; desires to rescind sentences on Mazzini, 29; fails to recall Mazzini, 30; struggles for Tyrol, 148; vote of censure upon, 157; manifesto of, 157
Rifle clubs, 31
Rigault, Raoul, 264
Rights, theory of, 58, 235
Rimond, Miss, 84, 132
Robetto Armenio, 183
Robinson, 212
Roche, Madame, 265
Roma del Popolo, 258, 261, 265–9, 276, 279, 282–6, 289, 290, 295–8, 300
Romagna, great meeting in, 303
Romans, a call to, 150, 151
"Roman Legion," a, 183
—— question, the, 4, 16, 21, 22, 24, 25, 28, 76, 99, 184, 271
—— rising, 190
—— plebiscite, 249
Rome, 143, 148, 166, 167, 191, 250, 252; barricades in, and Garibaldi, 47; "Rome or Death," 33; Temporal Power and, 99; what she stands for, 151, 271; Mazzini's policy regarding, 165, 166; fear of premature attempt to gain, 171; preparing a great movement for, 173; meetings demanding, 176; two committees in, 177; "will remain to the Pope," 186; Garibaldi's attempt to gain, 187, 236; becomes Capital, 251; Mazzini's recoil from going to, 252, 254, 276, 286, 289
Roon, and the Prussian army, 25
Rosa, 238, 267, 282
Rossel and the Commune, 264; Mazzini's article on, 300
Rosselli, 140
——, Anna, 105
——, Emmanuele, 254
——, Michael Angelo, 105
——, Pelligrino, 273, 281, 296, 304
——, Sabbatino, 55, 105, 254
Rossini, Dr., 305
Rothschilds, 41
Rouher, 99
Roumania, 56; secretly armed by Piedmont, 30; condition of, 30; unification of, 62; deposes Prince Couza, 122
Ruskin, 14, 18, 175, 276; a book of, 281
Russell, Lord John, 16, 79, 124
Russells, the, 74
Russia, 122, 288; brutalities of, 42
Russian troops murdered, 44, 45
Russo-Prussian agreement, 1863...42

SADOWA, 136
Saffi, 33, 36, 117, 123, 135, 156, 196, 269, 290, 295, 303, 305
——, Georgina, 128, 135, 156, 253, 277
Salò, 130
Sandhurst, 166
Santa Croce, Florence, 278
Sardinia, cession of, desired, 22, 27, 120
Sarnico, Volunteers arrested at, 33
Sask, Carlo, 223, 241
Saturday Review, 91, 92, 124, 133, 169, 178, 185, 213
Savona, 289
Saxon Hotel, St. Leonards, 112, 113
Saxony overpowered, 127
Schleswig-Holstein, 26, 68, 69, 121
Schopenhauer, 295
Schubert, 295
Schwert Hotel, Zürich, 208
Secret treaty (Italy and Prussia), 122
—— undertaking (France and Prussia), 123
Seeley, Mr. Charles, 73, 82, 95, 120, 230
——, Mrs., 83
Semenza, 55
Serbia, 56, 57, 80
Serbian Legation, letters from, 66, 67
—— Ministry in Corfù, letter from, 67
—— National Party, 78
—— people, 65
—— Society of Great Britain, 157
Serbs, money wanted for, 144
Serfs, Russian, freed, 26
Shaen, Mrs., 59, 201, 297, 300, 301
——, William, 184, 188, 191, 201, 220, 238, 265, 267, 297, 301
Shaens, the, 110, 141

Shaftesburys, the, 74
Shakespeare, 168 ; book on, 223
Shelley, 295
Shield, the, 290
Shilling subscription, 20, 93, 101, 102
Sicilian Vespers, 250
Sicily, men shot without trial, 35 ; invites Mazzini, 228 ; insurrection impending, 238, 240 ; calls Mazzini, 244 ; a parallel with Ireland, 250, 251 ; passes to Piedmont, 250 ; suffers by Treaty of Vienna, 251 ; presence of the Jesuits in, 251
Sidgwick, 301
Siena, 196
Signora Emilia, the, 247, 253
Sinalunga, 182
Sirtori, 18
Skylark, 120
Slav populations, 26, 53
Slavery, 64, 233
Slavo-Hellenic peoples, 204
Slavonian race, 65, 234, 271
Slavs, the, 125, 145
Smith, Mr. G., publisher, 40
——, Elder, Messrs., 169
Società, La, 94
Società Tipografia, Sorbina, 245
Sole, the, 156
Solidarity of man, 282
Song of Italy, 154, 164, 171
Sonnet, a Pisan, 278, 283, 284
Soul, the oneness of, a key-idea, Foreword
South, and Constitutional Government, 3
——, state of, 52
Southern Army, 18, 19
—— Freemasons, 231
Sovereignty, seat of, 272
Spain, 101, 102, 204, 205, 206, 250
Sparanise, 253, 254
Spartal, 174, 223 (?)
Spectator, the, 200, 202, 214, 277, 285, 286, 289, 299
Spezia, 39
Spiritual evolution, 294
Spreafico, 241
St. Ferdinando, College, 18
St. Gothard, 122, 224, 257
St. John, quoted, 233
St. Joseph's Day, 117
St. Leonards, 112, 147–50, 226, 259
St. Paul, quoted, 233
St. Paul's, 273, 280
Stafford House, 74
Standard, 119
Stansfeld, Caroline, 7, 24, 84, 86, 89, 90, 95, 97, 103, 104, 109, 110, 112, 113, 117, 120, 128, 134, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 148, 149, 153, 155, 156, 161, 169, 173, 178, 181, 184, 185, 193–9, 202, 205, 207–9, 212, 213, 217, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 233, 235–9, 242, 252, 257, 259–263, 265, 269, 273, 275, 278, 283, 285, 286, 291, 296, 306 ; letters to, 34, 36, 37, 49, 52, 57, 132, 134, 139, 140, 209, 219, 227, 229, 259, 260, 268, 276, 288, 295, 297, 298, 299, 300, 302
——, Ellen, 34, 35
——, James, 12, 13, 38–40, 42, 48, 52, 54, 70, 71, 73, 76, 78, 79, 83, 90, 112, 114, 119, 132, 134, 140, 152, 161, 166, 170, 174, 195, 198, 202, 205, 209, 217, 220, 227, 261, 277, 290, 295, 297, 299, 300, 302, 303, 306 ; Junior Lord of the Admiralty, 52 ; resignation, 71 ; presentation to, 73 ; views on Women's Suffrage, 83 ; appointed to the India Office, 114 ; Third Lord of the Treasury, 217 ; Financial Secretary to the Treasury, 217 ; President of the Poor Law Board, 261 ; death of his father, 300
——, Joseph, 34, 132, 141, 174, 195, 224, 227, 259, 260, 262, 266, 267, 286, 288, 289, 290, 295, 303
——, Judge, 39, 117, 278, 288, 290, 295, 297, 299 ; death of, 300
——, Maria, 169, 278, 290, 303
Stansfelds, the, 23, 108, 119, 138, 211, 242
Star, the, 212
State Regulation of Vice, 261
Status of Italy without Rome, 4
Stolzmann, 166
Stowe, Mrs. Beecher, 223, 228, 230, 239, 242
Strachey, Sir R., 70
Strahan, Alexander, 280, 284, 286, 296, 301
Strambio, Dr., 258
Stuart, Peter, 21, 190
Subjection of Women, The, 198, 212
Suffrage, Women's, 210
Susan, 199
Sutherland, Duke of, 73, 74, 80
——, Dowager Duchess of, 74
Swan Brewery, 77, 78

Swinburne, 154, 156, 164, 166, 167, 170, 171, 175, 178, 184, 192, 195–9, 203, 207, 217, 223, 228, 230, 232, 238–40, 242, 263, 269, 280, 286
Swinburne and Communal France, 284
Swiss Central Government Decree expelling Mazzini from the Ticino, 208, 219
Switzerland, 82
Sydney (Hawkes), 160, 189, 192, 236
Syllabus, the, 107, 165, 243
Symbol, the Age of, passing away, Foreword

TANCIONE, 273, 299; fund, 190
Tauchnitz *Byron*, 207
Taylor, Miss Anne, 111
——, Clementia (Mrs. P. A.), 14, 90, 126, 127, 129, 140, 143, 144, 146, 166, 172, 195, 202, 212, 218, 220, 223, 227, 230, 241, 273, 275, 279, 286, 289; letters to, 65, 154, 209, 231, 240
——, Harry, Mrs., 116, 117, 196 (?)
——, Peter A., 12, 48, 82, 87, 90, 101, 129, 143, 147, 173, 186, 189, 193, 195, 198, 227, 236, 239, 241, 242, 270, 275, 284; letter to, 256
——, Tom, 14, 81, 104, 142
——, ——, Mrs., 14, 142, 196 (?)
Taylors, the, 93, 120, 139, 178, 215
Temple Bar, 207, 212
Temporal Power, the, 99, 242–4, 249, 251
Tennyson, 73, 230, 295
Terni, Garibaldi's raiders stopped at, 176
Theosophical Publishing House, 274
Thiers, Monsieur, and the Temporal Power, 243
Thomas, Captain, 86
Thoughts on the Enciclica, 273
Thouvenal, on possession of Lombardy, 17
"Three great crimes," 58
Thurlow Square, 70, 71, 81, 83, 85, 149, 169
"Tibaldi Fund," 71
Tichborne case, 285
Tigri Collection, the, 275, 281
Times, the, 19, 23, 51, 70, 104, 157
"Tiny," 297
Tivoli, 144
Toast *à l'Anglais*, 252
——, Garibaldi's, 75
Tobacco saves situation, 116
Tolazzi, 91
Tommaseo, 275
Tourgenieff, 282
Townsend, 190
Trades Unions, 296
Traitor, a, 55
Treaty of Utrecht and Sicily, 250
—— of Vienna and Sicily, 251
Trentino, the, 31, 87, 90, 91, 92, 122, 132, 138
Trollope, Anthony, 76, 84, 99
Trovatore, criticism of, 169
Tsar, 56, 57
Tunbridge Wells, 114, 138, 167, 174
Turin, anger in, 100; attack on populace, 100, 101
—— Government, secret treaty with Louis Napoleon, 76
Tuscan, Maremma, 236
Tuscany, Duke of, 120
Tyndall House, Wimbledon, 116
Tyrol, Italian claim to, 137, 148

UKASE of February 1861...26
Umbria, plebiscite in, 1
Uneducated instincts led astray, 203
Unità, the, 98, 102, 109, 114, 124, 139, 207, 213, 228, 231, 236; offices searched, 145; seized, 196
Unity sought for, 272
——, moral, lacking, 151
Universal Republican Alliance, 144, 145, 147, 148, 170; letter to, 203; not a secret society, 204
Universe in Great and Little Things, 260
Urquhart, David, and Crimean War, 15
Usedom, 125

VAR, 181
Varese, 211
Varignano, 35, 38
Vatican, the, 251
Vecchi, 33
Veladini, Signor, 286
Velletri, 171, 191
Venetia, 56, 87, 92, 121–3; plebiscite in, wished, 148
Venetian Committees, 107
Venice, 19, 21, 22, 78, 105, 107, 137, 260; and Hungary, 27, 53; project for liberating, 6, 12, 81; Victor Emmanuel eager for, 28;

and Rome Emancipation Society, 48, 54; life in Germanized, 107
Venturi, Carlo, 4, 10–13, 21, 33, 48, 49, 55, 61 (the warrior), 81, 84, 85, 87, 90, 93, 94, 96, 101, 105, 108–114, 116, 117, 123, 125, 138, 159, 173; dangerous journey and position, 12–14; marriage, 19; death, 118
Vera Cruz, 60
Vesuvius, 248
Verzegnassi, Francesco, 139, 142
Vice, State Regulation of, Royal Commission on, 261
Vicenza, 134
Victor Emmanuel, 18, 19, 27, 31, 49, 51, 56, 62, 99, 125, 133, 134, 167, 187; — and Mazzini, 19, 20, 61, 69; — and Venice, 28, 61; — and Garibaldi, 33, 80; — and Dalmatian scheme, 124; — style of life, 150; treatment of Ricasoli, 165, 166; — sanctions Volunteers, 78
Victoria, Queen, 160, 165
Victoria Magazine, 247
Vienna, 102
Villari, Signora (*née* White), 93
Viscantini, Gio:, 267
Viscardini, Professor, 295
Viterbo, 27, 171; occupied, 191
Vittoria, 68
Vitzthum, Count, 25
Volunteer, a Genoese, 34, 35
Volunteers, 18, 62, 128, 135, 142, 176, 190; starving on Aspromonte, 33; severities to, 40; want of equipment, 128, 136; secretly drilling, 231
"Vulgar madman," 180

W., Miss, 184
——, Mrs., 236, 239, 268
Wagner, 220
Wainwright, 180, 191, 270, 285, 286, 291
Wallace monument, inscriptions for, 181
Walpole, Mr., 170
Walter, Mr., 51
War, 1866...119; imminent, 120, 125, 126; Franco-Prussian, 244
Ward, Miss, 274
Warsaw, 79; Jan. 19, 1863...41; secret committee, 45, 46
Weather, in Lucerne worse than England, 132; June 1867, prematurely hot, London, 171; heat intense, Zürich, Sept. 1867...177; Sept. 1867, Lugano, intense cold, 184; intense heat, August 1868, London, 199; *very* cold, abroad, June 1869...213; St. Gothard impassable, Dec. 1869...224; and Jan. 1870...228; October 1870, intense heat, 255; Swiss mountains impassable, 260; heat intense in Italy, May 1871...278, 285; in August at Florence, 286; in Pisa, Sept. 1871, "unbearable," 290
Weber, 168
Weill Schott e Coie, 108
Welsh, Miss, 125
Westminster Review, 160, 174, 222
Whistler, 200, 203, 218, 223, 227, 228, 232, 280; "the brothers," 240
——, Mrs., 228
White, Miss Jessie, 10
——, Miss Linda, 93
William of Prussia, 25, 121
Williamson, Mrs., 97
Wilson, Mr. E., 16
Wolff, 76–78, 84, 86, 89–91, 98, 101, 102, 104, 113, 124, 130, 154, 178, 192, 195, 200, 202, 230, 244, 245, 277, 285, 296 (?)
Woman, 281
Women's Suffrage, 119, 210, 232–6
Working Men's Congress, 285, 286, 289–291
—— —— weekly paper (*Emancipazione*), 285, 298, 300, 304
Worth, battle of, 244

"X COURT," 88

Young Russians, secret society, 41

ZAMOYSKI, Count, 41, 42
Zürich, 223, 241; Treaty of, 17

KW-388-109